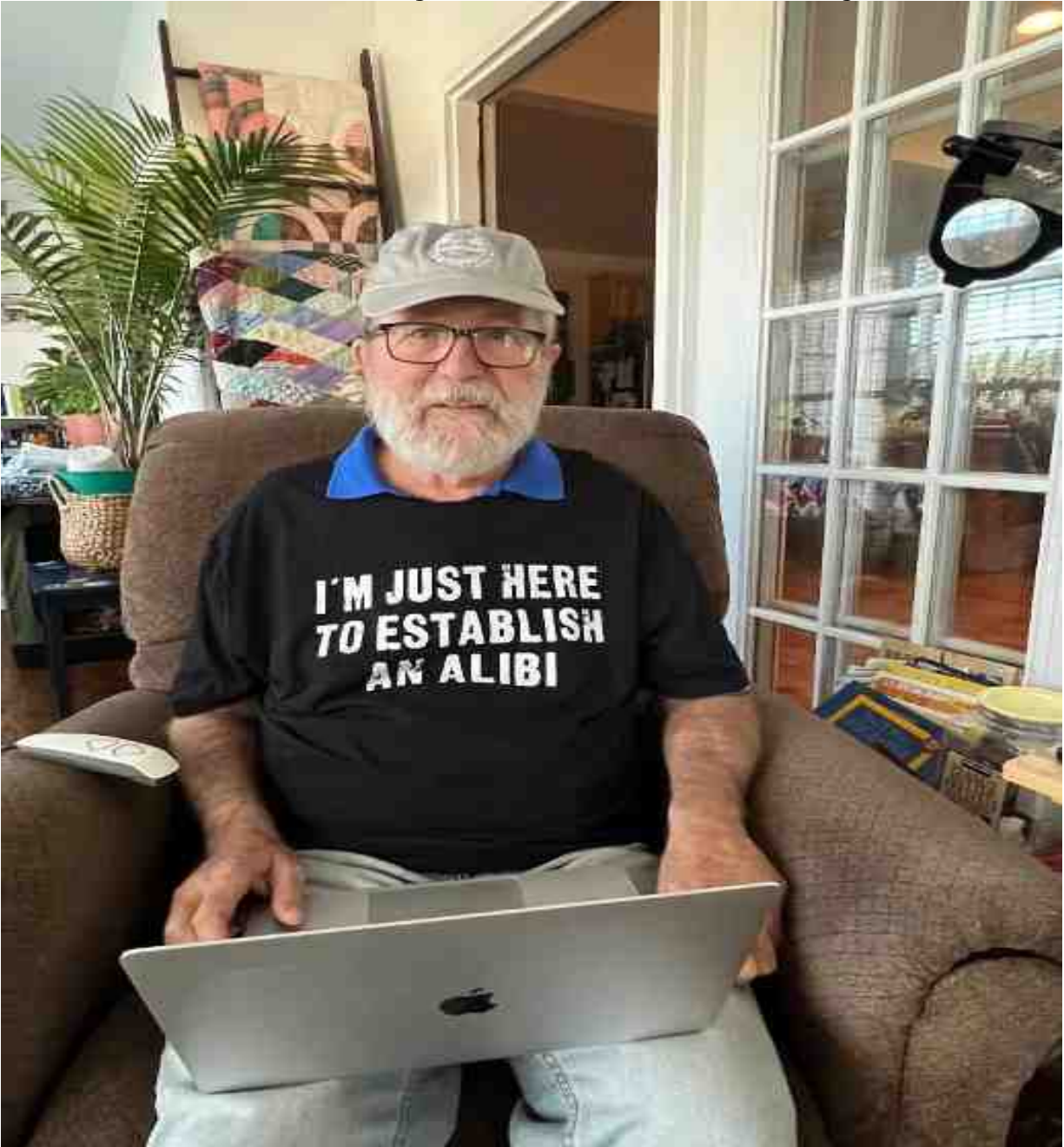


Truth is Stranger than Fiction

vol1:

In God's Eyes, We're All Crazy



Sloan Y. Bashinsky Jr.

howdy !

November 8, 2024



This is a test post. Or maybe not.

Yeah, I'm a rich white Christian family black sheep, who tried many times to fit into the plans of my parents and grandparents and failed miserably. I also failed at making a living wage, and but for inheritances over the years, this trust fund baby probably would have ceased to exist more times that a cat has lives. As is, I figure I've had about as many lives as any two cats, bless their precious hearts. About halfway to now, early 1987 actually, living in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where I moved with my 2nd wife after closing my law practice In Birmingham, now separated from her, I realized I had failed in just about every way a man could fail, and in that depressed state I prayed on morning, "Dear God, please help me, I do not wish to die like this, failed." I paused, said, "I offer my life to human service." Although I had plunged into the New Age in Birmingham, and much more so in Santa Fe, where I was attending the Dr. Jay Victor Scherer's School of Natural Healing and Massage, I still believed God existed, even though I didn't attend church for some time. Today, I don't know when I'm ever not in church, and I don't believe, I know God exists, and I'm about to tell how I found out. I had taken up with a new lady who lived across the desert from Santa Fe in Los Alamos. She was an environmental scientist working in the one lab in Los Alamos that was trying to figure out how to use vegetation to soak up and neutralize all the awful poisons the other Los Alamos labs were discharging

into the ground and water table. She was from Australia and was somewhat of a mystic, and I spent weekends in her home.

About 10 days after I made the prayer reported above, I was sleeping beside her in her bed and I woke up in the wee hours of the morning, maybe 2 a.m., and I saw two etheric beings hovering above me in the darkness. They were white and shaped something like shifts people in the Middle East wear sometimes. I figured they were angels, but saw no wings.

I heard clearly in my mind and not with my ears it didn't seem, "This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you." I remembered the prayer from 10 days prior. I saw a white flash and my body was jolted by something electrical. That happened two more times. Total time elapsed was perhaps 10 seconds. I was shaking and sweating. The two beings faded out.

I heard my lady friend stirring and asked if she was awake? She said, "Yes". I asked her what she saw and heard? She said she saw my body jerking, and asked what was going on? I asked if she saw and heard the angels? No. I told her what happened and she said, "Let's go back to sleep, you strange man."

The changes began slowly. I was shown to move to Boulder, Colorado, to take the Hakomi bodypsychotherapy training. I was already into Crainosacral Therapy training offered by The Upledger Institute in West Palm Beach, Florida. I was seeing awful and strange stuff come up out of me and other people, and I was helping people see awful strange stuff come up out of them.

I knew the two angels were behind it all, and I had no clue yet what they meant when I heard, "This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you."

What they first meant, which started in Santa Fe and Los Alamos, and accelerated in Boulder, and would accelerate later and never let up, was I was put in front of endless mirrors looking at me, and more and more, as I progressed, I was offering other people the chance to do the same.

I came to be in day and night communion with those two angels, or something they sent in their stead. I felt it inside of and all around me. My dreams were orchestrated by something not of this world. The dreams were about stuff going on in my waking life, or something new coming in, or something old I needed to take another look at. I had some visions, I heard things spoken directly to me, usually but not always in my sleep.

I was steered, corrected, sometimes rebuked, redirected and sometimes carried, and some of the spiritual phenomena were absolutely beautiful and some of the spiritual phenomena were absolutely terrifying. I came to know Evil exists, and Lucifer and demons. And ETs, and not of the Earth human world beings, which are not flesh or angelic or demonic.

I experienced the awful dark night of the soul and the far worse black night of the soul, which St. John of the Cross (San Juan de la Cruz) had described in his commentaries, as reported in Antonio T. de Nicholas's *St. John of the Cross, Alchemist of the Soul*. I would meet Antonio online in 2011, as I entered another dark night of the soul. I felt after several discussions with him, that he was a very good poet and theologian, but he had not experienced what Juan de la Cruz had experienced.

I was homeless from 2000-2015, and from 2015-2017. By then, the angels had changed my perspective of everything. Being homeless changed my perspective of everything again. As did running 10 times for local public office in Key West and the Florida Keys, 2003-2018. Fortunately, I never came close to winning and having to demand a recount.

The grist of what this world offers up day and night was the grindstone engine for the soul alchemy I was in up to my eyeballs all the time. And it's still that way. And no, I never used psychedelics, and I never had a human spiritual teacher.

I'm not selling anything here. I'm not asking for anything. I'm simply telling of my experiences. I respond to comments and emails, and sometimes I publish what people write or tell me, and I disguise who they are.

God's gifts are not for sale, but are freely given to angels, saints, devils, sinners and fools alike, for all are God's children.

America zombie apocalypse v. God and free speech

November 10, 2024



Liberty weeps

Statute of

When I was a boy, the U.S. Congress, or somebody, added “under God” to the Pledge of Allegiance, to distinguish America from godless communist Soviet Union. As if claiming to be under God makes it so. I eventually got to where I left out “under God” when I recited the Pledge.

A few days before the November 5 election, Google kindly notified me that it had disabled my afoolsworkneverends.blogspot because someone had flagged it for hate speech. That’s all I was told by Google. I was provided a link to click if I wished to appeal. I waited a day, then I clicked the link and Google acknowledged I had appealed. I was not provided a way to ask what I had done wrong. I was not provided a way to say whatever I did wrong, I will be happy to take it down. I later heard Google had disabled 20,000 blogs before the November 5 election.

I had several thousands posts on that blog. Many of the posts had been captured by a friend of mine with tech skills and turned into digital books at the free internet library, archive.org in USA. Then, my friend told me that Google had changed its terms of service, so that it claimed propriety rights to anything published at a Google blogspot.

I recently had created birminghamuniversityschool.blogspot.com, which I figured someday would be another of my books at archive.org. My books at archive.org were put there before Google changed its terms of service. Google had not gotten back to me about my appeal. So, I decided to back up and start over, by switching to Go Daddy, which I had used before, because Go Daddy puts its clients first, and other people’s hurt feelings second. Go Daddy is a big believer in freedom of speech, within reason. Go Daddy is no friend of Big Brother in any shape, form or fashion.

Now, I did not come to that change so easily. My own sleeping dreams were so jumbled that I could not get a good handle on them. My low back went out yesterday morning, as I played footsie with my redneck vixen witch’s toy poodle and floundered in my man stupidity. The witch had had several dreams that I realized after my back went out meant I needed start this new blog and use Go Daddy, where she had a couple of Word Press websites. So, I went to work on creating this Go Daddy website and its accompanying blog. By dinnertime last night, my low back was feeling a lot better. This morning, my low back is feeling a lot better than it felt last night.

Hang on, while I drag to this post what I wrote about the November 5 election at my Facebook page, and a Facebook friend Melanie’s comment, and my response. Her grandfather ran a G.I. Gurdjieff group in Birmingham, in which I participated in the early 1980s. Gurdjieff was a mystic from Armenia or somewhere near there. Gurdjieff was my introduction to mystics. The publicist in Birmingham, who represented my first three books, introduced me to the Gurdjieff group.

My first three books were: *HOME BUYERS: Lambs to the Slaughter*; *SELLING YOUR HOME \$WEET HOME*; *KILL ALL THE LAWYERS? A Client’s Guide to Hiring, Firing and Suing Lawyers*. They are out of print, but archive.org has them.

From my Facebook:

Sloan Bashinsky

I did not vote for president. In fact, I only voted for my lawyer, who was running for probate judge, as a Republican. He lost to a Democrat. Birmingham is a blue city in a red state.

Even if Kamala Harris got all the votes that were cast for Jill Stein and Robert Kennedy, Jr., Harris would have lost badly to Donald Trump.

My view is God allowed Trump to win, because that’s who America deserved, and if Harris won, America would be far more dangerous internally today, than if Trump won.

What remains to be seen is how Trump and his base will behave for four years, and whether he will attempt to remain in the White House past this 4-year term. We won't know until 2028- if Trump is alive and able to put three words together in a sentence.

Democrats, who say America did not deserve Trump, need to take a long, hard look in a mirror, because it was them and their presidents and members of Congress and Hillary Clinton that got Trump elected in 2016.

Tuesday's election was a slam dunk of the Democrat Party, which not only lost the White House, but the Senate, and perhaps the House of Representatives.

The Democrats lost the Supreme Court during Trump's first term in office, and this former practicing attorney who clerked for a US District Judge says that might be far worse than Trump being president again.

Melanie

Then you wanted a dictator.

Sloan Bashinsky

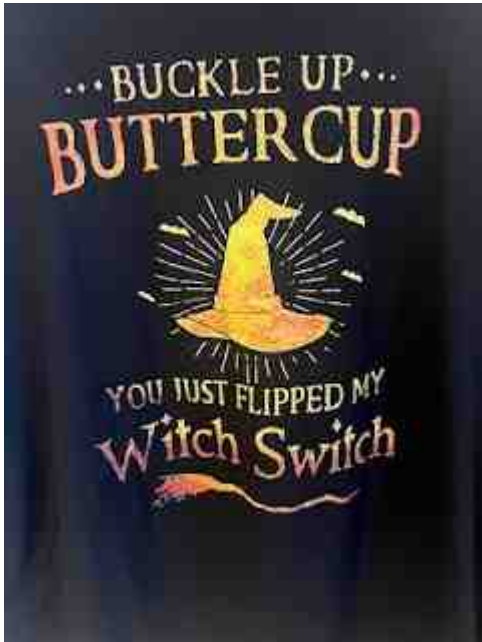
I wanted Trump to be abducted by God or aliens and never seen or heard from again. I asked God to take me and Trump, a life for a life, to help America and the world. My offer was declined. The Democrats created the wormhole, portal, incubator that Trump exploited with a lot of help from a powerful demon. Very similar to what happened in Hitler Germany. A similar or same demon has infiltrated the American left. A lot of Americans on both sides and independents died spiritually this year and there is no fixing that in this time. A spiritual zombie apocalypse. Good thing Christianity is wrong about only getting one chance.

When I was a boy, the U.S. Congress, or somebody, added "under God" to the Pledge of Allegiance, to distinguish America from godless communist Soviet Union. As if claiming to be under God makes it so. I eventually got to where I left out "under God" when I recited the Pledge.

mystic and witch humor

November 10, 2024





- Her
- I want to join his church! You know how I feel about churches.
- Sloan Bashinsky
- Shucks, when are we ever not in church? He sho looks and sounds to me in that YouTube like he's in church. You sure he's not a distant kin in your Mormon witch genealogy astrological chart?
- Her
- Well, if he does a DNA he might be in my lineage or I'd sho hope so. I'll invite him to our witch coven meetings for sho.. Heck I'd take him for a brother. I might even try to adopt him
- Sloan Bashinsky
- I wish I could take credit for discovering this new world order redneck sage (in a parallel universe perhaps), but I learnt about him from an old Birmingham lawyer I have done some fishing with. His wife was my first girlfriend, when at age 7 she dove off the high dive at the

pubic swimming pool, but she didn't see me as her boyfriend. Her hubby and I did some lawyer beer drinking, and tall tale telling. About three months ago, he started including me in his email blasts to people he knew better than me, some were lawyers, some where humans, and the emails were about how various polls and betting parlors were favoring Kamala Harris, and I said maybe that might be rat poison, in that if the pollsters and bookies say Harris will win, then maybe a lot of people who might vote for her might not go to the polls and vote for her. I didn't vote for her. I didn't vote for Trump. I only voted for my lawyer, who is a Republican, who wanted to be a probate judge in JEFFERSON COUNTY, but the Democrat beat him. I'm still trying to find a healer who can cure me from being a lawyer, since my lawyer wasn't up to it.

Meanwhile, some damsels who drew themselves onto my drawing pad and then stuff happened that might not otherwise have happened :-)



feather talk



Mary Poppins



abraacadabra



lollipop



Devil or Angel



cross pollination



Mustang Sally

art, love and truth will survive the end of the world...

November 11, 2024



witch lair

The redneck witch I recently took up with acquired a couple of handles along the way, Morticia and Gabby. She said she always wanted to be a Mortician, and I figure Gabby speaks for herself. We met online in 2010, after my younger brother Major went missing.

Let me back up and start over.

About an hour after two friends in Birmingham called me in Key West to say in was all over the news that Major was missing, a Birmingham News journalist, who wanted to interview me, and I, nearly 1000 miles apart, out of the blue heard that Major killed himself and tried to make it look like murder. I wrote about that that same morning on my goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridaykeys.com in Sippin' Internet cafe on Fleming Street in Key West, where I hung out every morning, writing my daily blog posts. I had not seen or spoken with Major since our father's wake in September 2005, in Birmingham.

The witch I did not yet know was a witch told me that she and her husband lived in the countryside outside of Birmingham, and she had read my blog and she loved mysteries. I was writing something about Major every day, and the Birmingham News published articles most days.

The readership at both of my blogs had exploded. The new readers mostly were in Alabama. Some old friends showed up, too. Most of the new readers thought I was nuts, but some of them, and my friends, were curious about my take on what had happened to Major.

Maybe ten days after Major went missing, his body was spotted by golfers in the Highland Golf Course pond beside Highland Avenue in Birmingham. I kept writing and the Birmingham News kept published about Major.

Then, the Birmingham News reported that the Birmingham Police Department detective assigned to the case and the county medical examiner had ruled it was suicided made to look like murder.

That was the News's last article about Major.

I published at my blogs that Major tried to make it look like murder, because he was married and had children, and he was bisexual in the closet, and someone was going to out him and there was nothing he could do to stop it. That created a furor in some people, who said no way Major was bisexual. I had known since the 1970s that he was bisexual, and my first wife and my second wife knew it, and it did not bother us- we only hoped he would be happy. Major had lived in San Francisco, Alta, Utah, Key West and St. Petersburg, before moving back to Alabama and going to law school and getting married to his first wife and having two children by her.

A woman would email me a year later that she had read on one of my good morning blogs that people were arguing with me that Major was not bisexual, and some years prior she had gone with a gay man friend to a private party of gay men in Birmingham, and her friend had pointed out Major Bashinsky to her.

There also were a lot of people saying there was no way Major had killed himself, and a Birmingham area blogger suggested I was in on Major's death, even though I lived nearly 1,000 miles from Birmingham and I stood to gain nothing from his death, and I gained nothing from his death, but personal attacks.

Having already killed my reputation many times, I kept getting up in the morning and trying to deal with what that day brought to me.

Major's first wife, who was a friend of mine for many years, and their daughter told me they thought Major had killed himself.

Morticia kept reading my blogs and sometimes she emailed me about something I published and I responded. That continued through my moving back to Alabama in the late fall of 2018, and thereafter. In 2022, Morticia's husband died, and I published *The Golden Flake Clown's Tale*, by the clown, me. She emailed me that she had a Golden Flake Clown mug and would I like to have it? I said, yes. She said let's meet for lunch, I said ok. We met at a restaurant, and she gave me the mug, and we ordered and ate and talked, and then we walked to our cars in the parking lot and said goodbye.

A year later, we had lunch at the same restaurant, because she wanted me to autograph my early books, which sometimes were accused of being fiction, but were rather tame compared to my later books.

HOME BUYERS: Lambs to the Slaughter?, *Selling Your Home Sweet Home*, *KILL ALL THE LAWYERS? A Client's Guide to Hiring, Firing, Using and Suing Lawyers*. During lunch, I said let's go out to dinner at night sometimes, and she said okay.

We had maybe a dozen evening dinners. I brought a lawyer to one dinner, who had represent my 2nd wife during the final winding down of my father's affairs, which caused me to kinda want to actually kill some lawyers.

I brought a woman friend to a dinner with Morticia, and another woman friend to another dinner with Morticia. I was not romantically involved with those two women.

Morticia and I had more dinners. I felt no romantic urges.

Then one day she texted me something, and I texted her back, and everything changed, fast.

I had felt my star had run its course, and I was hoping the Lord would take me, and then Morticia happened and I felt maybe I had another season left in me, and I never laughed so much in all my life. I gave up my apartment in Birmingham and moved into the witch's home.

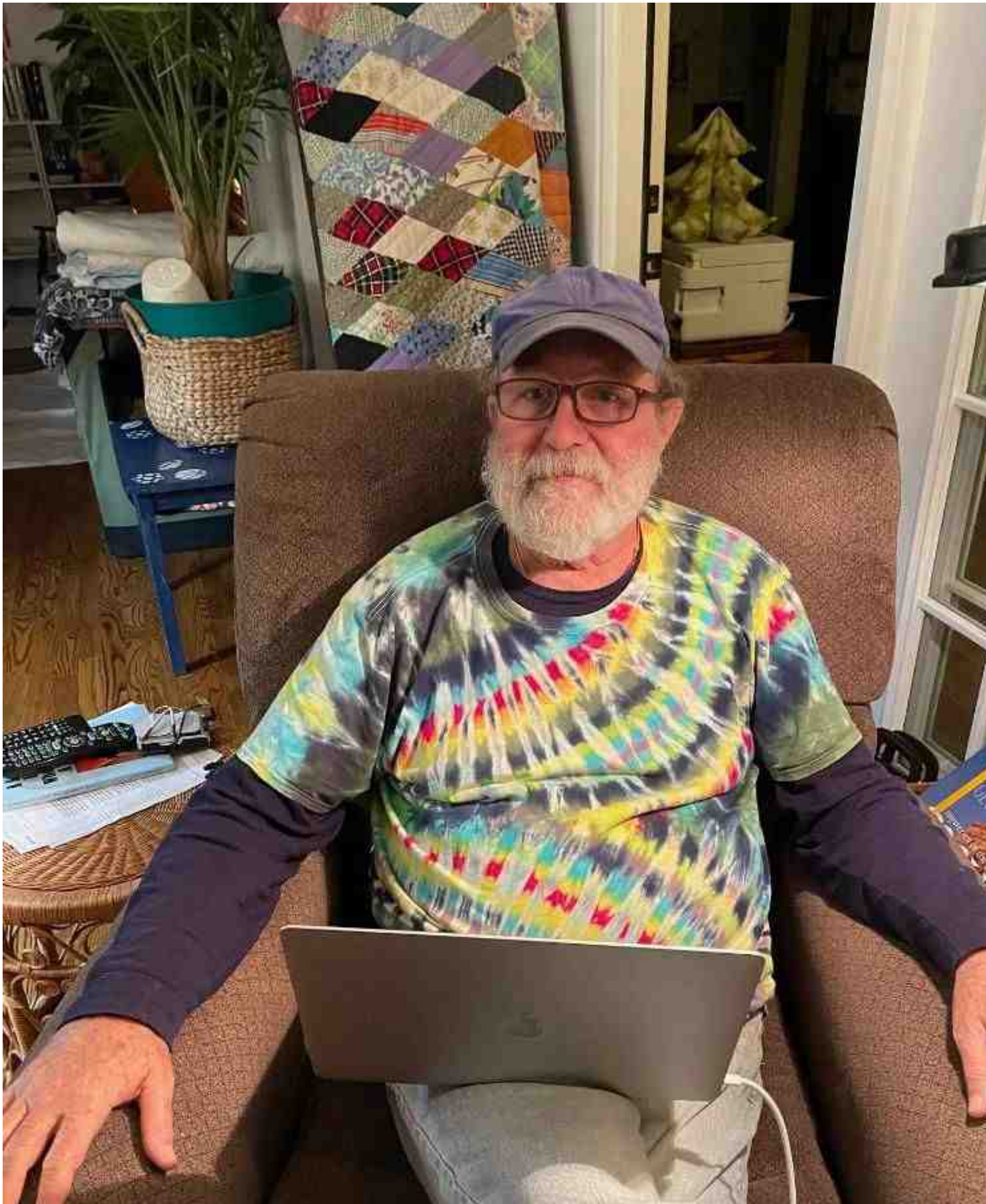
Right away, the witch was pretty much told by the posse of 5 spirit women, who had been on the witch's case for a long time, to start writing a book about her life, and that's when I learned something

had cast a spell on the witch and on me, and she kinda knew it, being a witch and all, but she didn't say nothing about it, and being a stupid man, I didn't have no clue. She taught me that there ain't nothing art can't get a hold of and make a whole lot prettier, including going to the bathroom.

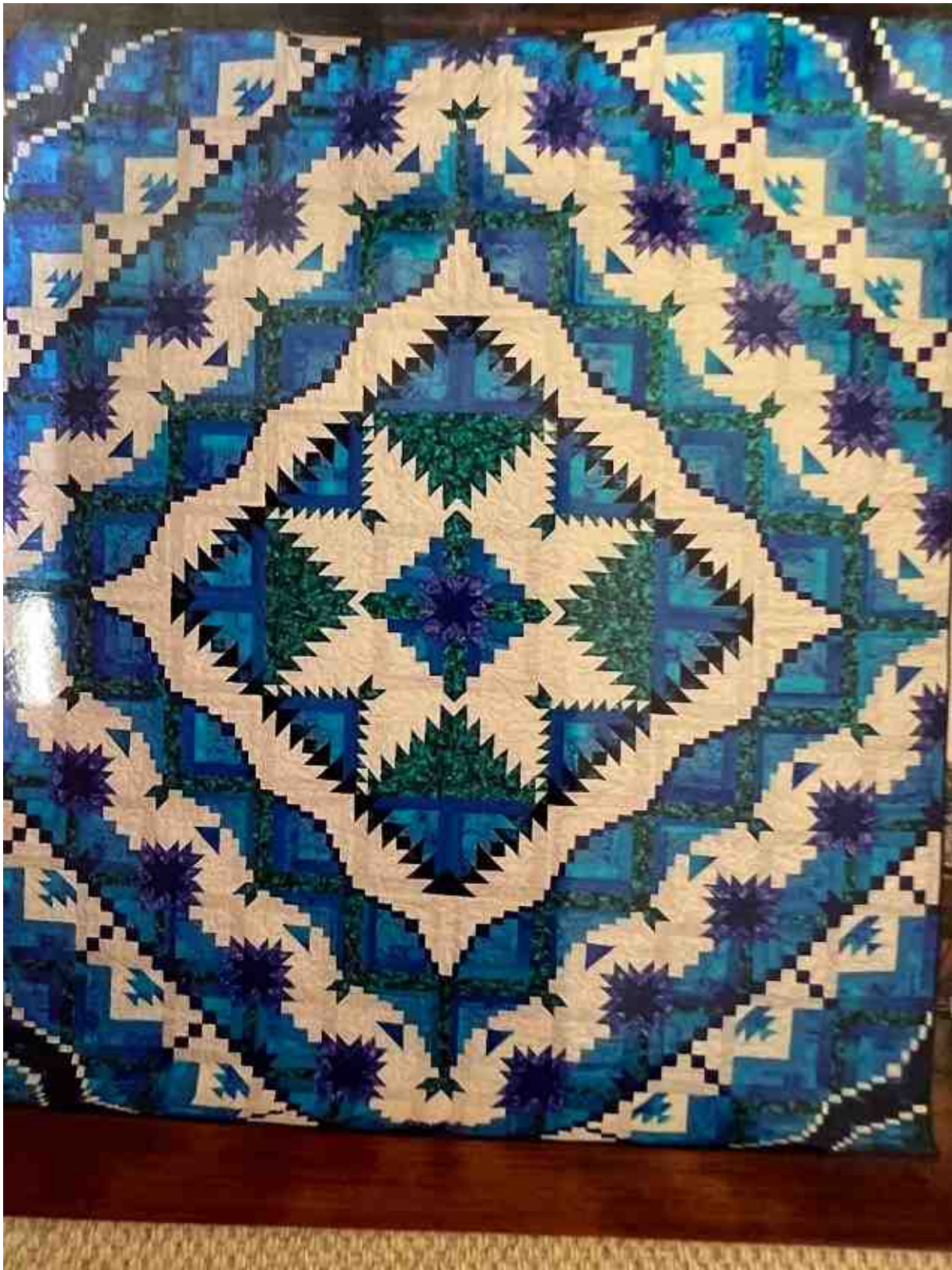


witch relief station

I'm also still learning about this new Go Daddy-hosted blog and website, which I built to have less to do with Google's Big Brother and literary rights Pirate, as I sit in a recliner chair in the witch's sunny side parlor, waiting on her to return home from Birmingham, which didn't seem any different to me this morning, or last week when I was down there, than it did before Donald Trump got elected. Maybe the alien invasion got called off? Maybe the aliens were afraid of catching whatever has gotten ahold of humanity? I'm writing about that in the sequel to *Kundalina, Alabama: A Strange Tale*, which is a free read at archive.org, for people living in America. The Golden Flake Clown's Tale is also a free read at archive.org. As are about ten other books I wrote. Some more or less believable than others.



Now that wasn't meant to scare you off. It was meant to invite you to share your own art and tales with me and Morticia, and anyone else who happens by or upon this here place in time and space. Morticia made the quilt at the top of this post on her sewing machine, and a friend quilted it, because Morticia didn't have a quilting machine yet. Now she makes all of her quilts, and mini-quilts, purses, shirts, dishtowels, fabric postcards- whatever a needle can sew that strikes her fancy.



blue mandala

3,192 pieces

gallows humor from the land of the woke and the unwoke

November 12, 2024



Email to me and others from a fellow who was in my class at Crestline Heights Elementary School on the “poor” side of the upscale white Birmingham suburb, Mountain Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom..

While debating whether to even write this epistle, I'm mashing the BLUE "SEND" key !
I'm sort of hoping that the House win also goes to the GOP. Why ? With a red president, senate and house, they can't have an excuse when EVERYTHING tanks. No excuses, Conservatives.
Now, Trump's new Border Czar, defended his mass deportation plan prompted me to write the following:

Rounding up 10-20 million illegals ? Think of 100-200 Bryant Denny stadiums FULL of illegals, each holding 100,000 workers that are doing nasty, dangerous, dirty and disgusting jobs that Americans can't or won't do.

Roofers, slaughterhouse workers, picking vegetables in a broiling sun...Americans ??? !!! HA! If so, you college grads need to get ready to put on your knee-high rubber boots, rubber aprons and expect blood and manure in your face after gettin' that college degree when reality sets in... because there won't be ANY illegals left to do the truly nasty and septic jobs. Minimum wages for a college grad slaughterin' cows, lambs and chickens ?! "No way, without Jose' !". Then we'll have a military severely diluted from protecting us in a world of turmoil & on fire by turning troops and material INWARD to remove illegals from inside our borders !

We're in for an insane "leader" voted in by insane & scientifically ignorant GOP zombies at the worst time in world history.

And, this doesn't even discuss the biggest threat of all...Climate Change.

It's the biggest vegetable-soup collision of events since the mass extinction of the Dinosaurs...66,000,000 years ago. Scientists determined that the planet has had only 5 Mass Extinctions since life began on Earth some 600 million years ago. And now ? We're in the stages of number 6. Homo sapiens: The ONLY species capable of destroying the life-support system of an ENTIRE planet !!!

If one wants to accurately "see" the near future and beyond...the scientific-method answers. They accurately know what's ahead and have been trying to tell us. This method has the blessing of being able to tell us the future, and the curse of the uneducated not believing.

The power of the uneducated is going to be catastrophic for posterity. One thing about science is that it's right no matter what we might think. Knowing just enough to think we're right, but not enough to know when we're wrong...

The above appears to be the philosophy of the Republican Party.

Did I just write this ??? I don't get on a roll often but the above are ones to ponder.

I'm begging for y'all to say scientists and economists are wrong...I encourage logical dissension.

Have a GREAT day ...time for a nap.

"Kari Lake Outraged That Republicans Are Suddenly Accepting Election Results"

Nov 11

PHOENIX ([The Borowitz Report](#))—After her failed bid for the US Senate made her a two-time loser, an irate Kari Lake complained on Monday that it was “totally unfair” that the Republican Party had suddenly decided to accept election results.

“I thought we were going to have frivolous lawsuits and baseless claims of voter fraud like we always do,” she said. “I no longer recognize my Republican Party.”

“Where are all the election deniers when you need them?” asked Lake, who now calls herself “an election denier denier.”

“Where’s the QAnon Shaman?” she demanded. “Where’s Ginni Thomas? I haven’t seen one frickin’ Proud Boy marching for me. You people all suck!”

My reply a day later, my main comments follow the cry baby report.

Thanks, Bunker Buster

Poor Kari Lake, I hope someone gives her this:

HURT FEELINGS REPORT	
Date Of Hurt Feelings _____	
Time Of Hurtfulness _____ A.M. P.M.	
Which Ear Was Hurtfulness Spoken Into:	
Left <input type="checkbox"/> Right <input type="checkbox"/> Both <input type="checkbox"/>	
Is There Permanent Feeling Damage?	
Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	
Did You Need A Tissue For The Tears	
Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	
Reason For Filing Report (Check All That Apply)	
1. I Am Thin Skinned <input type="checkbox"/>	
2. I Am A Little Bitch <input type="checkbox"/>	
3. I Am A Cry Baby <input type="checkbox"/>	
4. I Want My Mommy <input type="checkbox"/>	
If You Feel You Need A Hug, Go Home To Mommy And She Will Change Your Diaper.	
If You Feel As Though You Need To Speak To Someone To Soothe You, Call This Number: 1-800-Cry-Baby	
Signature _____	

Been mulling your assessment of Trump-Republican-MAGA blow out.

Based on this article, click the link to read it, the Republicans won control of the House of

Representatives, too.

<https://www.newsnationnow.com/politics/2024-election/house-balance-of-power-2024-republicans/>

The Republicans control White House, Congress and Supreme Court.

I still think America got what it deserved.

I think it will be interesting, if not unnerving, watching what Trump and the Republicans in Congress and the Supreme Court do, or try to do, during the next 4 years.

Earlier this year during my mock campaign for president, it occurred to me, no mock, that the way to stop the invasion across America's southern border is whoever is president issues an executive order, ratified by a majority of Congress, which tells Mexico's president that, effective immediately, until Mexico stops people coming across Mexico's border with America into America, no American can go to Mexico, no American dollars can be sent from America to Mexico, and no Mexico products, produce and services can come from Mexico into America.

I think immigration is what got Trump elected.

I don't see any way any immigration Czar can round up and deport all the illegal aliens in America, just like I didn't see any way in 2016 that Trump was going to get Mexico to pay for a wall between Mexico and America.

I think America should stop all immigration, and stop all meddling overseas, and the U.S. Military should be brought home to defend the southern border and to defend public schools from domestic terrorists.

I bet the ranch Trump won't stop the war in Ukraine, even though he said he would stop it in one day, or was it the war in Gaza?

Vladimir Putin made himself president of Russia for as long as he likes.

The fellow running Ukraine suspended national elections because of the war with Russia.

It won't surprise me if Trump and the Republicans in Congress and the Supreme Court attempt to suspend elections in 2028. Maybe the U.S. Military will have the cojones to prevent that, maybe not.

It won't surprise me if World War III, caused by Israel, America, radical Islam and Iran, now a Russian ally, is over by 2028, and things are very different on Planet Earth.

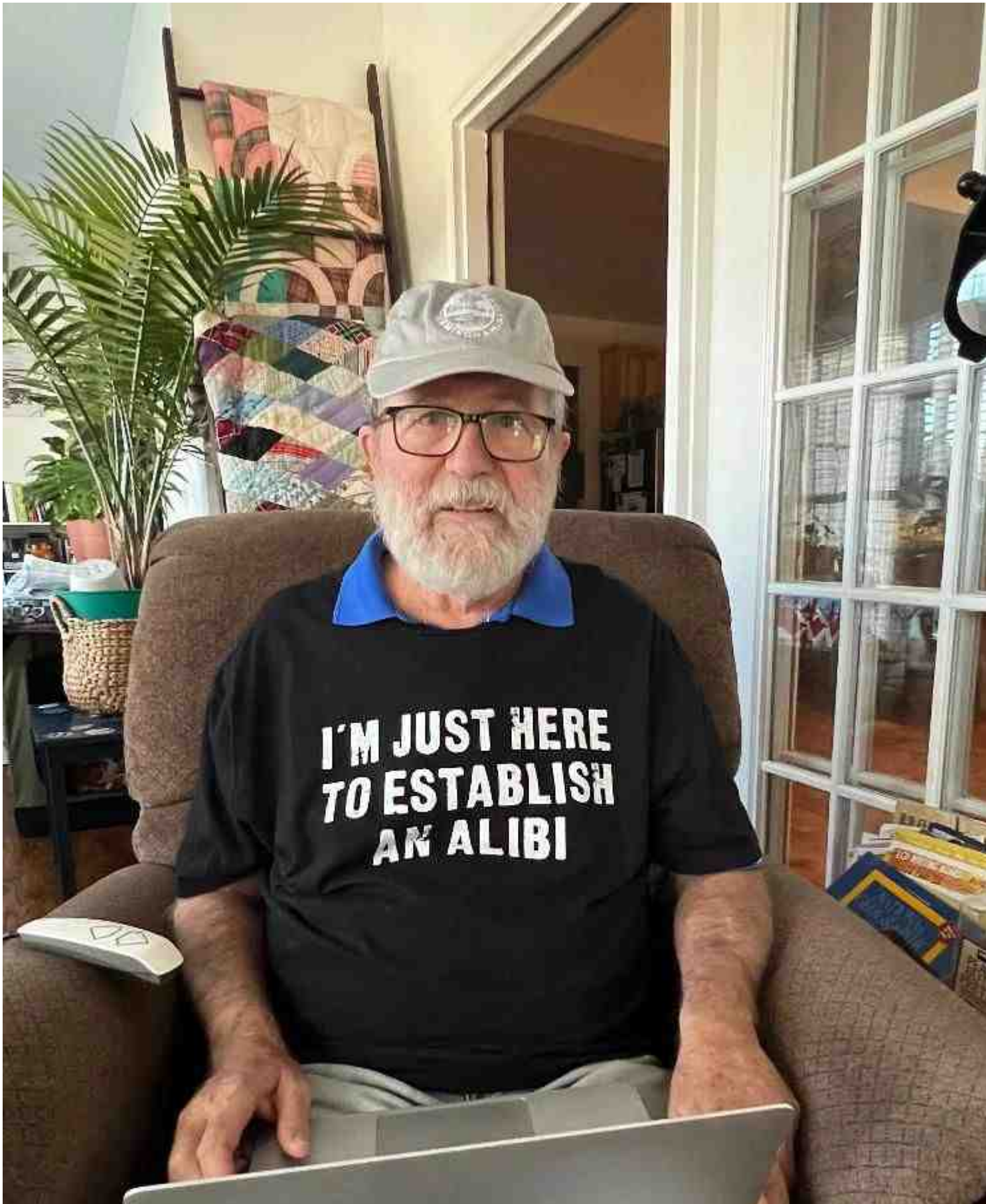
I wonder if I will be alive in 2028?

Meanwhile, I started a Go Daddy website with blog to escape Google's woke and unwoke censor board and literary pirate.

There are 4 posts, so far.

ALABAMALAWYERBECAMEAMYSTIC.COM

Join me on my travels and explorations in America and around the world, which I got away with and lived to tell ...



Here is a link to a little book of children bedtime stories that came of me in the fall of 2004 about 6 Alabama people who influenced me. So far, no woke or unwoke has flagged it.

[A FEW REMARKABLE ALABAMA PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN, by a southern lawyer who became a mystic](#)

I'm hoping to get back to work writing the sequel to my first novel, *Kundalina, Alabama, a Strange Tale*, which is a free read at the internet library.

Here's *Kundalina*'s link: <https://archive.org/details/kundalina/page/8/mode/2up>

Not recommended for young children.

The Tiny Kingdom and churches get unfair treatment.

The sequel, *Kundalina Resurrection*, is about the alien invasion foretold in *Kundalina*, published in 1982.

Ciao,

Sloan

I hope the alien invasion was not called off

November 14, 2024

E.T. 101

THE COSMIC INSTRUCTION MANUAL

***AN EMERGENCY
REMEDIAL
EDITION***

In late August 1993, about 2 and 1/2 years into a dark night of the soul, I drove from my home in Boulder, Colorado to Pagosa Springs, Colorado, to meet the authors of that book, which a former Sikh had suggested I read.

Zoe and Diana said they channelled Pleiadeans, and I had several meetings with them, and I forget which of them said they were hearing from the Pleiadeans that I should consider poetry.

I drove back to Boulder and spectacular poetry began leaping out of me, beginning with the eulogy for my 7-weeks-old son, who died of sudden infant death syndrome as I entered my last semester at the University of Alabama School of Law.

His poem burst out of me on the 26th anniversary of the day I buried his remains in the Bashinsky family plot in Elmwood Cemetery, in Birmingham. By then, 26 was the sacred number for God in my spirit code.

The poem was full of rainbows, and the next morning a neighbor who had read the poem called to say I needed to go outside and look over my home, and I did, and the sky was very dark because of a storm, and a beautiful rainbow rose up out of the roof of my home into the sky over the foothills and front range of the Colorado Rockies.

I wish I still had that poem, but it and some other long poems perished when my time in Boulder suddenly ended in September 1995, and the next phase of my by then often stranger than fiction life began. Perhaps foreshadowed in April of that year, as I sat with my 3rd wife and her son and a friend of ours on our side patio one morning, and I looked up for some reason and saw an oblong white airship parked beside a cloud about a mile above us.

I told them to look up at the spaceship, and they all said in unison, "Yeah, right, Sloan!" I kept urging them to look up, and they kept saying in unison, "Yeah, right, Sloan." The ship darted behind the cloud, and I told them that, and they said in unison, "Yeah, right, Sloan. Then, the cloud started getting stretched left to right across the sky like a very large jet vapor trail, and I told them about that, and they said in unison, "Yeah, right, Sloan." Maybe that was a sign from above that it was time for me to move on?

I saw this on Facebook yesterday and commented:



UFO World +

Elon Musks FASTESTS Hypersonic Jet Reaching The Speed Of Light Defies All Physics

Sloan Bashinsky

I've seen a spaceship that could dance rings around anything the US Air Force, NASA, and Elon Musk ever imagined. If I were president, I would declassify every last UFO file my government has, to give Americans, and the world, something else to ponder in their navels and hind ends.

Sloan Bashinsky

The Earth I live on is awash in Evil in plain view on CNN, FOX, X, Facebook, the US Government, just for starts. I'm hoping the Pleidean invasion foretold in my first novel, Kundalina, Alabama, A Strange Tale (1992), around the time I read Bringers of The Dawn, and saw a Pleidean beam ship doing circus tricks over my home in Boulder, Colorado, and the other people I was with refused to look up and watch what I was seeing, because they didn't want to see it, is now underway. The tale is a free read at the free internet library archive.org.

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina/page/8/mode/2up>

It's some might say creepy fun sequel now is inching forward in my Apple AirMac.

Lynne Wogan

I loved Bringers of the Dawn every word resonated

Sloan Bashinsky

Lynne Wogan The Pleiadeans, and all spacefaring races, have their own agendas, which they will not sacrifice for Earth human agendas, if the two come into conflict. I wrote to Barbara Marciniac about that after I read Bringers of the Dawn, and in her next book, she told her readers what I had told her, but did not mention anyone had told her. I later met a man who said the Pleiadeans had offered to him what he had read in Bringers of the Dawn, they had offered to Marciniac, and he had declined, because he did not feel the Pleiadeans were entirely leveling with him.

Lynne Wogan

i just liked the book it all made so much more sense than all the discordance on earth..Barbara lived a few miles from me in the next town over was glad to see she's still channeling in her mid 70s it's been awhile since I read the book

Sloan Bashinsky

I read Bringers of the Dawn soon after it was released in 1992 and was the rage in New Age circles. I wrote to Barbara back then.

Aashima Edmonds Mathias

Sloan Bashinsky it will be what you believe it is.

Sloan Bashinsky

It is what it is, until it changes to something else, which then will be seen. I'm 82 years old. I've had some experiences with the Pleiadeans, but I've had ongoing interaction with angels known in the Bible (but not controlled by the Bible) since early 1987. The angels have yet to speak to me of the Pleiadeans, nor of another off-world races, other than they exist. What the angels did was stand me in front of endless mirrors, looking at me. They helped me learn to read myself and other people and events. They never predicted the future of America, where I live, or humanity. However, I have a friend

who hears from those and other angels, who are not encouraging for America, nor for humanity, in the main. Some people are evolving, while most of humanity is static or devolving. Looks to me that mostly is due to damage and worse of the feminine, internally and externally.

Deborah Hodder

Sloan Bashinsky I remember when I went to Lake Powell around 2000 with a group of friends. We rented a houseboat and we were on the top deck watching UFOs zing zagging across the sky. We saw them. And I doubt they were ours.

Sloan Bashinsky

They are there, but it seems they are not, so far, interested in a major intervention or interaction that would challenge humanity at many levels.

Cezary

Redefine the 'evil' and re-experience it to see what is the purpose of darkness. It has a hidden potential that is not evil, it is to be uncovered. It won't work with this magical wishful thinking that something disappears 'just because'. Higher vibration you talk about is rather acknowledging what darkness serves, but first stop defining it as evil

Michelle ·

Cezary what shall we call child sex trafficking? I wish people would call it what it is and stop sugar coating it. Evil has no purpose, period!

Sloan Bashinsky

Cezary Evil is real. To deny it is real, makes you more at risk, because it is in everyone, and coming to terms with that is part of maturing.

I think making ETs a religion is similar to making churches a religion. It's easy to focus on the religion, instead of on how to live and deal with what each day brings on this world.

Meanwhile, try living with a spell binding witch and see how that shapes the way your noggin' thinks and how your heart and the rest of you feels.

A chapter from a book Mortica is writing about her life: how she deals with phone pests- maybe the angels and ETs need her help?

My phone does not ring much anymore, I wonder why?

I feel like I should have some laughter today, as I had a somewhat kind of sadness but it's over now.

One monkey doesn't stop a show. This train is going to keep on rolling.

Here are some of my favorite telephone calls. Gary is my deceased husband.

Them: May I please speak to Garrrry?(foreign voice)

Me: Sure if you can get him out of the river where I put his ashes to go down to the ocean. Hang up.

Them: May I please speak to Gaaaaaaby.(foreign voice)

Me: Speaking

Them: Are you ok today? (they want yes on their recorder) Spammers

Me: What the hell do you want?

Them: I noticed you have severe back issues and we can help you.

Me: I don't have back issues. I have a pain in the ass from these calls plus I got a sexually transmitted disease that my coochie itches all the time and you scratch it until it bleeds. Can you send me some

cream or medicine for that? Scabs and blood everywhere. (dead silence on other end) I never knew I could make a man go silent, but I did! Then they hang up.

Political call: Do you mind me asking who you are going to vote for this year? What party?

Me: Honey, I can't vote. I am a convicted felon for murdering several people, dismembering them, disposing of the bodies, never to be found, I think some were telemarketers. They hang up fast.

Them: May I please speak to Gary?

Me: If you hold on, let me go get his urn of ashes and glue him back together, you can then talk to him. Hang up.

Them: Hello Caaaaaaby.

Me: What the hell do you want?

Them: I want to offer you, (whatever they are trying to push.)

Me: I do NOT talk to fucking terrorists.

Them: Lady, I am American.

Me: The fuck you are. If you are American, I am not! I do not talk to terrorists in person or on the phone.

I hang up, block them and they call back. I block again.

I sometimes love to fuck with them really nasty when they call. One time, one called to ask me if I needed a new septic tank. My reply (in a deep Southern redneck drawl, "No sweetie, we live in the country, we ain't got running water and I shit in the woods with a newspaper for toilet paper. They never called again!

Them: I'd like to discuss a trip for you, I am with (never heard of it) travel agency.

Me: Sweetie, I ain't got no legs and I am blind plus I ain't got no one to take me. Hang up. Got the evil eye from Mr. Never called back.

Them: Is this Gaaaaaaaaby?

Me: What the hell do you want?

They started in their bullshit spill about something I was interested in. I picked up the Bible and I know I read them two chapters, at least.

One time in my little girl voice, I answered the phone.

Them: May I please speak to one of your parents?'

Me: Nope they are in their room and I am eating a sucker and they told me ot to come in there unless the house was on far. I was snorting like I had snot coming out.

Them: Are you sure they can't come to the phone?

Me: Nope I can't. I was told not to come in and I think my Mama is hurt. She is screaming.

Hang up. Never called again!

How I deal with ATT Uverse.

Them: Welcome to ATT, please say what you need.

Me: Yayayayayadkdkdkdkdt969tt9t9t9 ggiggigiggnnn- like a foreign language at the nail shop.

Them: I am sorry I did not get that, please say again what you need;

Me: Yayayayayayadkdkdkdkdt969tt9t9t9 ggiggigiggnnn

Them: Let me get you an agent.

I go straight to a human, bypass all that button pushing crap.

Yeah, I got fucking full moon madness. I should hang that sign up outside. It is truly a full moon madness. I do not want to go into detail, but it was a bad fucking day and I was nice and didn't cast no spells or say nothing mean to nobody- yet. I wish I could get my 410 and shoot that fucker out of the sky. MMS, like PMS, but Moon Madness. You can lock me in a cellar with no windows or nothing, and I can knock on the door when the moon is about two days from being full and two days after. It is a hard ride to deal with it, but somebody has to do it.

To that man in the full moon. Man in the moon, I'll be sleeping with zero clothes on tonight, so you can KMA. I hate the moon and what it does to me. Is there any way to escape?

Now in a few weeks Mercury will be in Retrograde again and I'll be batshit crazy again.

I know most of you are saying, "What's new"?

I am writing a book.

the Klingondom of Trump

November 14, 2024



I clerked for a United States District Judge in Birmingham, who presided over every federal criminal prosecution in north Alabama. Although he used to drink moonshine, cussed, and did not attend church, Judge Clarence W. Allgood was the most godly man I ever knew.

He is the first person I memorialized in A FEW REMARKABLE ALABAMA PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN, which can be read for free by clicking either of these links: https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210; <https://afewremarkablealabamapeople.blogspot.com/>

Before becoming a federal judge, he created and piloted the debtors bankruptcy court in Birmingham, and he wrote the federal debtors court law, which Congress passed, and that's what got him onto the federal bench, even though he only had a law degree from the unaccredited Birmingham School of Law, which was taught at night by Birmingham practicing attorneys.

Behind the scenes, Judge Allgood ran the National Democratic Party in Alabama, except for the George Wallace faction.

Judge Allgood put moonshiners on probation, because the Alabama prohibition laws were passed at the behest of Alabama Baptists who drank like fish.

I can imagine if Judge Allgood were alive today, he would like to see Donald Trump receive several consecutive life sentences in a federal maximum security prison.

When I practiced law in Birmingham, I was not a mystic. I was not religious. I was a heathen by church people standards.

I think I can say with some chance of success, that not one federal or state judge or lawyer I knew in Birmingham would have referred a relative or friend to Mat Gaetz for legal representation.

A childhood friend texted me yesterday:

The man is CRAZY, Just names Matt Gaetz as his Attorney General!!

I replied:

one flew over

he named a FOX journalist Secretary of Defense yesterday

My childhood friend replied:

If the Senate confirms those two, it's time to leave.

I replied:

We have a spare bedroom with its own full bath, food stores, natural gas generator that kicked in as the power went off as I read your Gaetz text. Whenever the power goes off, that means something new, significant, is headed my way.

I read online last yesterday that Gaetz resigned his seat in the House of Representatives, and Trump said he nominated Gaetz because he also had been the victim of a weaponized legal system and he would put a stop to that.

Trump did not say he will pardon Gaetz of any federal crimes he may have committed.

Trump did not say he will have Gaetz weaponize the US Department of Justice against his enemies and political foes.

Last night, my tech friend Bob emailed me something I leave for whoever might read it to ponder who fits the shoes:

Dream 1 from yesterday:

People were pouring concrete and screwing up the chemical that helps it harden. It would break up and the people paying and wanting to frame in their building/house just kept bringing the same crew out who did the same thing each time and several times

Dream 2

A group of people were jumping for joy because the stock market began a bull run, 401K's became worth more, and crypto was being worth more and more and more. I said to the crowd who were 20's 30's 40's and early 50's- it all looks good now, but when do you retire and use that 401k, huh ?

They looked at one another and said: Uh well it will be a few decades

Me: We don't know we're going to make it through tomorrow much less four years, and in four years the chance for anyone of us to be around to benefit from 401k's is approaching zero based on current information. Gaetz, Rubio and company running the show.

Me: How long do bull runs last before the bears take over ?

Me: Your crypto is only worth how much you can find some damn fool exchange to give you fiat currency- and more and more turn out to be scams every day. PLUTUS ? And another one will fall tomorrow.

Dream 4: I saw a tall man dressed in what looked faded white old tattered robes changing flags almost like a signal corpsman... I walked up and asked if he was signaling ?

He said: No, as nations among earth seal their destruction one flag goes up and another comes down, and from my perspective as an angel, it's all so very quickly

He kept working while talking.

I said: What's your deal again man ?

He said: Well, I bring souls to their judgment and I run up the flags of the nations of men as they rise and fall and rise and fall. I am that which is without time.

I saw Gabriel in the distance, I walked up to him and said: "Who is that creepy motherfucker ?"

Gabriel said: "Oh, that's Death. Brings the souls of man before God for judgment. He's great at parties, but no guarantee Angel humor translates to man humor so you'd have to be there....

The power went off two more times last night.

The power went off this morning.

Today, I saw this article online:

Huff Post

11/14/2024

Ex-Trump White House Attorney Explains Trump's Big New 'Fk You To America'**

Ty Cobb slammed his former boss for a "contemptuous" new move.

Ty Cobb, who served as a White House attorney to Donald Trump, slammed his former boss for nominating Matt Gaetz for attorney general.

CNN's Erin Burnett quoted Cobb as calling Gaetz's selection a "fuck you to America." Cobb said he used those words because Gaetz is unqualified "academically, professionally, ethically, morally and experientially."

"He has no business being in this conversation," he said, adding that the selection of the House member who resigned his seat after the announcement Wednesday was "contemptuous" and "not serious."

Cobb recalled seeing Gaetz while he was working in the White House in 2017 and 2018 during the FBI's special counsel investigation into Russian interference of the 2016 election.

"When he walked into the White House when I was in the White House, serious staffers threw up red flags," Cobb said. "They looked the other way and hoped he wasn't there to visit them."

He also suggested that Gaetz's nomination could hurt Trump's push for recess appointments.

No good deed goes unpunished in woke and unwoke lands

November 15, 2024



only the good die young?

Two nights ago, my tech buddy Bob, Gabby and me did a new episode of the Not So Sweet Home Alabama podcast in Gabby's kitchen, with Bob attending via Zoom. Here's the link:

<https://youtu.be/0CqSKG1-r2c>

In the podcast, I do some general housekeeping, which not accidentally reveals to people overseas some of how screwed up the land of the woke and unwoke (America) is. Then, Bob reports his dealings with a PTA (Parents and Teachers Association) in a woke school, which reveals a lot more of how screwed up the land of the woke and the unwoke is.

I leave it for you the reader to open that link and watch and hear that episode for yourself.

I'm 82 and not nearly as spry as when I moved from Key West back to Alabama in the late fall of 2018. To entertain myself, I found people who liked to play chess and duplicate bridge, and I played a lot of chess and duplicate bridge. At night, I played chess at chess.com, and I watched lots of movies and serials on Netflix and Prime. Sometimes, I drove to visit with my children and their families. Every now and then, I took a couple of women friends out for dinner at night. That basically was my social life in Alabama, until I hitched up 8 weeks ago with Gabby.

I told Bob that, historically, when angels pair me up with a woman, that adds about 50 percent to what I am already doing, and some of what I am doing becomes less important.

After I moved in with Gabby, who lives about a half hour drive into the country from Birmingham. MAGA country, I found I like being here. It's a lot quieter and laid back. I hardly ever play bridge and chess. Gabby and I talk a lot, we write, we run errands, we go to doctors, art fairs and farmers' markets. We watch Netflix sometimes at night.

I still spend a lot of time on the internet, poking my nose into this and that, and stirring things up sometimes. That's my job.

The Status Quo does not like change. It views change as a lethal threat to its very existence. Change is a lethal threat to the Status Quo's very existence.

Donald Trump is a lethal threat to the Status Quo's very existence. He also is a lethal physical threat to many people. As are much of his political base.

All I'm a lethal threat to is how people think and believe.

This below was posted into the of Kahlil Gibran Lovers Facebook group, and I joined into the discussion and heard nothing back, so far.

Puva

Group expert

All-star contributor

• **November 8**

JUDAS THE COUSIN OF JESUS - On the Death of John the Baptist
in Khalil Gibran's Jesus The Son Of Man

Upon a night in the month of August we were with the Master on a heath not far from the lake. The heath was called by the ancients the Meadow of Skulls.

And Jesus was reclining on the grass and gazing at the stars.

And of a sudden two men came rushing towards us breathless. They were as if in agony, and they fell prostrate at the feet of Jesus.

And Jesus stood up and He said, "Whence came you?" And one of the men answered, "From Machaereus."

And Jesus looked upon him and was troubled, and He said, "What of John?"

And the man said, "He was slain this day. He was beheaded in his prison cell."

Then Jesus lifted up His head. And then He walked a little way from us. After a while He stood again in our midst.

And He said, "The king could have slain the prophet ere this day. Verily the king has tried the pleasure of His subjects. Kings of yore were not so slow in giving the head of a prophet to the head-hunters.

"I grieve not for John, but rather for Herod, who let fall the sword. Poor king, like an animal caught and led with a ring and a rope.

"Poor petty tetrarchs lost in their own darkness, they stumble and fall down. And what could you of the stagnant sea but dead fishes?"

"I hate not kings. Let them rule men, but only when they are wiser than men."

And the Master looked at the two sorrowful faces and then He looked at us, and He spoke again and said, "John was born wounded, and the blood of his wounds streamed forth with his words. He was freedom not yet free from itself, and patient only with the straight and the just.

"In truth he was a voice crying in the land of the deaf; and I loved him in his pain and his aloneness.

"And I loved his pride that would give its head to the sword ere it would yield it to the dust.

"Verily I say unto you that John, the son of Zachariah, was the last of his race, and like his forefathers he was slain between the threshold of the temple and the altar."

And again Jesus walked away from us.

Then He returned and He said, "Forever it has been that those who rule for an hour would slay the rulers of years. And forever they would hold a trial and pronounce condemnation upon a man not yet born, and decree his death ere he commits the crime.

"The son of Zachariah shall live with me in my kingdom and his day shall be long."

Then He turned to the disciples of John and said, "Every deed has its morrow. I myself may be the morrow of this deed. Go back to my friend's friends, and tell them I shall be with them."

And the two men walked away from us, and they seemed less heavy-hearted.

Then Jesus laid Himself down again upon the grass and outstretched His arms, and again He gazed at the stars.

Now it was late. And I lay not far from Him, and I would fain have rested, but there was a hand knocking upon the gate of my sleep, and I lay awake until Jesus and the dawn called me again to the road.

Sloan Bashinsky

Puva Kinda going way out on a limb now, but consider maybe Jesus and Judas actually were best of friends, and Judas was the only friend Jesus had who would play the betrayer, and Magdalene and Jesus were a couple, and they and Judas got together privately and discussed what was coming down and how they would play it out, and Judas was so distraught after he had fingered Jesus that he killed himself, and if Judas had not done that, then God would have done mighty works through Judas and we may never have heard of Saul of Tarsus, who became Saul.

Consider, if Magdalene washed Jesus feet in public with her tears and hair, and anointed his feet with sacred oil she scarce could afford, what did she wash and anoint him with when they were in private?

Consider it was Magdalene Jesus told outside the tomb to go to the male disciples who had betrayed him by claiming they did know him and/or went into hiding, that she had seen him and he would be

with them soon- he never did anything happenstance; he wanted them to see who was most important to him, a woman.

Consider a disciple asked Jesus in the Gospels if Elijah had returned and Jesus said yes, but he was not recognized, and the disciples understood he meant John the Baptist was Elijah returned.

Consider John the Baptist said in the Gospels that he baptized in water, but one much greater than he would come who would baptize in fire and in spirit.

Consider in that time it was known that holding someone underwater until they nearly drowned caused a near death experience and a spiritual shift, but Jesus's baptism was something else entirely different, which people like Kahlil Gibran experienced in some fashion. Also the Sufi Rumi and his teacher Shams. Various saints in Christendom. Sages in other spiritual traditions. Jesus' disciples. Spiritual or soul alchemy.

Consider the Letter to the Hebrews, which is about the Melchizedek priesthood and the ordeal its initiates must endure, or suffer grave consequences for falling away, and Jesus is high priest in Melchizedek.

Consider this I was told in a deep trance in 1992:

Melchizedek

Melchizedek is an order of angel that comes to a planet in trouble to help prepare it to receive the Christ

Christ does not come to a planet without Melchizedek

Mary Magdalene was of the Order Melchizedek

Several sects in Christendom ordain their priests after the Order Melchizedek forever, probably having no clue what that's really about.

I went on to experience that initiation, which for me was difficult beyond human understanding and belief. It's still in progress. I'm 82 years old. It began in my 45th year. I was told by 2 angels that I would be pushed to my limits. I was pushed beyond that.

What the Republicans fear most, and the Christ at Annapurna

November 16, 2024



Vulcan

A fellow in my class at Crestline Elementary School, in Mountain Brook, Alabama, aka The Tiny Kingdom. has the internet handle “Astroman”. I haven’t asked him if he migrated away from that white upscale suburb over the mountain from Birmingham. Over Red Mountain, on top of which stands Vulcan, which my parents told me laid in unassembled pieces for years in Avondale Park when they were kids. When I was a boy, a torch light in Vulcan’s right hand burned green at night when there were no road fatalities that day in Birmingham, and it burned red when there was a road fatality.

Astro man emailed me yesterday:

Remember who said this:

The Republican Party possessed the ability to put Donald Trump in power and it succeeded.

It is also the power of the Republican Party that WILL remove that given capability (or seriously dilute the influence) from the Trump administration.

The Democrat Party does not have the ability to do so, but can assist the GOP in accommodating their efforts.

They're not going to let Trump run uncontrollably over the party of Eisenhower, Reagan, G.H.W. Bush or...LINCOLN and they will succeed again.

Mark these words...

I emailed him back:

I fear Trump has more power than the Democrats may ever imagine, but the Republicans are well aware of it. The power is in the people who got him elected and are ready, willing and able to terrify anyone, including any Republican, they feel is in Trump’s way. I hate to think how much the Democrats did to enable this to happen.

In October 1995, I was in Nepal. I flew from Kathmandu to Pokhara, to trek up to Annapurna Base Camp. I toted a small black pack, in which was all the clothes and toiletries I had brought with me from America. I wore a pair of Merrill walking shoes. I had a lightweight water-resistant pullover wind jacket with a hood, and a sweat shirt and a baseball cap. I had a few pairs of jockey briefs and t-shirts and socks. I had a small flashlight. I had a bottle of Tylenol and a bottle of iodine tablets, in case I needed to drink water from a stream or river.

I was 53 years old. I was alone. Except for angels. And memories. And pain. And anguish. From my life in Boulder, Colorado, imploding. I had not exercised in years. I had no business trekking up to 15,000+ feet. But I had lived at 5,400 feet for 8 years, and so I was somewhat acclimated to thinner air than I grew up breathing in Birmingham.

I met several very interesting people during that trek, who were not from America. I did not meet any nearly as interesting Americans. But that is not what this post today is about.

I was having a hard time with the climb up the trail to Annapurna, but I was hanging in there until it rained and I got wet and I was cold and the lodge where I laid over that night could not rent me two blankets because there would not be enough blanks for everyone, and I shivered for awhile after I got into bed, and I thought I would turn around and head back down the mountain the next morning.

Just before dawn, I dreamed I was riding the bicycle I rode around Boulder, but I was riding it up from Homewood to the cut through Red Mountain and Vulcan. As I neared Valley Road, where the road up to Vulcan begins, I gave up and turned my bicycle to the left and started back down toward Homewood, and I lost control of the bicycle and was headed off the road into a ditch, and I woke up thinking I better not turn around and head back town the trail I had been on for several days.

I got out of bed, put on the Merrills and the pullover and had breakfast in the lodge and shouldered my backpack and started walking up the trail, and the sun suddenly came out and warmed me up, and I wasn't cold any more and my spirits lifted and I made it to Annapurna Base camp that evening.

The deal was, before sunrise, the trekkers would walk up a path to a knoll over the lodge and watch the sun come up over Fishtail Mountain and splash its light on the rim of huge snowcapped peaks across a high meadow. Those were the peaks mountain climbers came to challenge. Fishtail, so named because its top looked like a whale tale, was about as tall, but it was alone, and it was where the gods lived, and foreigners were not all allowed on it.

I figured Fishtail and the peaks across the meadow, in which were colorful tents and mountain climbers and sherpas, were around 26,000, or so, feet tall. They made the Colorado Rockies look like bumps. But it was fogged in at Annapurna Base Camp, and I could not see the other peaks. And it stayed fogged in for three days. And we trekkers hung in the lodge all day, talking, playing cards, drinking tea, I drank garlic tea, to prevent altitude sickness and getting infected from drinking the local boiled water, waiting for the fog to lift.

On the third morning, the fog had lifted, and we walked up onto the knoll, and the sun came up over Fishtail and splashed its glorious light on the range of peaks on the other side of the meadow. I saw a huge blacksmith appear between me and that rim of peaks, he was larger than the peaks, and I went down to one knee and bowed my head, thinking I would hear, "The Father and I are one," but what I heard was, "The Son and I are one." I wept, and I stood up and walked back down to the lodge and got my backpack and started walking back down the trail.

I was up there 14 days. I never saw one airplane. I was resolved I would never climb another mountain. I had no clue how many more mountains I would climb, but not with my feet. It was years before I understood the blacksmith was the Christ. It was years before I had any clue what working for and having asked God for help and offering my life to human service really would entail. I have told some of that in other books, and I suppose I will tell more of it in this book.

diamonds in the rough in Gargoyle America, Ltd.

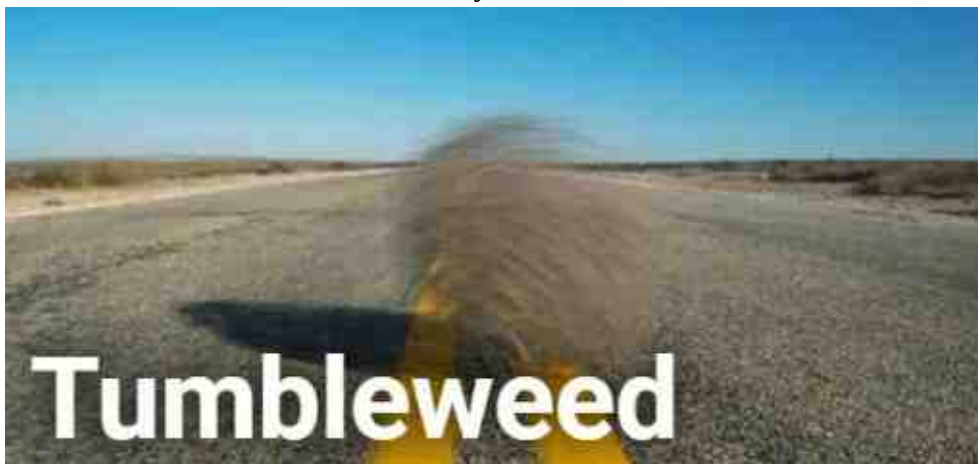
November 19, 2024



Dragon Woman

A star spangled beauty poem tumbled into my email the other day from Free Radio Rulo (Nebraska), population less than 200, according to the poet and the Google search engine- and I thought I live out in the COUNTRY.

After reading the poem, I replied to the poet, who is the owner and operator of Free Radio Rulo, and then we had ourselves a little jam session, in which I shared with him the amazing art of the redneck witch Gabby I took up with, and then Jim asked me to send in another letter to the editor for his newsletter, which I did, all of which you can read all about below.



<https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/ole-tumble-weed>

Ole Tumble Weed

A Poem by Jim

FREE RADIO RULO

NOV 18, 2024

Ole tumble weed was here again today
Saw him at the coffee shop with Stu being an ass
Entitled and aging prick ole tumble weed is
Always yelling
Stu with the unfortunate mark on his forehead
Stu with healing powers similar to Christ
The shadows in the garden reminiscent of Stu
Tall and thin
Ole tumble weed brags about dumping his junk in his neighbor's ditch
In the middle of the night creeping
With total disdain for common decency and the general public
Refrigerators
Hub caps
Dresser drawers full of candy bar wrappers
Ole tumble weed never listens to Stu's problems
Diabetes
Beat up pickup and dead dog
Stu is sad hanging out with ole tumble weed all the time
Wants to park the truck in the garage and shut the door with the truck running
Wants to transcend this sub-par midwestern nightmare
Wants Ole tumble weed to leave him alone once and for all
Thanks for reading Free Radio Rulo! Subscribe for free to receive new posts and support my work.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Liked by Free Radio Rulo

I have unsubscribed from quite a few newsletters since Nov 5, and I still read Poetic Oullaws, which remains stuck in the past, and I read yours, because it makes me feel a kind of real time extensional rawness, horror and beauty often shrouded in mystery or encryption that rattles my skeleton and my soul and even my old body.

Free Radio Rulo

Author

God damn man you are too kind! Words of kindness such as this makes me want to keep writing (Especially coming from a Mystic Lawyer Novelist such as yourself!)

Sloan Bashinsky

Please call my lady friend, who admires your work product. She used to work for a big radio station in Bham, and we are thinking about starting our own little radio show from her home. She thinks we should drive to Rulo to see you, and I do too, but wonder if I'm up for it? She has been participating in Bob's and my podcasts, and she's hilarious. Her name is Gabby and here's her cell: 205-xxx-xxxx. Here's the URL for her quilting blog, which I helped her make yesterday.
wlovequilting.blog

one block out of a quilt





Free Radio Rulo

Very cool quilts!

I don't know that I have much time for visitors as I have been super busy with my kid and my day job.

Where can I listen to your podcast?

Also, would you want to write me a letter to the editor for next week's "News From Rulo"?

Sloan Bashinsky

Will "meditate" on letter to the editor.

Here's link to our post-Nov 5 apocalypse podcast.

https://youtu.be/6IvSbmUIO_I

No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

Free Radio Rulo

Nice!

SloanBashinsky

My letter to the editor

Dear Free Radio Rulo

I very much enjoy your "output", so much so, that I told my lady friend, who is a witch, that I hope to be able to meet ole Jim face to face and chew some fat with him before I croak. Ain't many people I'd say that about, whom I have not already met. Might not be anybody else, but maybe there are a few relics still around, who ain't taken leave of their senses and soul.

The recent apocalypse makes me mightily glad I met the witch and moved to her place in the country away from the big city Birmingham where I was living, in which I had been born and raised in a rich, white suburb, which over time became knick-named "The Tiny Kingdom". I suppose that makes me a Tiny Kingdom ex-pat. I figure Mr. Trump swept it on Nov. 5. I only voted for my lawyer, a Republican running for local probate judge. A Democrat beat him. Birmingham's a blue city surrounded by red seas.

I'm an ex-lawyer angels known in the Bible turned into a mystic, which some people have interpreted to crazy, but what the heck? Nobody's perfect, and I can say with some chance of hitting a nail or two square on the head that if Mr. Trump and his Christian right legions ever had up close and personal dealing with those angels, they just might wish there was no Bible, Jesus and God. They might even

wish they had never woke up that morning and got out of bed. And speaking of that word, woke, which Trump and his legions view as not even human beings, what does that make Trump and his legions? The unwoke.

Now please don't dare think I'm a Democrat, or a liberal. My goodness, did the lefties ever consider that they are why Trump got elected again? Well? They should please stand up and take a bow, too. The matter of the fact is worse than the left and the right, and even the middle, can in the wildest dreaming imagine. Demons have possessed the Trump and his hordes, and the Biden and the Harris and their hordes, and the churches, and the businesses, and the Congress and the Supreme Court, and the governors and the state legislatures, and well, Just about every part of America has took to worshipping the Devil, for real, while they truly believe they are worshipping God, if they believe God exists.

Very definitely, God exists, the Devil, too. No spoofing. But I can no more prove that in a court of law or a science lab beaker, than I can prove a cow jumped over the moon or the dish ran away with the spoon. Right, Dorothy, this for sure ain't Kansas, or Oz. It's Gargoyle America, Ltd.

That's my letter to your editor leader of the Rulo Resistance.

Star Man

Mystics have to pay taxes, but Donald Trump doesn't?

November 20, 2024



In a nap dream this afternoon, I was in Tuscaloosa talking with a man about an action I had filed in federal court a good while back, and I was searching for papers, and there were various documents lying around, and a judge said it was already ruled in my favor, and I woke up wondering what in the heck that was about?

The witch I shackled up with, who gave me the Alcatraz key to wear around my neck, checked her mail box and in it were two forwarded letters from the IRS about my tax 2021 and 2023 tax returns, which a certified public accountant in Tuscaloosa had filed for me. He's a childhood friend of my children. That led to the accountant and me dealing online with the IRS, and finally he was able to get someone at the IRS on the telephone and we had a three-way conference call, and I was sent a link and furnished photos of my driver's license and Social Security card, and after quite a while my accountant got someone else at the IRS on a zoom call with the three of us, and that IRS person got everything straightened out, we hope.

I told the agent at the very end that I am pretty sure I paid more federal income taxes in 2021, due to the winding down of my father's estate, than Donald Trump paid that year, and I imagine I paid more federal taxes in 2022 and 2023 than Trump paid.

Also today, an email thread grew more legs:

B

The Republican Party possessed the ability to put Donald Trump in power and it succeeded.

It is also the power of the Republican Party that WILL remove that given capability (or seriously dilute the influence) from the Trump administration.

The Democrat Party does not have the ability to do so, but can assist the GOP in accommodating their efforts.

They're not going to let Trump run uncontrollably over the party of Eisenhower, Reagan, G.H.W. Bush or...LINCOLN and they will succeed again.

Mark these words...

Sloan Bashinsky

I think Republicans who still have half a brain are a bit worried that if they cross Trump publicly, they and their loved ones will hear about it from his storm troopers.

C

If you cross Tramp, you may be rounded up by the SS, thrown into a deportation camp and sent to Venezuela never to return.

Sloan Bashinsky

What this former practicing attorney, who clerked for a United States District Judge in Birmingham, will never understand is how the 7 Justices on the United States Supreme Court said this below did not apply to the presidency.

Fourteenth Amendment

Section 3 Disqualification from Holding Office

No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the

United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

I turned 14/3 into a law school exam question, which can be read at the free internet library by clicking on this link: <https://archive.org/details/amendment-14-section-3-law-school-exam>

A Denver, Colorado radio station found that law school exam question and interviewed a federal appellate court judge about it. The judge wasn't complimentary of me, but said President Joe Biden should have brought the lawsuit in federal court.

The radio interview happened because someone had brought a 14/3 lawsuit in the Colorado courts to have Trump disqualified in Colorado, and after that radio interview, this happened:

The radio station was swamped with death threats, its bonding insurance company canceled coverage, and the station went off the air.

The Colorado Supreme Court ruled 14/3 barred Trump from being on the Colorado ballot.

Trump appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which, as I said above, unanimously ruled 14/3 did not apply to the presidency.

The woke and the unwoke so-called legal beagles on that court would have gotten Fs if they took that final exam question when I was a student at the Alabama School of Law.

I say the Unmagnificent 7 ruled for Trump because they figured if they ruled against him, they and their loved ones would not remain among the living.

I wonder how many Americans, who call themselves patriots, are willing to die for their country?

Early this year, I asked God to take me and Trump, a life for a life, for the sake of America and the world. God declined. Then the witch and I became an item and I didn't feel as inclined to croak in exchange for Trump croaking.

Not even the love and light Pleiadeans praise Trump America

November 21, 2024

Star Wisdom

Principles of Pleiadian Spirituality

Gene Andrade



That curious book is in the home library of the redneck witch I took up with.

When I attended Crestline Elementary School in the so called poor side of Mountain Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom affluent white Birmingham suburb, the only books I wanted to read were science fiction. I was absolutely convinced all those stars I saw a night meant there had to be other people living out there. I never stopped thinking that, as my life moved on, and this and that happened, and I had no clue whatsoever that I would end up being mystic up to my eyeballs involved with angels and then demons, as well. Yet, sometimes ETs would show up in one way or another.

In a parallel dimension right here on Planet Earth are many millions of people who are for more trusting of extraterrestrials than of angels and God. I have known a few of them over the years. The other day, I went back to a discussion in the Pleiadian Council Facebook group and found a new comment under this meme which a woman had posted into the group. The new comment was totally alien to the love and light Pleiadean religion on Planet Earth, and led to further discussion about the November 5 election and Donald Trump, Kamala Harris and Joe Biden America that love and light Pleiadean worshippers I have known would not dare to even think, much less speak.



Evil can no longer exist at the new higher vibration on Earth. That's why all of this is happening. Earth is no longer a hospitable environment for the vibrations of evil. Welcome to the part where love rules all.

Lana

My guides gave me a few beautiful channeled messages about the election before it happened and after the results. Prior to the election they told me both Kamala and Trump were dark forces. Kamala had been compromised, but more recently. Trump has a long standing involvement with the cabal

(INCLUDING EPSTEIN). They told me it didn't matter who won. Both candidates will result in the same outcome. Trump will bring chaos and destruction in a rapid manner, mass casualties, Kamala would have deconstructed our country and liberties with a slow burn. Eroding freedoms over a longer time. They said the WAY they do it differs but both will bring us to the same place, ultimately. I didn't post that first message. Too controversial.

But after the election I checked in and they gave me Such a beautiful message. I posted it here in case you guys want to listen. <https://youtu.be/qTYkkwGkcWY?si=mTtCtEiWhmK5B21y>

Basically, shit is hitting the fan, but its for all of us to witness the darkness that we MUST transmute it and ACTUALLY CHANGE OUR OWN VIBRATION. No more blaming, shaming. We have sovereignty, which means we have the RESPONSIBILITY of owning our entire vibration. Neither candidate, neither political party can do this on our behalf, and,

In fact, if you are focusing on being "right" or claiming your views are "better" than the "other side", you are not doing the work.

I highly suggest you listen to the message. It may help our ego identity that is associated with owning our attachment to one group or another lift out of duality and may help to

Recalibrate how you relate to this crazy election and the fodder and division happening.

Love and blessings, beautiful beings!

Sloan Bashinsky

Lana please post here what you were told after the election. Both Trump and Biden/Harris are possessed by demonic entities, and any attachment to them is perilous. It's on each person to move forward, remain static, or regress. Jesus taught that, as did others. Religion by any name ultimately is a trap.

Lana

Sloan Bashinsky I haven't transcribed it yet. It was pretty lengthy. I may be able to post the audio. Let me see if I can.

Lana

Sloan Bashinsky oh, the link to what I was told after the election is in the original post. Just not the one that I got pre-election.

Sloan Bashinsky

Lana What is the gist of it?

Lana

Sloan Bashinsky it's what I put in the original post. I explained the pre message then I posted link to the message I channeled after in my op. Sorry if I was unclear!!

Sloan Bashinsky

Lana M thanks, America is a proxy for just how screwed up humanity, in the main, is. The Pleiadeans will not save America or humanity. Have had some dealings with them. Wrote a novel about them in 1992, am trying to write its sequel now.

Kundalina, Alabama: A Strange Tale

<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

Lana

Basically, they said Trump Is long time cabal, and while he has distanced himself somewhat,

It's only because he has the gall to think he can control the cabal. All he cares about is power and control. Totally service to self.

Does NOT care about his constituents or anyone else for that matter. His primary driving force is to become a dictator and will destroy the constitution and America.

Kamala was interesting. They said she was not truly a part of the cabal until it became clear she would succeed Biden. That she dipped her toe in the ritualistic side but was not down with it. This is why she was not visible as VP. They said Biden is old guard cabal for decades now. However, now Kamala has to be in order to hold office, and they have used mind and soul control on her.

It's funny because when I viewed her a couple months ago, she had a white light around her and I took that to mean she was of the light. But at that time was just psychically viewing her, not channeling, and I got a different message about that. It was a shield.

Here is where it got interesting for me. What they said was that both Trump and Kamala were in pursuit of the same

Goals, just in very different strategies. Both are service to self. Both want to erode or eradicate democracy and the American way in favor of personal adulation.

In Trump's case, they said he'd be the cause of mass destruction, mass exodus of humans (the intention behind that had the feel of casualties) and that his strategy is to use the control and power of the cabal to destroy our democracy. He'd use power, control and force.

Kamala, on the other hand would use the grassroots power of the people to create adulation for herself and would use that power to destroy democracy. They showed me the colors of the rainbow, which had dual meaning.

One way was the physical properties of prismatically splitting light into separate bands of colors. The other was was the LGBTQIA agenda (which for the record I stand in support of). BUT, in Kamala's case, she'd pit different bands of light or different groups of people together and use division to act as "peacemaker" so people saw her in a false light of being a unifier and creating an image for herself that was adored by many groups to charm them into supporting her in radical changes that eroded our freedoms, all in pursuit of capturing the power to make critical changes that ended large swaths of our freedoms and eroded democracy.

I do have a political stance, but this message helped

Me truly look at the political landscape as an illusory mechanism

Of the 3d realm and helped me

Get my ego out of the way.

Letting go of a political affiliation is an ego death. You have to be willing to define yourself outside of labels and the programming that has led you down one path over the other (that part was my commentary).

Back to the guides. They essentially said that our job here at this time is to ascend beyond the duality by actually owning our sovereignty, taking responsibility for the vibration we radiate to and disconnecting from attachment to one side or another. Raising our own vibration is our responsibility and ours alone and we have to learn how to do this regardless of external circumstances.

Having faith, hope and emitting love is the way to overcome

The challenges we are sure to face in these dramatic and uncertain times.

I was listening to another channeler on YouTube and I loved the way she explained the upcoming chaos. She said, you know the cymatics plates where when they play one tone, the sand forms a beautiful pattern, then when they switch the tone, there is a period before the sand lands in the new pattern, and it is pure chaos. The grains are flying everywhere and it looks like no pattern at all. This is what we are experiencing. But there will be a time when the sand finds the new pattern and it will be different, yes. But it will be beautiful.

Sloan Bashinsky

Lana I doubt anyone on or off this planet knows what Earth will look like 100 years from now, and what humanity will be like. Trump, Biden and Harris gave off plenty of “signals” about themselves, which revealed their true natures. Easier to see if don’t belong to their fan clubs. If Trump had lost, America would be a lot more dangerous internally right now, but in the long run, it don’t look pretty, and it’s likely to get a lot less pretty. I wonder if humanity will kill the planet, thus itself, or will humanity realize it doesn’t have any place else to live and start being nicer to its home? F-wads like Elon Musk talk about colonizing Mars. Who’d want to live on Mars, really, unless Earth was uninhabitable? What planet would want Earthlings on it? What spacefaring race would want Earthlings spacefaring? Won’t surprise me if the Pleiadeans eventually migrate to Earth and do here as they please, because their home sun or planet is dying? Why else would they be here, unless their ancestors seeded this planet with their own and it didn’t go so well, their karma for that, and maybe that karma is playing out where they came from? And that’s why they are here?

Lana

Sloan Bashinsky all good questions and observations! I am sure time will reveal the answers. I have dealt with the Pleiadians as well and their main messages that they channeled thru me was about AI right before chat gpt launched, the concept of liberty and humanity’s sovereignty as it relates to the collective consciousness. About a year ago i started getting all these messages about America from them and I am not a politicking sort, so I was like why am I getting these messages?! I am still working on transcribing them. It can be lengthy for me.

Sloan Bashinsky

Lana America is the most scientifically advanced and powerful nation on this planet. America claims to be one nation, under God. So, I can imagine the Pleiadeans and other spacefaring races are especially interested in America.

Lana

Sloan Bashinsky I think they are interested in humanity as a whole. But Americans have to shift.

Greatly. And I think they are trying to prompt

The required changes in us (to evolve and lead with love, unity and oneness) because we are so self centered as a nation and as a people and we are so powerful in the world with so much influence that nobody is gonna change unless we do ourselves.

Sloan Bashinsky

Lana If I were a Pleiadean and I wanted to prompt America, I would prompt Donald Trump and his advisers when they are together, and I would prompt several major TV stations about it, and I would do it in a way that got their undivided attention.

comic and art relief

<https://alabamalawyerbecameamysticcom.godaddysites.com/blog/f/diamonds-in-the-rough-in-gargoyle-america-ltd>

witch and mystic Thanksgiving wishes

November 22, 2024





The witch and the mystic wish everyone a nice Thanksgiving.

Here's a link to her quilt and other fabric art, where she tells stories about and shows some of her other crafts.

<https://welovequilting.blog>

quilt square





The Resistance ain't dead...yet

November 23, 2024

HOMELAND SECURITY



Fighting Terrorism Since 1492

In April 2001, a familiar voice told me in my sleep, "You are an ordained Melchizedek exorcist priest going back into a prison where you once lived to try to help other people still living there." I saw myself in some kind of facility, surrounded by quite a few casually dressed people wandering about. To my right, I saw a way out of the facility and knew I would not use it to leave, unless I was told I could use it to leave.

The next night, the same voice told me in my sleep, "You cannot do this work correctly if you are trying to get anything back from the people you are trying to help."

This morning, my angel-harassed friend Bob, who does the tech work for my digital books at the free library and the tech work for free, ad-free The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, emailed me links to the most recent podcast we did the redneck witch I took up with.

[The Devil Loves America](#)

<https://youtu.be/RdctErqBv-U>

Our podcasts seem to have a life of their own, and we do one when the Spirit moves us.

Even as I've been wrestling with and fretting over what to write at this blog, because I detest politics and hoped after the November 5 apocalypse that I would write about other things, and sometimes I have done that. However, politics and its sidekick religion seem to have tendrils that stretch everywhere.

In a dream last night, I told a woman in Key West to go to Colorado if she wanted, maybe she will find something there that will wow her cosmically, that happen to me when I lived in Boulder (very New Age, and very politically correct), but I live in Key West now.

I started stirring the pot in Key West almost from the moment I arrived there broke and homeless in late 2000, not knowing one person there. I had been told in a dream the day before Greyhound brought me to Key West, that I was going to get into politics.

I quickly learned that Key West was very politically correct, and I enjoyed disturbing the status quo's peace there and in the Florida Keys. It was my job. I didn't feel right when I was quiet. It bugged the shit out of me, in fact,

I moved back to Alabama in 2018 and pretty mostly stayed out of local politics and religion there, but I made noise on afoolsworkeverends.blogspot.com, until Google took it down because someone had flagged it for hate speech. Google invited me to appeal, which I did, but I have not heard anything back, nor to I know that I published that Google didn't like. So, I started this blog using Go Daddy as the host, because Go Daddy looks out for its clients.

the rise of America's Reich

November 23, 2024



Charlottesville Confederate monuments removal peace march

A childhood friend has stuck with me through all my many different phases of trying to live on this planet this time around. We grew up in the Crestline Heights part of the affluent white Mountain Brook Birmingham suburb, also known as The Tiny Kingdom.

I view him as a political moderate and religiously tolerant. For some time, he has called Donald Trump the Orange Turd, OT for short. He texted me last night, and I took the bait :-).

Him

The GOP's House members worked it perfectly; get Trump to nominate the Gaetz; let the story out of the Ethics Committee report is about to come out; Gaetz resigns from Congress to try to keep the report silent; then low and behold, the details come out and he has to withdraw from consideration, Bingo!

They got the hated him out of Congress with very little chance of getting a decent job in DC. Brilliant!!

Me

The unwoke ain't done nothing brilliant lately that I can tell. The Floridians that put Gaetz in the House of Representatives had terminal stupidity. If the House Republicans had any clue what God is about, they would have given their investigation of Gaetz to the major news media. Every photo I see of Gaetz

face, I wonder how much speed he takes a day? I imagine if Jeffrey Epstein was still alive, Trump would appointed him Ambassador to England.

Him

And you can keep the wheels turning with the grease from his hair.

Me

That OT nominated Gaetz should have told every Republican in Congress to hold a press conference and say they wash their hands with OT, and every Republican in Congress to rush to an exorcist press and beg to be dispossessed.

I published a post yesterday that includes what a woman posted at the Plieadean Council Facebook group that the Plieadean's told her about OT, Harris and Biden. Bad ugly.

<https://alabamalawyerbecameamysticcom.godaddysites.com/blog/f/not-even-the-love-and-light-pleiadeans-praise-trump-america>

Looks to me the Angel of Death needs to relieve Trump of his worldly affairs. Then, we can enjoy Vance. Wonder how SCOTUS would field that?

I did not know the answer till I looked it up using Google Search and learned that under Amendment 20:

Sec 3

If, at the time fixed for the beginning of the term of the President, the President elect shall have died, the Vice President elect shall become President. [There is more to Section 3, but it does not apply to a president elect dying before becoming president.]

So, if Donald Trump croaks, J.D. Vance will be President- the proud author of the introduction to the Project 2025 book. So, America's fucked if Trump is President or if Vance is President.

As if something was in the wind, this came into my email account from one of my classmates at Crestline Elementary School in the Tiny Kingdom. There were other recipients, one was a classmate at Ramsay High School in Birmingham.

Baker

A refresher course is unneeded I know. But seeing this madness (Trump called LOVE) keeps it a bit more fresh as to what we still face NOW.

The films are there to be relived.

They're still out there.

If you have time, Google Jan. 6 films.

Me to all:

seas of white faces, the South has rose up again, Praise Jesus!

Jan. 6, Three Years Later: 10 Documentaries to Watch

<https://www.pbs.org/wgbh/frontline/article/january-6-insurrection-capitol-attack-documentaries-streaming/>



Trump had nothing to do with this ;-)

Bobby

Yet a Republican acquaintance of mine defends Jan 6 by saying that more than half of the people do NOT believe trump incited it.

Me

Tell your Republican acquaintance that someone who deals regularly with demonic possession said, if your acquaintance truly believes Trump did not incite the Jan 6 insurrection, then he needs to see an exorcist priest immediately.

Baker

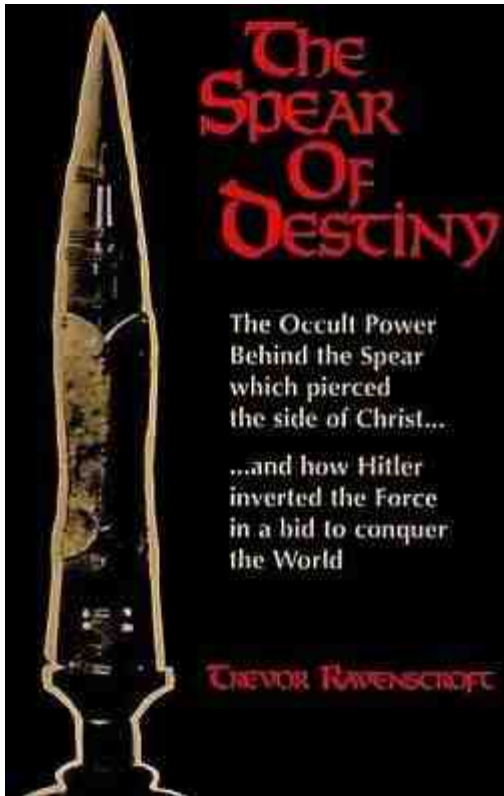
Lily White cabinet ! Tim Scott and Dr. Ben Carson are conspicuously silent PUBLICLY ? Will DJT court martial Lloyd Austin & the present Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Milley and a host of Lieutenant Generals and 4 star leaders who understand the military ? The GOP has a glimmer of sanity left (maybe), but the MAGA's ? They're the "Brown Shirts" of 1933 with a seasoning of the SS...I mean this.

Bobby

I'm very surprised he has not picked Tim Scott. He is black but he is a nazi.

Sloan

If you folks haven't yet, go online Amazon and buy and read The Spear of Destiny, by Trevor Ravenscroft,



about how Hitler got himself and his top circle and most of Germany possessed and enhanced by a powerful demon, which is the same thing that happened with Trump and the MAGAS and with anyone who voted for Trump in 2016 and/or 2024.

And don't forget Vanity Fair quoted Ivana Trump saying when she and Donald were married, he kept a book of Hitler's speeches in a cabinet on his side of their bed and sometimes he read it at night.

HITLER'S OWN SEQUEL TO MEIN KAMPF



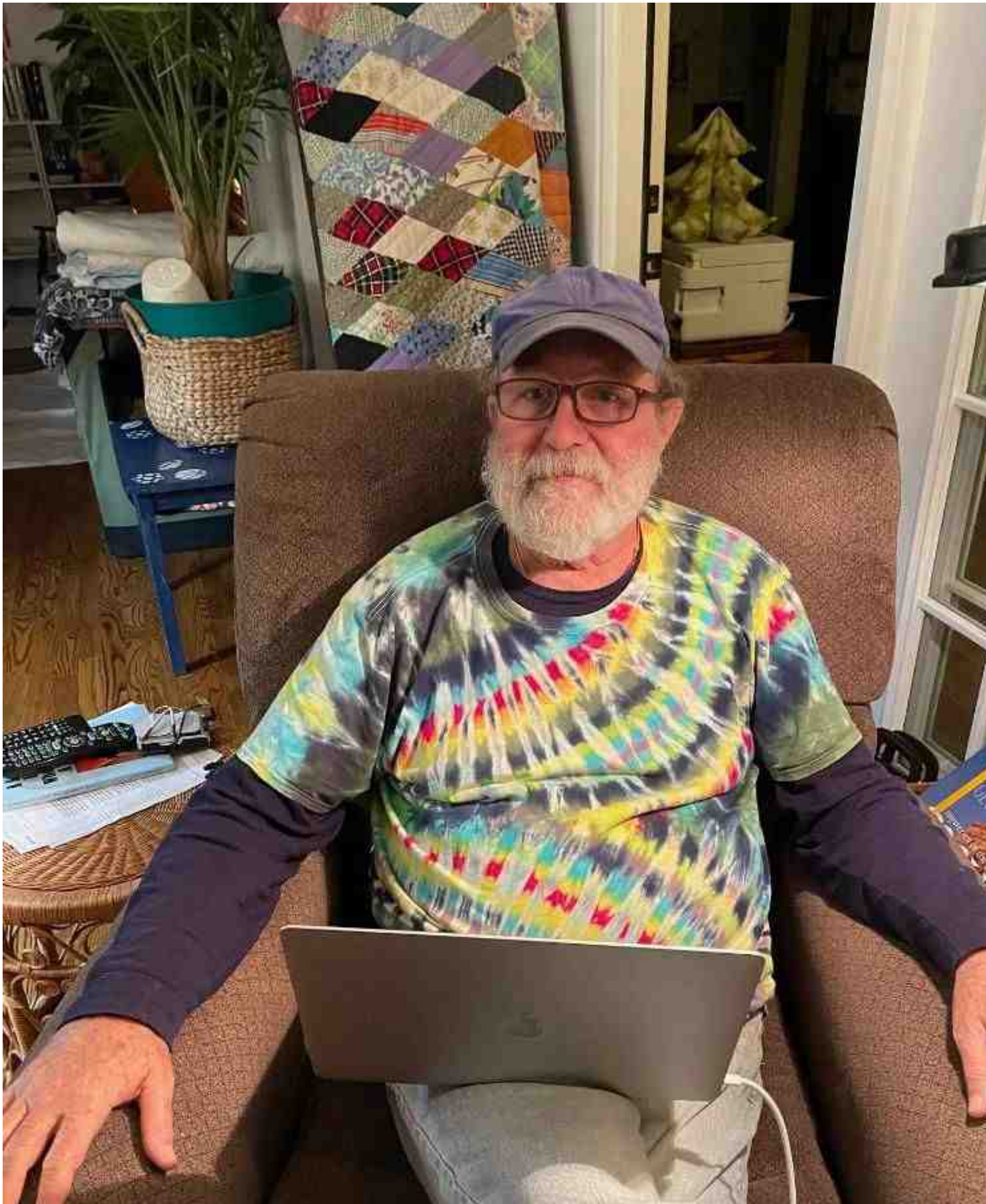
ADOLF HITLER

The program for world conquest as offered by Hitler in his only utterances since *Mein Kampf*—his speeches (now in the public domain), with complete commentary and historical background.

Edited by Raoul de Roussy de Sales
Introduction by Raymond Gram Swing

There are no figs leaves in Paradise, nor any secrets

November 24, 2024



Yesterday, my friend Bob, who does the tech work for my digital books at the free internet library, archive.com in America, and for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, viewable at YouTube and Torrent platforms, send me a link to his, the redneck witch and my most recent podcast, The Devil loves America: <https://youtu.be/6zOLcDUGmC8>

Bob also emailed me this question, which cracked me up and made the witch cackle:

I love you both.

Sloan you can now answer a question that has plagued me all my life.

Just how cold is a witch's titty and what is the difference between the ambient room temperature and the temperature of a witch's titty ?

MOMENT OF TRUTH: Is it really colder than a witch's titty ?

Still, back to the main point: I love you both.

I called Bob and said around 98.6 Fahrenheit.

In my Facebook timeline this Sunday morning, after Alabama got massacred by Oklahoma in Tuscaloosa yesterday, after Alabama was supposed to massacre Oklahoma, so I figured God, or something, had a hand in that:

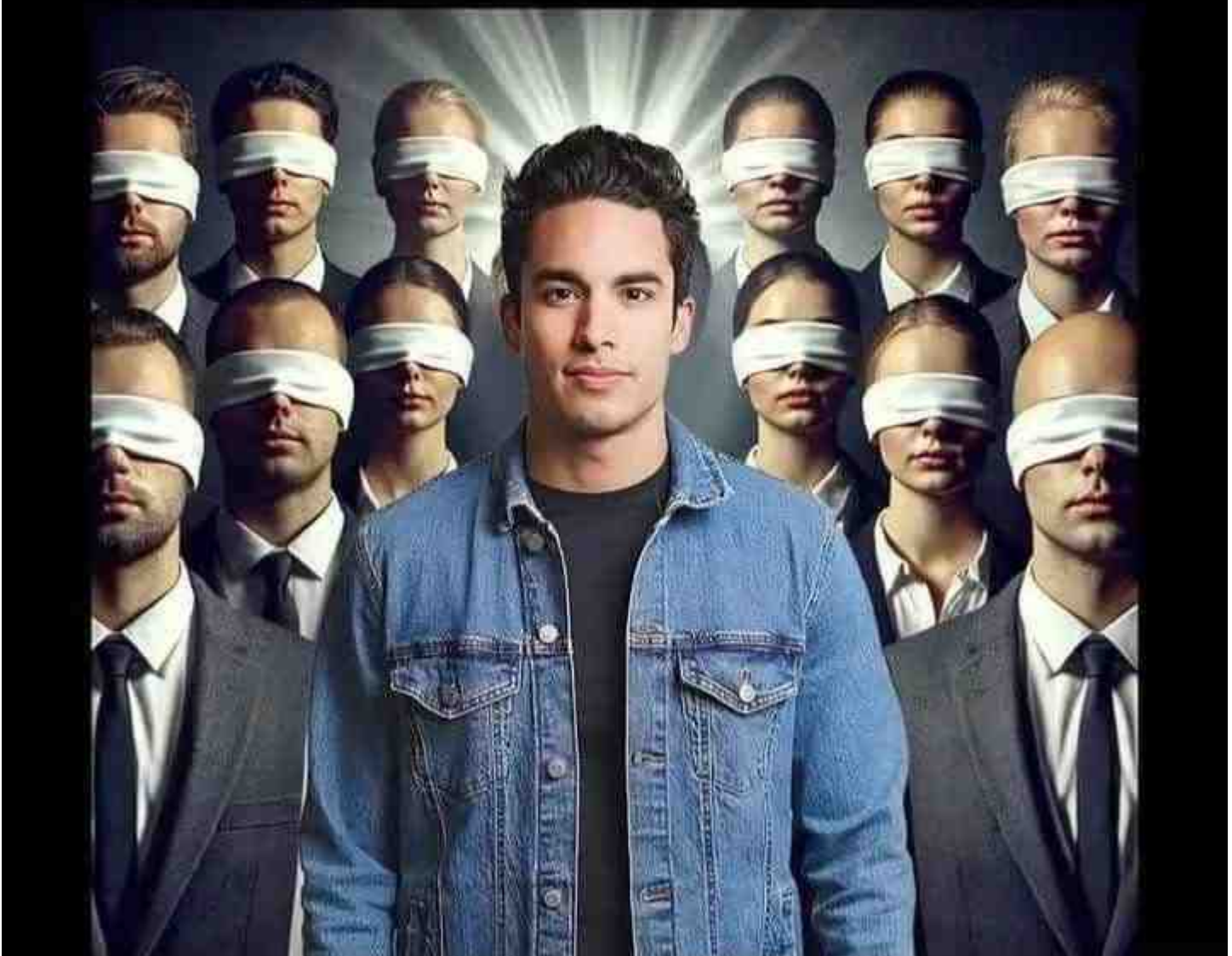
Ancient Order of the Hermetics

Ava

Moderator

All-star contributor

**MAYBE THEY AREN'T CONSPIRACY THEORISTS.
MAYBE THEY JUST SEE SOMETHING YOU DON'T.
MAYBE THEY'VE LEARNED SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T YET.
MAYBE THEY UNDERSTAND A PATTERN YOU DON'T SEE YET.
MAYBE THEY AREN'T CRAZY... MAYBE THEY ACTUALLY SEE
THROUGH THE PROPAGANDA AND EVEN IN THE FACE OF
RIDICULE, ARE TRYING TO TRANSLATE IT FOR YOU.**



Christopher

Some of us see quite a bit. What we see is not what anyone wants.

Shayne

Is this one of those trigger posts? Lol it triggers me. I knew about covid long before it was called covid. Back in 09 I heard on Alex Jones that it was going to happen. I heard the term sheeple then and I kinda

made since. In 20, I was slapped by what it actually was and is. Now I'm seeing a lot of people making the same awakening as I had in 20. Some still cling to the pillow. But if everyone's a lighthouse of love, all the shadows will be transcended. This is what I see happening for the last year. That is Peace and Blessings

Anwar

It's Almost impossible to save someone from there self some stuff is only 4 u jus like everybody's

Diet is different if everyone were exact imagine

How many businesses would go out of business

Many people R easily fooled & easily

Hypnotized n2 a trance to purchase items they don't even need & also even eat unhealthy products

They don't even like Jus think

Y many people want an Apple someone or

Something already bit n2 it

People who attend church regularly

Loving it @ Mac'devils just the same as some

Non Church goer's

Ian

The thing is that once you have taken the red pill then you can't go back.

You see things that you probably don't want to see, but you see them anyway.

Is the future already written? If so, then my question was already expected. It all leads to an interesting thought process.

Sloan Bashinsky

Since I was born and raised in America and have lived here all my life, I will say, at age 82, after being led, dragged, yanked, pushed, shoved, steered, corrected, rebuked, redirected, picked up and carried by angels known in the Bible since early 1987, my 45th year, who stood me before endless mirrors looking at me, and who helped me become able to size up what I was seeing and hearing around me, and around America, and beyond America, and my reactions to it, I will borrow from the American right, who call the left "woke" and view them as not really human. I view the left spectrum as lost in space and time, wandering here and their like the mythical Fukawi tribe, which was forever getting lost and gathering in a circle and sitting down and holding hands and closing their eyes and chanting, "Where the f**k are we? Where the f**k are we?" While their right spectrum critics look to me like the unwoke, really no different from the woke, except they believe in their bones that they are God's chosen people, and Donald Trump was sent to them by God, when in fact a powerful demon has had a hold of Trump for some time now, and has enhanced him, and has infiltrated anyone who believes in him, or even votes for him. While the same or a different demon got a hold of Joe Biden and Kamala Harris, and thus their fan clubs, and neither the woke nor the unwoke have a clue what has happened to their side of the spectrum, because all that matters to them is their side being in charge. I attribute damage to or even destruction of the internal feminine being the root cause of both side's spiritual miasma, and the cause of the spiritual miasma of all others who are unable to see themselves clearly, thus anything else clearly. Yes, it is not possible to reach such people, but it is necessary for those who have eyes that see and ears that hear, who have come to know they had met the enemy and it was them,

to speak and write what they have experienced and learned, not to gain any profit for themselves, but to simply be real.

Heathens needed to fix what religions broke

November 25, 2024



On the marquee of a small country church on the narrow, winding, hilly country road to where I have taken up residence with a redneck witch some people have re-learned it ain't all that smart to mess with, are these words: "Faith without works is dead."

Under a recent dare to admit I was proud to be an American and a Christian Facebook post, I commented:

Sloan Bashinsky

I am not proud to be an American, and it looks to me that being a Christian does not necessarily mean living as Jesus lived and taught others to live, and while I once was a Christian, mostly in the breach from where Jesus was, today I don't belong to any religion, and I do not know when I'm ever not in church, and I know for a fact that God exists, which is very different from believing it.

Meanwhile, it is my irreverent patriotic heathen opinion, that anyone who opens the link below and reads the hilariously irreverent patriotic Free Radio Rulo newsletter and does not wonder why that guy isn't America's president elect, is in dire need of a brain transplant.

<https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/news-from-rulo-700>

My irreverent heathen comment, followed by a reply from Free Radio Rulo and another irreverent reader.

Sloan Bashinsky

I've been blogging pretty much non-stop since 2007, and I swan, I aint never seen such wicked fun writing' and tellin' as ole Jim and other status quo buster Mark Twains and Kurt Vonneguts put out at this hear free Rulo Substack. Yeah, I meant to write this hear, cause I can hear what gets wrote here, as well as read it. Just keep on broadcasting. Who knows? Maybe Free Radio Rulo's vibration will crack some local and national miasma into diamonds and rainbows, gold and silver, rubies and emeralds.

Maybe spacefaring folk will be so wowed that they decide against smelting down the planet for its minerals, and instead make Free Radio Rulo their base on Earth, and they use its transmitter to beam spacefaring folk vibes to humanity and put it to sleep, so that its hives can be tinkered with a bit, and

when they wake up, they behave very differently and worships the spacefaring folk, and put all the distressers, derangers and destroyers out of work, because no-one listens to or pays them any money any more. Out of work, they are beamed up to the space folk ships and whisked to the Asteroid Belt to work in rare metal mines until they breathe their last and return to the Void where they try to figure out why they are there again, instead of somewhere new they like a whole lot better.

Free Radio RuloAuthor

Amen brother Sloan! The rare minerals can be mined somewhere else! Not here boys!

Michael on Free Radio Rulo

That makes a whole lot of sense to me. Man that's deep Sloan! I could use some of those space vibes right now this month, since my check hasn't arrived in the mail box and there ain't enough coins in the sofa to buy me a Biggie Bag and when I tried to shoot some duck to eat with my over and under, I just got some kind of pellet riddled arm that grandma said was Dudo's before she went and hid under the bed. Times is real tough- come down here saucer folks!

Meanwhile, the meme below was posted on Facebook yesterday by one of my classmates at the McCalle School in Chattanooga, Tennessee. McCallie was founded by two brothers, who were Presbyterians. My father attended McCallie, and he sent me there because I was not doing well at Ramsay High School in Birmingham. I had to repeat my junior year at McCallie, because I was not ready for what it taught its seniors. One of the McCallie founders' sons got me into Vanderbilt University in Nashville, where during my sophomore year I met the mother of my children.

**I don't care who it
annoys, I'm saying it
anyway. If it wasn't for
a man who walked on
water, died on the
cross and rose again,
we would all be lost and
without hope. Thank
you, God, for the
greatest gift of all time.
Amen no doubt!**

Sloan Bashinsky

Looks to me, Christianity, in the main, didn't get what Jesus was about and thus is hopelessly lost.

Doug

Sloan Bashinsky, a portion, but not all. The Cloud will be MASSIVE and the only weapon it will need is its voices.

Sloan Bashinsky

Doug looking at the size of the cloud of Christians who voted for 3 demonically possessed presidential candidates on Nov 5, I'd say that cloud club is indeed massive in the Devil's favor.

Doug

Sloan Bashinsky, Wrong cloud. see Revelation.

Sloan Bashinsky

Angels told me that not even John knew what Revelation meant, yet at McCallie we heard Dr. Park McCallie, especially, tell us he was a member of the Elect, Khrushchev was the Anti-Christ, and many things about what Revelations meant, but I don't recall any details about that. In our New Testament class, Dr. Park told us that he and his wife only had sex three times, two times to have children, and one time to have sex, and he had regretted the third time ever since. His poor wife was not there to say how she felt about that.

That human drama aside, in the Gospels Jesus made it very plain that many were called and few were chosen, the way to life was difficult and the gate narrow and few entered, and the work was great and the laborers were few. The parable of the sheep and the goats comes to mind. Yet today, American Christians claim they are saved by Jesus, regardless of how they live or what they do or say, or don't do or don't say.

Christians who voted for Trump, Harris or Kennedy, voted for the Devil's candidates, and in America that "cloud" is much larger than Jesus's "cloud" in America.

Jesus in the Gospels brought a new way to live, which Christians, in the main, mostly discarded, yet remained convinced they were saved by him and non-Christians would all die and burn in hell forever. Some Christians sects in America believe only they are saved by Jesus, and other Christian sects will die and burn forever in hell.

If Jesus walked in human form in America today, and talked and acted like he did in the Gospels, he would be killed by Christians who claimed he had saved them.

From the Galactic Federation of Light Facebook group, and my comment:

Enzo Palomba

All-star contributor

You will never die.

You are an immortal being of light and you live for eternity in a body of light.

This physical body that you temporarily wear is not your real home.

You reside in a gorgeous, radiant body of light spheres in multiple dimensions.

You are never born and you don't die.

You are eternal, with no beginning and no end.

Up until now, you've probably identified with your physical body, mortal and ephemeral, subject to death, survival, growth, change, decay and death. Without a vision of immortality, you only see the seashell. Without recognizing permanence at the basis of your being, you only perceive the chains of mortal life.

Beyond the deadly bonds of your physical form, you wear vibrant luminous bodies in multiple dimensions. This statement may seem fantastic, but it agrees with the latest developments in theoretical physics. The super-strings theory imagines a ten or eleven-dimensional spacetime in which elementary particles are like musical notes played on a violin, "excitement mode" of unimaginably tiny elementary strings.

In other words, everything in the universe is made of vibration and light in multiple dimensions, including you. Microscopic elementary particles are turbulent waves and constantly changing

vibrations colliding with each other. Once broken into their primary components, these subtle elements are nothing but pure energy. In this cosmos there is nothing that has any solidity or substance.

You will open your eyes to these dimensions beyond mortal boundaries. You will embark on a journey of awakening to your immortal self, who you really are.

This being of light with divine splendor and glory is your true nature, beyond the physical realm of death. You are not this body. You are not this mind. You are a magnificent being of radiant, gorgeous light: a being that never dies.

You are the fountain of wisdom

Deep in your soul there is a wise man, the source of all wisdom. This “inside counselor” is deep hidden in the recesses of your heart. Like a treasure buried at the bottom of the sea, it can only be used if brought to the surface. You have the ability to dive into your inner self, retrieve this treasure and open it. All you have to do is believe in yourself and trust in a higher power.

You will be guided into the depths of that ocean to claim the “pearl of high prize”. It is said that this cannot be acquired by means of gold, silver, onyx, sapphire, coral or pearls, for “the price of wisdom is greater than that of rubies”. Where is such wisdom found? Where is the most precious treasure of all the goods transported in the seven seas? It's the jewelry room inside your heart.

That darling is you.

You are not alone and you have never been. When you took your first breath, next to your mother's bed there was a divine and immortal being covered with great light and beauty that infused life energy into your being, igniting the very spark of life. And when the time comes to leave this world, this radiant, eternal being of light will lead you home again.

This luminous inner divine being is omnipotent. He loves you unconditionally and is always with you. He will never leave you. This divine glow in your soul is your inner counselor, whom you could call your guardian angel, inner guru, higher self, divine being, inner divinity, or master-teacher within you. Nothing happens without the guidance of your inner teacher. With every step you take, with every decision, every movement, your inner guru is with you, constantly, guiding you, comforting you, bringing you peace, even when you are not aware of it.

It's time to realize your inner radiant, beloved guru. It's time for you to open yourself to the divine light within you. It is time for you to wake up and understand who you really are: an eternal, powerful, immense, glorious being.

Maybe you have already woken up to the deep inner realities. Or maybe you think you haven't done it yet. In every case, you will be able to develop a deep understanding of the immortal nature of your being.

Sloan Bashinsky

Meanwhile, Enzo, we have to get up each morning and deal with what this world deals us today, not knowing if we will see the sun rise tomorrow, and how we live that regimen is our soul's evolution, stasis or devolution, yes? No?

This wrote itself into my diary in April 1994:

Earth

the sacred prism

through which souls are refracted

into their elemental parts,

purified in Holy Fire,
then one-forged
and sent on their way
to not even God knows where,
simply because they are all
unique emanations of God,
evolving...

Grandfossil got flashed back to some Key West of Weird adventures

November 26, 2024



This morning, a very good friend down Key West way sent this below to me, which he had posted on his Facebook page. It arrived when I was in Birmingham to see a doctor and play chess with other old farts I really like. I did some grocery shopping to tide the witch and me over through Thanksgiving and a hard deep freeze headed our way from the North Pole. I drove back to the witch's lair in the country and wrote a response, which was way over Facebook's world limit, so I made it several comments. If you didn't really know just how weird Key West actually was when I was there from late 2000 through

late 2018, with some side excursions that always brought me back to Key West, here's your chance to find out :-).

Todd German

November 23 at 8:09 AM



Wanted to share one of the best photos I've seen in a long time. For those of you not familiar, the man in the photo is Sloan Bashinsky. He has been a friend and mentor at least 15 years, probably closer to 20. Sloan was homeless when we met, he was also running for Mayor of Key West.

His story is truly amazing, as an atypical Riches to Rags to Riches epic. A world traveled lawyer, well versed in every religion and philosophy you can name, he is also a prolific author and gadfly.

I probably know Sloan as well as anyone, as he lived with me in Cudjoe for a couple stints when he needed a break from life on the streets. Our favorite escape was watching the Marvel series Daredevil together.

I think it was hurricane Irma that shook things up enough to get him to go back to Birmingham where his estranged daughters lived. I say estranged with all sincerity. Through the wonders of Facebook, I had been able to find and contact them, putting them back together to work out the issues, almost all caused by him long ago.

This brings us to the last few years. Sloan and his daughters now get along as a family should, and he gets to enjoy his grandchildren. His nickname is "Grandfossil."

Most recently he has begun shacking up with the "witch," in the picture, and is as happy as I have ever known him to be. For a man who often lamented to me, about being mad at God for keeping him on this earth, I think we now know why.

He did not give me permission to share this, a meager fraction of our years of friendship, but it doesn't matter as I would have done it anyway.

Me to Todd, in several comment installments:

Well, Todd, The witch read this and cackled and said she will lay off you on spells, which should please you to hear, since she has been known to cause some misery as well as great fun, depending on who's telling the tale :-). Your friends can get to know her a bit by visiting her welovequilting.blog, where she displays some of her non-witch crafts and tells stories about it.

I really did think I had retired from Key West, but, alas, it seems not entirely. This is going to take a while for you and your Facebook friends to read- very little, if any of it, will be news to you. Such as, but for inheritances that came from time to time, I'd still be homeless, or more likely, back on the mother ship. I greatly appreciated your sneaky behind my back work behind the scenes with my daughters, which led to us mending our relationships. And yes, my older daughter demanded I get out of Key West before Hurricane Irma arrived, and her mother gave me a place to land in her home, and that's how it began that I would return to live in Alabama, but not before one more mayor's race, where I ran on the Lunatic Party ticket in 2018.

How that came about was, it came to me from out of the blue as I rode my bicycle to Salute' Restaurant on Higgs Beach to attend a Home Town PAC meet the candidates gathering you MC'd, as you had done many candidate forums in which I participated as a candidate, that I would introduce myself this time in this way:

"Everyone here knows Key West is an open air insane asylum... (laughter in the audience) and I'm the head lunatic...(more laughter), so why not make it official, Sloan for mayor!" (oops)

When Bill Becker at US 1 Radio interviewed me by telephone, live on the air, in 2003, the first time I ran for mayor, I was in my lawyer and friend Sam Kaufman's law office, using one of his telephones.

When Bill asked me why I was running, I said, "Because angels told me in a dream to run, if I knew what was good for me." I used the same excuse nine more times when I ran for local office in "paradise": 5 times for mayor of Key West, 3 times for county commission, and once for school board. Not long before I returned to Alabama to live, Sam told me that it never bothered him that I talked about my dreams, because Jewish people believe dreams come from God. I met Sam at Mallory Square in 2001, when he met with several homeless people, who wanted him to file a class action against the City of Key West for its police only enforcing the city's open container (booze) ordinance against homeless people. After talking with them, Sam and I took a walk and he asked me what I thought about their case? I said I thought the law was on their side, but I could not bring myself to ask a judge to rule

homeless people had a constitutional right to drink themselves to death in public, if that's what they wanted to do. Sam agreed.

I realized long before I came to Key West broke and homeless on Greyhound in late December 2000, that I was for some reason blocked from making a living wage. I slept the first night on the sidewalk by the Pegasus Hotel. I knew no one in Key West. As Greyhound passed through Tallahassee the day before, I fell asleep, and the federal judge I clerked for in Birmingham after graduating from the University of Alabama School of Law in Tuscaloosa, came to me in a dream and said he was thinking about getting into politics, and I told him I did not think that was a good idea (I detested politics), but knowing him, he was going to do it, and I woke up in shock, knowing I was going to get into politics in Key West. Behind the scenes, the judge had run the Alabama Democrat Party in Alabama, except for the George Wallace faction.

I greatly appreciated you giving me a roof over my head and a soft bed and pillow to sleep on after I went homeless the second time, 2015. The first stint, 2000-2005, I was more spry and adventuresome, and I viewed it as a spiritual assignment and took some perverse pleasure in living wild- until the city started being unfriendly to homeless people right after 9/11.

Up to then, street people were one of the Key West roadside attraction ambiances. After 9/11, I got deeply involved in Key West homeless politics, spoke at city commission meetings, was befriended by Father Stephen Braddock, who ran Florida Keys Outreach Coalition, and by Police Chief Buz Dillon, who took me to lunch about once a month and we talked about stuff he didn't talk with anyone else about, but his lovely wife.

Buz reeled in his cops, because he knew Jesus was homeless, I made sure he knew that after he told me that he wanted to walk with God. Another thing that influenced Buz and the City Commission, and Mayor Jimmy Weekley, and the city manatee and the assistant city manager, who was from Alabama and grew up in Birmingham, and the city attorney, who also were friends of mine, was the *Pottinger v. City of Miami* federal court case and settlement, which stopped Miami from using its police to try to drive its homeless people out of Miami and Dade County.

The same federal court had jurisdiction over Key West, and there was a federal courthouse in Key West, and City Commissioner Sam Kaufman was my lawyer and good friend, and we convinced the city government that Sam would bring a *Pottinger* class action against Key West in the federal court there, and I would be one of the named plaintiffs, if the city did not let its homeless people sleep at night. So, KOTS (Keys Overnight Temporary Shelter) was built on the Sheriff's land on Stock Island, and that's where homeless people then slept nights, if they didn't want to be bothered and even jailed by city police for sleeping outside at night.

The second time I went homeless, 2015, and stayed in your home for a couple of months, I was banned from KOTS for life, for allegedly threatening my blogs to kill homeless people. What I wrote at my blog was I thought homeless addicts, who did not want to give up their habits, were destroying themselves and their souls, and they would be better off dead, than to continue living that way. I knew my being homeless was a spiritual work assignment, and eventually I felt I needed to get back to it, as uncomfortable as it often was.

Another friend let me store my backpack on his front porch, and he bought me a 1-year pass at Fort Zachary Taylor State Park, and a tree hammock and a sleeping bag, so I could hang out during the day time in Fort Zach, where city police would not stop me from taking naps. I slept nights in the Key West

Police Station front lobby, because there was no other place I legally could sleep in Key West. That got wrote up in the Key West Citizen. By then I had ruined my reputation so many times that I didn't care what anyone thought of me, except God.

I read the other comments, some by people in Key West whom I knew pretty well, others are your friends. The comment regarding my getting two late twenties women friends to burst bare-breasted into a HomeTown PAC meet the candidates gathering at Salute in 2009 is not entirely accurate, in that it was the damsels idea and I did not discourage the two lassies. They somehow timed it perfectly to interrupt fist-time political candidate Craig Cates introducing himself. He quickly would get over being shy talking to an audience, but that was his first stab at it.

As the damsels rode their bicycles past Salute', they shouted, "Nude beaches for Key West, Sloan for mayor!!!" One of the damsels returned to Salute' with her halter on and was mobbed by several prominent local men, including a sheriff candidate and a state attorney candidate. A Key West Citizen photo journalist had gotten a snapshot of the more endowed damself on her bicycle, topless, and the photo appeared on the front page, as I recall, of the Key West Citizen the next day. They and several of their friends, male and female, liked to get naked on the upper part of Higgs Beach, near the tall condo, where they were observed by old men and their not always appreciative wives.

My main agenda during that mayor's race, my third, was for Key Wild Weird West to get itself a nude beach. The underlying mystic goody theme park part of it was, there are no fig leave in Paradise, nor any secrets, which was a little over the top for the 5 male city commissioners and incumbent Morgan McPherson, when City Commissioner Teri Johnston, bless her heart, said during a commission meeting that she thought Key West needed a nude beach.

After a bit of discussion on the dais, the six men said they weren't going to vote for it, but how about putting it out to referendum? When I got my 3 minutes to speak, I told them they were elected to make the tough decisions, and putting it out to referendum was weenie-ing out. So, they voted 6-1 against it. I later wished I had not objected, because if they had put it out to referendum, it would have been rather entertaining leading up to that election, in which I had zero chance of getting elected, even if the referendum passed.

But gosh dang, it was a seriously great idea from the business side, because there were lots of naturists(nudists) in America, who loved vacationing where there were nude beaches, like the one up above Miami, Hanover Beach, photos of which and naked people I was splashing photos all over my goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com blogs. The naturists had money and they would come to Key West with that money all year around, and spend it there, just to be able to hang out on a nude beach during daylight.

I promoted the upper end of Smathers Beach on Atlantic Blvd, which was far from any churches and where small children were likely to be, and there were only wetlands across the road, so no naked bodies to see from condos or hotels. As weird as Key West boasted itself to be, as raunchy as Duval Street was, and as raunchy as Fantasy Fest was every late October, but Key Weird was not that weird. I told candidate forum audiences that year, if they didn't vote for me, to vote for Craig, and he won it without a run off and at his victory party he and his campaign manager thanked me for making that happen. Even though Craig and I didn't always see eye to eye, I thought he was a really good mayor. Except, when I ran in 2014 and we mayor candidates were interviewed in a restaurant one morning on Pirate Radio, and I said the local ocean was full of MRSA flesh-eating bacteria, which all professional

divers and local doctors knew, and if you go into the ocean with a nick or scratch. on your skin, you can catch MRSA and be fighting for your life, as I had fought for my life when I caught MRSA before I ran for Mayor the first time, in 2003, which was when you and I met, Todd, and you told me you liked it that I talked about my relationship with God and recited my own poetry at candidate forums.

Craig came in behind me on Pirate Radio and said I was mistaken, there was no MRSA in the ocean, the ocean was clean and beautiful. He is a Conch, I am not. I felt visitors to Key West needed to know about MRSA in the ocean. I never got any traction on that with the city or county governments or the local business guild or the Tourist Development Council.

I wrote on my blogs about MRSA in the water, and when my younger daughter told me last year that she and her family would spend spring break in Key West, I told them to wait 24 hours after shaving, before getting into the ocean, and lower Duval Street was fun and safe up to around 10 p.m., and after that, anything could happen and they should be in their hotel. There is a different strain of flesh-eating bacteria on the Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas Gulf Coasts during hot weather, and the local governments warn beach goers when it might not be safe to go into the ocean.

I got my first tattoo in a tattoo parlor in Key West, in 2008- Vagrant, on my right shoulder. By then, the city's mood toward homeless people was mean, in my view. So, I got that tattoo, and Todd, you got me to show it off one day at a candidate forum, when the discussion turned toward what the city would do about its vagrants. I didn't think I got any votes when I said Jesus was a vagrant.

Early this year, I got my second tattoo inked over the Vagrant tattoo. A yellow rose, which represented my infant son who died at seven weeks of crib death as I entered my last semester at the University of Alabama School of Law. A had a solitary yellow rose put on his simple oak casket at his funeral. It took me a very long time to understand and appreciate that his untimely death had so unhinged me that there was no way I could fit into the plans my parent and their parents and I had for me, and I ended up having a whole bunch of different really interesting lives in one lifetime, often due to being with very interesting women.

I realized long before I came to Key West broke and homeless in late December on Greyhound, that I was for some reason blocked from making a living wage. I slept the first night on the sidewalk by the Pegasus Hotel. I knew no one in Key West. As Greyhound passed through Tallahassee the day before, I fell asleep, and the federal judge I had clerked for in Birmingham came to me in a dream and said he was thinking about getting into politics, and I told him I did not think that was a good idea, I detested politics, but knowing him, he was going to do it, and I woke up in shock, knowing I was going to get into politics in Key West. Behind the scenes, he had run the Alabama Democrat Party, except for the George Wallace faction.

Now I'm with a witch, who is seriously interesting, and funny as hell, and as I said earlier, you can see her art craft and read her stories about it at welovequilting.blog.

Don't hide your lamp under a bushel

November 27, 2024



My friend Bob, who does the tech work for my digitized books at the free internet library, archive.org in America, and The Redneck Mystic Lawyer podcast at YouTube and Torrent platforms, said he heard in his sleep last night, "In order for men to be herded back to goodness, Evil must prevail in order to be defeated."

I said I noticed nothing was said about women.

We figured that dream was about America, and perhaps other places on this planet.

Bob said, in a dream that followed, he saw a museum containing very well known artists' very expensive paintings, but Vincent van Gogh's "Starry Starry Night" was by far the most prominent. Then, he saw through a portal van Gogh painting, and van Gogh realized Bob was there and turned and said to Bob, "Had I known my paintings would be so appreciated, my heart would not have carried such great weight."

I said I thought that dream spoke straight to me, and Bob said he thought so, too.

Bob, the Witch and I are scheduled to do a podcast tonight, in which they tell what all it has been like for them to know and be associated with me, how much trouble it has caused them, and maybe they will find a way to say it was almost worth it.

I started writing books in the early 1980s, as I was realizing I might not be cut out to be a lawyer. After angels grabbed ahold of me in early 1987 and began turning me upside down and inside out and every which a way but loose, and standing me before what would become endless mirrors looking at me, I started writing new kinds of books. Then, poetry started coming out of me.

As time passed, the subject matters, tones, hues, depths and highs of my books and poems shifted and changed a bit, but the gist was that something a lot bigger and smarter than me had taken over and I was its pack donkey being swatted on the butt with a stick while a carrot was dangled in front of my nose.

Early on, I had hoped my books would make me rich and famous, so I would prove to my father and his father, and to me, that I was worthy, but as time passed, that hope was dashed to smithereens over and over, and I just wrote what wanted to come out of me. I had no clue that I might some day do a blog. I had no clue that I might someday do podcasts. I was slow coming to use them.

I came to think maybe I was from another planet, so to speak, or maybe actually, for what I was writing was unlike anything I had ever seen written, as if I had, well, come from another planet.

My personal life reflected that, as well.

I was viewed as odd, or eccentric, or nuts, or bad, or mean, or demonic, depending on who was watching, listening, reading. I pissed off some people, I pissed of some people a lot. There was retaliation from time to time. I got used to it.

There was nothing I could do about it, because I could not change me. I could be silent, but being silent felt like being dead. So, I kept shooting off my mouth, because:

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write

Who obey shoulds and oughts

Who live to please others

Who value money over God

Who die without ever having lived

Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.

Living poets are remembered by time

Dead poets never sing their song

Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:

One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard

It requires being someone else

To be a living poet is easy

It only means being myself

One choice is hell, the other heaven

That is what is meant by free will

(1991)

"The Mockingbird"

I happened upon a mockingbird

singing its fool head off –

I asked it how and why it sang?

But all it did was look ahead,

all it did was sing.

It never turned to see if I was watching,
or listened for money jingling in my pockets,
or asked if I liked its music,
or expected a recording contract –
It was too busy singing
to pay any attention to me.
Thus did I learn
the greatest sin of all
is to kill a mockingbird.

(1992)

In that vein, an absolute, fabulous, kick-ass tribute to Bob Dylan showed up in my email this morning from Poetic Outlaws, and I commented, and I really enjoyed some of the other comments. Some poets don't necessarily seem to be from this planet, or if they are, they are a different species.



Full Circle

By: Vampyre Mike Kassel

I remember when Dylan was
a snot nosed young punk
full of milk and vitriol,
peering belligerently at you
from album covers,
all tumbleweed hair and
baby fat cheeks,

sneering down his nose at
the old and the lame and the stupid,
the perfect brat.
Probably hadn't even started shaving yet.
Singing in an old man's
cracked broke down emphysema wheeze
like old cars rusting in the junkyard.
He's old now,
his face is all
gaunt and haunted,
hair sticking up in all directions
like electrified lint,
down his long pointed witch nose
like he's heard your lame story
too many times to give a fuck,
looking for all the world like
Methuselah's mohel.
And his voice
like old paint
chipping off all those junked cars,
still telling us how lame we are.
Somehow,
coming out of that
grey grizzlechopped countenance,
it makes him seem all the more like
God's immaculate brat.



weathered Dylan

From Zeitgeist Press: Vampyre Mike Kassel was a poet, musician, songwriter, and playwright. He resided in San Francisco after having been run out of Boston for crimes against normalcy. He held the S. F. record for most times evicted. He liked sincere girls who didn't wear too much makeup and who put out on the first date.

M.A. Kassel wrote, published, and performed enthusiastically in the San Francisco poetry and music scene for decades. He died in 2008, and will be mourned by many women and several cats.

You can find Kassel's poetic works at Zeitgeist Press.

You can also check out the Poetic Outlaws shop. It's nothing big, but we have coffee mugs and T-shirts for sale. Thank you for supporting this page! <https://poeticoutlaws.substack.com/p/full-circle>

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Fabulous tribute.

Am inspired to keep shooting off my mouth, pen, laptop, just because they seem designed to do it, it's their JOB, no Bible reference intended, but then...

Sandra Murzin

Loved Vampyre's words on Dylan...and how Vamp himself will be mourned by several cats! Thanks for sharing this...made the day a little better...

Poetic Outlaws

This poem perfectly captured who Dylan was and why we like him. Dylan was always distant and ornery towards the general public. He was always annoyed in his interviews. He truly was "God's immaculate brat."

Ken Paul Rosenthal

I saw Vampyre Mike perform many times at the Cafe Babar in San Francisco back in the late 80s. He was a peerless performer like Bob Dylan and far more outrageous. He didn't just read his poems, he howled them. Loudly. Belligerently. With gumption and gusto. I'll be featuring some nice archival video and audio recordings of Vampyre Mike at Babar in my feature doc on Julia Vinograd (*still in progress). Film info here: www.betweenspiritandstonethefilm.com

Paul McCutchen

Paul's Substack

Every family has to have one and I guess God has Bob.

Tommy Swerdlow

Feel The Rhythm

Nice. Bob is the milk cow that keeps on giving and giving and giving. Ain't gonna be another. He's the end of the line.

BB Borne

From the Nantasket Tombolo

This reminds me of Salaì, who was Leonardo da Vinci's impetuous assistant who was nothing but trouble -- a lovable troublemaking brat who became his lifelong companion.

This poem has a tone that is also headstrong and full of language that is in your face. It is interesting to not shift the narrative to a young brat who learns his lesson and falls in line, but a true outsider who -- the opposite of Thich Nat Hun -- looks upon humanity with judgment and some godlike insolence.

Anyhow, I love Dylan for being nothing but Dylan and not joining any sort of groupthink. And this poem was a fun read. Going to play, Ballad of a Thin Man now...

Joe

The only things that have made any sense over the last 50 or 60 years has been the music and the artists who made it.

What I give thanks for this Thanksgiving Day we didn't eat turkey

November 28, 2024



I woke from a dream this morning, in which my older daughter was trying to get me to plant a vegetable garden differently from the way I wanted to plant it.

I turned in last night thinking I wanted to use the chapter from my witch girlfriend's book about how she met me and what happened to her after that for this Thanksgiving Day post.

Over breakfast, I told her that I'd go about it a different way. I would talk about what I'm thankful for today.

I said, first, I'm thankful for the inheritances from my father, without which I most likely would have died homeless and my ashes put into the homeless memorial vault in the Key West cemetery.

I said I'm thankful that my good friend Todd German down Key West way, in whose home I stayed couple of stretches the second time I was homeless, starting 2015, for chatting up my daughters on Facebook behind my back, which eventually led to them and me reconnecting, on Facebook.

Then came hurricane Irma, and my older daughter insisted I get the hell out of Key West, and her mother said I could come stay in her home in Tuscaloosa, and that's what I did. That and two more visits in her home led to my deciding to move back to Alabama after I ran one more time for Mayor of Key West in 2018, described in the "Grandfossil got flashed back to some Key West of Weird adventures" post at this blog.

While up in Alabama in 2017 and early 2018, I got to visit with my daughters and their families, and I got to know their husbands and their children, which really enriched my life, and I hope it enriched their lives, too. After moving back to Alabama in late 2018, I got to visit my daughters and their families a lot more, and I really liked that and being part of their lives.

I am thankful for the lady physical therapists at Therapy South off Lakeshore Drive in Homewood, for helping my ailing body, especially my pelvis and spine, regenerate somewhat; and I'm thankful for Dr. Kristoffer Johnston at Back On Track Chiropractic clinic in the Financial Center in Birmingham, and massage therapist and Rolfer bodyworker Sam at Vitology Wellness in Homewood, for helping my spine and nearby body parts feel a whole lot better. I'm thankful for several excellent physicians in Birmingham, who did their very best to keep me alive, including radiation therapy for prostate cancer, which has not returned and my PSA remains at .05. A throat doctor at Kirkland Clinic invented laser technology he uses to remove a benign growth off my left vocal chord, so that I can keep talking, which pleases some people and maybe not other people.

Some people might not believe it, but I have several good friends in Key West and around Helen and Clarkesville, Georgia, where I also spent a lot of time hanging out after I arrived in Key West in late 2000 broke and lived on the street and slept outside at night and didn't know anyone in Key West when I got there.

Thanks to an inheritance from my father in 2005, I got off the street and lived inside until the inheritance ran out in 2015. Before that, because I was writing about my brother Major's death at my blogs in 2010, I met the witch when she emailed me from Alabama about what I was writing about Major. She went by the nickname, Morticia.

Writing about Major also attracted someone else into my life, whom today I refer to as Bob. He now does the tech work for my digitized books at the free internet library, archive.org in America, and the tech work for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer and the Not So Sweet Home Alabama podcasts, viewable on You Tube and Torrent platforms.

Like Morticia, Bob kept reading my blog posts, but unlike Morticia, Bob did not come forward until early 2017, when I was sleeping nights in the Key West police station front lobby, because I was banned for life from the city's homeless shelter, as explained in the "Grandfossil got flashed back to

some Key West of Weird adventures" post. Bob said he only contacted me because angels made him so miserable after they told him to contact me and he tried to get out of it.

While we were getting to know each other, Bob reported angels becoming very involved in his life by visiting him in person in his home, in his dreams, in visions, and doing things to him that he wished they had not done to him. Morticia was having some experiences with angels, but she was not telling me about it back then.

Upon learning of my homeless situation in 2017, my father's estate loaned me money against my next inheritance, and I was able to rent a place to live in the home of friends in Key West. That would turn out to be the end of my being homeless, for which I was very grateful, because I was worn out and figured I would not remain on this planet much longer.

A few years living in Birmingham and playing chess with other old farts I met at a local senior center and oldsters I met at a duplicate bridge club about doubled my list of friends who seemed to like me, too.

I resumed close contact with the one childhood friend who had not written me off, and I resumed friendship with three women I had known when I lived in Birmingham before, and sometimes we went out for dinner.

After her husband died in 2022, Morticia instigated us having our first meal together. A year later, she instigated our second meal. Unknown to me, she was very interested in me. About three months ago, we were texting and she wrote something and I asked her if she would like to try to resurrect something from the dead? She dropped a basket of muscadine grapes she had just picked in her neighbor's yard, and she said, yes, and that's how it we started becoming better acquainted.

I told Morticia several times before today, and I told her again this morning over breakfast, that all those things I wrote above, for which I am grateful, did not cause me to want to keep waking up in the morning and greeting the day. I was hoping God would take me in my sleep or some other way. But I stopped feeling that way after she dropped the bucket of muscadines.

I figure some of my relatives and friends started praying for Morticia after they learned about her from me. I know some of Morticia's relations were not overjoyed she "left" them for me, and some of her relations were happy for her. For anyone worried about Morticia being with me, which I certainly understand, given my history, she posted this below on her Facebook the other day, which led to further discussion. I wrote the last comment with her looking over my shoulder.

Morticia

November 26 at 11:03 AM

I just had a physical. Only thing I need to do, eat more protein. My weight in May was 149. It's now 124 to 125. My bp used to be around 140/90, now 126/71. My A1C dropped from 14 to 5. I'd say love cures all.

Suzie

It does!!! But I would say your A1C is down because you lost weight..

Morticia

Suzie I'd say not so. It was extremely high with the weight loss.

Girl it might be since I been with Sloan I poop everyday instead of every three weeks. Lol

I got a dare about bathroom. Lol

Consider this. I was eating a bottle of tums a week telling Michelle Lynch I had to go get endoscopy I think I had terminal. Sloan told me he loved me all that left. I have not had any anti-acids to date . I was sleeping maybe 4 hours a night for 40 years ,now I am sleeping twice that long.

Q T

Morticia who or what is Sloan?

Morticia

Q T my new man

Sue

Yes, now eat more protein!

Angela

Love is very helpful for our health. All away around. Not just any love. Real love and devotion.

Dan

So glad you're doing great, that's a significant accomplishment re: the A1C! Good on ya! Now have some pie!!!, get the protein later

Morticia

Dan I don't like sweets anymore cuz

Joan

More protein doesn't help. More variety helps you gain weight and stay healthy. I know you eat plenty of vegetables but so many people just eat meat as the bulk of their diet because they think protein in the form of meat is the answer to health. It's variety..... fruits, veggies, legumes, a variety of grains and nuts and seeds along with your meat.

Morticia

Joan Thanks, sister. Actually I was eating like a bird and very little protein and I was trying to get by with vitamin and minerals and other nutritional supplements prescribed by a doctor who kept telling me I need to change the way I eat, by eating more protein, dark green veggies, and leave off the sugar, chocolate junk, soft drinks , dairy and gluten. Of course as always I ignored. So Asherah my spirit guide sent Sloan who turned to know more about nutrition than God it seemed. Since he was COOKING in my house I had to eat what he cooked . I found out I loved to eat all kinds of things I did not think I like to start with. I did not get anymore canned chili from Dollar Store again. I had no idea a man knew how to cook!!!!

Laurie

I'm very happy for you. In addition to Sloan's love, did you make any other changes? My husband loves me, but I still would like to achieve the weight loss and other benefits that you have.

Morticia

Laurie Be careful what you ask?

My doctor once thought I had liver cancer, but a CT scan showed a growth on my liver, which my doctor said was caused by all the diet soda I drank. My doctor said the diet soda was why I had gained so much weight. I quit drinking diet sodas, off came the weight.

My thyroid was low and my insulin was resistant. That fixed, I started doing better. Dr. Sultan and Vitology Wellness in Homewood fixed the thyroid and insulin problem with injections and supplements.. But I had to change my diet. See some of my comments elsewhere in this thread.

Generally, I stopped eating processed foods, sugar, caffeine, gluten, dairy, except for yogurt I make at

home. When I grocery shop, I get groceries from the God aisles, the outside perimeter: vegetables, fruit and meats. Sloan grows a lot of dark green veggies in my garden beds. He gets absolutely delicious “Chinese broccoli” (gai lan) from Home Town Asian market on Green Springs Avenue in Homewood. The Asian market where the Pearl Restaurant is on Valley Avenue also has gai lan. It’s super nutritious and tasty. Sloan also gets brown rice from one of those two Asian markets. We do not eat white rice. For breakfast, we eat old fashioned rolled oats, dried blue berries and dried cherries, sunflower seeds, coconut chips, walnuts, soaked overnight in tap water run through my water purifier, which removes all chemicals from the tap water. I drink a lot of that water.

Here’s the dinner we had last night, which we cooked in my crock pot. Stew lamb butchered at the Mediterranean Grocery on Green Springs Highway, carrots, red potatoes, onion, garlic; red mustard greens from our garden, sauteed in boiling water and ghee (clarified butter); steamed fresh beets, from Publix or the Fresh Market, beets and horseradish made in Poland, which the Mediterranean Grocery carries.

Sloan shops in that market, the Asian market and the Publix on Greensprings Road, and the Fresh Market on Lakeshore Drive off US 31 South, which carries the dried blueberries and cherries, and SO unsweetened organic coconut milk (unsweetened) and coconut flakes. He gets coconut powder at the Mediterranean Grocery, and ghee, and stuffed grape leaves with rice, and tahini (sesame butter), and fresh ground lamb, which makes great lamb burgers and meatloaf. In other parts of the world, coconut meat, flakes or powder is the basic staple in cooking and diet. It is a complete protein. Sloan learned about that when he traveled in the Caribbean and Asia.

We eat beef butchered locally, fish from the Fish Market, shrimp from groceries, and chicken from groceries. Sloan would rather not eat chicken because of all the chemicals injected into chickens and because they carry salmonella, which he has had twice. The Piggly Wiggly stores carry fresh collard greens grown in south Georgia, and packaged collard, mustard and turnip greens grown, cut, washed and packaged in south Georgia. Most greens in Alabama groceries come from Arizona, California and Mexico. By the time those greens are bought in Alabama, they are old and tired, compared to the greens grown in south Georgia. Greens from out west and Mexico sometimes carry pathogens that wreck our G.I. tracts.

We do not eat in fast food restaurants, nor do we eat fast foods. We do not eat junk food. We do not peel our potatoes, their skin contains nutrients. We are not poster elders for the standard American diet. Sloan is the only person I may ever know who read Dr. Weston Price's book, Nutrition and Physical Degeneration, Price-Pottinger Foundation. Dr. Price was a dentist, who got a lot of not nice reaction to that book from the Standard American Diet industrial-medical complex. Did you know caffeine causes an adrenal release, which causes the pancreas to release insulin, which can cause hypoglycemia and even diabetes?

We do not eat cakes, pies, etc. We do not drink soft drinks. We do not drink alcohol. We do not smoke anything.

We ain’t eating no turkey today. Lamb stew leftovers, gai lan, beets and horseradish.

paradise mating: Adam and Eve candidates training

November 30, 2024

God's gives are not for sale

Believe it or not, before angels threw me with a huge anchor roped to one leg into politics in 2001, I had another life.

Thanksgiving night, the witch who spell-weaved my heart around her own heart dreamed she was negotiating the price of a motorhome from \$24,000 to \$14,000. The person she was negotiating with was a woman. I was not in the dream.

When Morticia told me the dream, I said in my spirit code, 2 is the number for Jesus, and 4 is the number for politics, and 1 is the number for God the Father in the Christian Trinity.

The next morning, I told Morticia, since we both wanted in the past to tour America in a motorhome, stopping and hanging out here and there, I thought we should drive to a motorhome place and see what they have on their lot.

I googled motorhomes in the Birmingham area and called the nearest one. The receptionist passed me to a salesman, who said his name was Joey. I introduced myself and said we might be looking for something to travel America and stop here and there and hang out. He said I had called the right place. I said we will be there in a while, and he said okay.

When we got there, Joey was sitting at a table with two other men in the front lobby. After introductions, Joey, Morticia and I walked outside and Joey fetched a golf cart to take us around their very large lot full of travel campers. I didn't see any travel vans or camper trucks. Morticia has a double cab pickup truck with a trailer hitch, which could tow a camper trailer around America.

Joey showed us a small version of a popular brand of camper trailer, about the size I felt I might be comfortable towing.

In my youth, I towed small trailers with boats and U-Haul trailers without difficulty. When I worked at Golden Flake, I was able to parallel park road tractors and trailers. Parallel parking was required to get a driver's license in Alabama. My mother's father taught me how to parallel park between two garbage cans along the road in front of our home.

Joey said the little camper trailer I liked, and most brands of camper trailers, wear out fast at highway speeds. He showed us several used GeoPro camper trailers priced around \$24,000, which were made in Indiana. He said the workers in that factory are Amish. I said that I figure their work ethic caused them to make really good camper trailers. Joey said, yes, GeoPro trailers do not wear out.

Those trailers were 16-18 feet long. I was thinking I did not feel well enough or competent to haul a trailer that large around America, even though I probably still knew how to do it. For sure, Morticia did not feel up to doing it. So, what were we doing there?

Joey told us of an auto accident he was in some years back, which happened as he drove on a highway and saw a pickup truck in his lane some distance away. He briefly looked down to do something, and he looked up and realized the pickup was stopped in the road and he had to veer right off the road, or left into the oncoming traffic lane, and he did that and hit an oncoming car head on, and he and the driver of the other car were in a hospital a long time. He learned in the hospital that he'd had an aneurysm and a stroke in the past, of which he knew nothing.

Two years later, the driver of the other car sued Joey, whose lawyers told him he had a weak case, and he was going to file bankruptcy, when he told God what he was facing and he needed help. Shortly after that, his lawyers told him the plaintiff had dismissed the lawsuit.

Joey said he felt God had saved him for some reason and he had a purpose, but he did not know what it was. I said he was talking with two people who have a lot of supernatural experiences, and we agreed with him. He said he had evolved in his thinking. I said he had believed God exists, and now he knows God exists. Joey looked in thought, then said, yes.

Joey asked if we attend church? I said we don't know when we are ever not in church, we are in church right now, yes? Joey said, yes. I said, if attending church feels right for you, then do it, but you do not have to attend church, to serve God.

I told Joey to try to find the movie Brother Sun Sister Moon, which is about St. Francis of Assisi when he was young and gravely ill, and Jesus came in a vision and asked Francis to help him restore his church. Francis thought that meant for him to restore an old crumbling church out in the countryside, but Jesus meant for Francis to help him restore Christianity. When the movie ends, Francis is beginning to understand what Jesus asked him to do.

Driving to meet Joey and back, I made a couple of mental driving errors and wondered what was I thinking so that I could tow a big motorhome all over America? Last night, Morticia said maybe we drove to the camper home business to meet Joey. I said, maybe so, and maybe we drove there to get over the notion of touring America in a motorhome.

Morticia dreamed last night of trying to teach three men to be paramedics, but they had not learned enough and she told them that. I said, perhaps that dream is about our trip to the camper home business? She said, perhaps so.

I now wonder if Morticia's paramedics dream was about the three male doctors I most rely on to help me stay functioning on this planet? When I was about to move in with her, I asked her if she was my medicine? She said, YES.

Morticia also dreamed last night that she had only 6 dollars in her wallet. I said that's the number for Melchizedek, the six-sided star associated with Judaism is the ancient symbol for Melchizedek: as above, so below; and as below, so above.

I reminded Morticia that she was shown in dreams lately that she needs to stop handling other people's mail, as in, she needs to stay out of their human dramas that do not require her participation. I said maybe her dream of negotiating down the price of a motor home meant she needs to whittle down further her involvement in other people's affairs when her presence is not required?

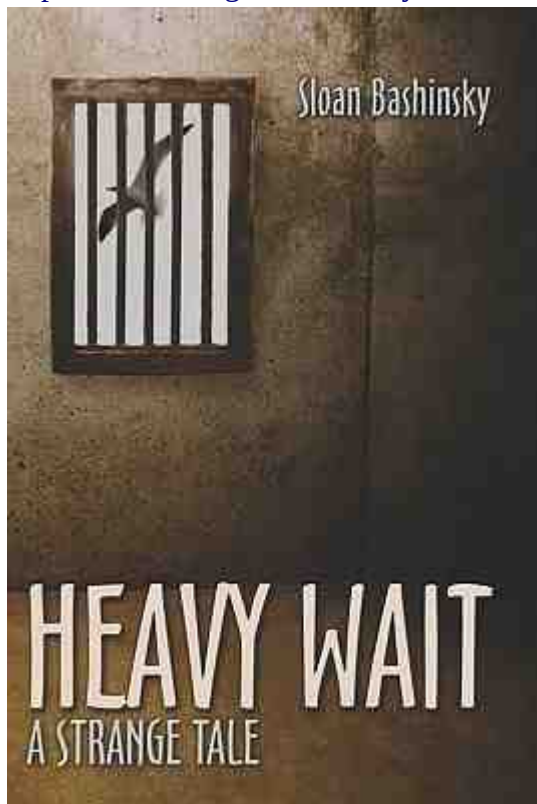
I said we are in paradise mating (also sometimes called Holy Grail training), which is a Melchizedek training in which an Adam candidate and an Eve candidate get to try to walk hand and hand into Eden before the Fall. To get there, we have to pass many times through the purifying fire swords wielded by the two cherubim God placed there after the Fall to defend the Tree of Life and its ways, as told in Genesis.

I said Riley Strange and Willa Sue Jenkins were in paradise mating in my novel *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale*, which was foretold by a dream I had in April 2001, while sleeping in a doorway on Fleming Street in Key West. The introduction to that tale is about that dream and what happened after

that, which led to me writing the novel on a public library computer in Helen, Georgia not long after I had the dream.

Heavy Wait can be read at the free internet library by clicking on this link:

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212



That romp tale is for grown ups, no prudes allow, right Mary Lou, er Willa Sue?

If you want to meet those two real sho nuff women up close and personal, then open the link and read all about them. Grab your best hold, 'cause you are in for the ride of your ever lovin' lives, buttercups.

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212

Key West grande dame Shirley Freeman told me one morning in the fabulous Harpoon Harry's Diner, where she and I often had breakfast, that she read *Heavy Wait* in one night, she loved it, she could not put it down. Here's a link to her April 24, 2024 obituary in the Key West Citizen. Thank you for your friendship, dear lady. Heaven is much richer and we left behinds are much richer for having you as a friend.

<https://www.keywestmortuary.com/obituary/shirley-freeman>



Shirley's husband was the county sheriff for a while. He had passed on when I first met Shirley when she was a county commissioner, during a county commission meeting. If not then, then later she had a boyfriend, who was a biker. In a building behind Shirley's home on Eaton Street was a biker museum of sorts. Impressive.

I wrote sometimes at my blogs about "real life" women with whom I attempted paradise mating. Morticia read some of that. I told her this morning again, that I think it's very hard for a woman on this planet to want to have anything to do with God, because of the second class citizen way women are treated on this planet. I said I had been told that by angels, and it is my job to try to anchor into God and leave for God to tell her what to do. Easier said than done, of course.

Morticia has been reminding me that I feel better and we are happier when I am not involved in American politics. So, perhaps she is trying to whittle down my involvement in national politics, so I can put more time and effort into paradise mating with her?

I called Joey this morning and said I did not think it is safe for me and other people, for me to tow a big trailer around America. Joey said he understood. He said he feels the Holy Spirit is helping him. We talked more about what we discussed yesterday. I said I write a blog about my experiences, alabamalawyerbecameamystic.com, and I would text him the link if he wanted to see it. He said, yes. I told Joey, as a heads up, that I don't like the left or the right sides of American politics, and I don't like Donald Trump, Kamala Harris or Joe Biden, and I think the Devil is pleased with American politics. Joey said he thinks people who stir up strife and division are the problem. I said the Devil and its demons cut themselves off from God and could no longer feed on God energy that kept them alive, so they stirred up strife in people, so they could feed on that energy and survive.

Angels of the Lord got me into American politics in 2000, and kept me involved. After a steady diet of that, it became part of my regular rhythm. Maybe it's time to return to the rhythm before that: paradise mating and the spiritual discipline taught to me by Jesus, Michael, the Holy Spirit and Melchizedek? They taught me that the Holy Spirit is the female side of the Christian Trinity and in Judaism the female side of God is called Shekina, female gender.

They taught me that destruction of the feminine in women and in men is what's wrong with humanity. Without a healthy internal feminine, people cannot feel or hear God and are sitting ducks for Evil. Morticia read and we talked and dreamed about several drafts of this post, before I felt it was hopefully good enough.

Shirley Freeman, and two other people down Key West way, came in dreams to help me write this post.

cocooned with angels trying to take us somewhere

December 2, 2024



cocooned

Yesterday, I posted this below into an interfaith discussion group at [religiousforums.com](https://www.religiousforums.com) and got a couple of responses to which I replied.

Redneck Mystic

Once upon a time could be how to begin writing about this topic. But the truth is, it's happening today, sometimes. I know this, because I experienced paradise mating, directed by angels known in the Bible,

with several very different women. We did not complete the course of study, which is very challenging, but we tried. Now, age 82, I've been given another pass at it.

Basically, paradise mating is about a man and a woman paired by angels of the Lord getting a chance to walk hand and hand into Eden before the Fall. To get there, the candidates must pass through the two cherubim and their fire swords, which God placed at the gate of Eden to protect the Tree of Life and its ways, as per Genesis. This training is part of Melchizedek training. It sometimes is called Holy Grail training.

I understand there is paradise mating for men and women traveling alone, and for non-heterosexual people. I imagine the general abc's are the same for a paired man and woman.

I am a mystic, made so by angels known in the Bible, who, starting early 1987, turned me upside down and inside out and every which a way but loose. Their main way of changing me and how I perceived and dealt with just about everything was they stood me before endless mirrors, looking at me. They taught me to discern spirits in me, in other people, in society, including religions and politics. They taught me that there are no fig leaves in paradise, nor any secrets. They proved to me in many ways that they, Jesus, God, the Devil, demons, ETs, and other beings not recognized by science and religion, exist.

Indigo

I'm still trying to figure out what you mean by paradise mating. It seems to involve these ideas:

1. You think it is angels bringing you together with women, but they seem to be doing an awful job, since the relationships never work out.
2. You speak about walking hand in hand into Eden. This is figurative, I'm sure.
3. You also speak of Melchizedek training and Holy Grail training. You've totally lost me here.
4. You say, "they stood me before endless mirrors, looking at me." At this point, I'm now just concerned for you.

Redneck Mystic

I explained it, literally, using language familiar to me. The angels are not attached to any religion or spiritual path. They give some people a chance to try it. There is no way to have much of a sense of it, unless you are in it and dealing with it.

Dybmh

What will you be doing differently?

Redneck Mystic

Good question.

I hope I will be able to stay in my lane and not step on my man part and be a horse's ass as much this time around.

Indigo

I'm not trying to be a pest. I said I had a hard time understanding what you meant, because that was in fact my experience. You are using imagery that is unusual, and I'm not sure where you are being literal and where you are being figurative.

Redneck Mystic

I posted something I imagined was novel to most people. I don't believe in what I describe about my experiences with what religions claim to know and science demands hard proof. I experienced it very

up close and personal, which moved me from believing to knowing. I still experience it. I am still discovering, as is anyone, aware of it or not. The story of the Fall from Eden is well known.

I was raised Christian. So, I use that religion's lore sometimes. In paradise mating, that was the lore used by the angels who introduced me and a good friend of mine to paradise mating in 1998. Already, I was aware of it, from being with two very different women, one, then the other, but I did not relate to it as I explained in my post here. I did not understand just how deep and searching it could go. I was not ready for the harsh reality of me not being nearly as far along as I thought I was, even though I was awash in experiences with supernatural realms, dreams, visions and revelations, and so forth. I never used psychedelics.

I had not gotten down to work yet. There were three more women after those two, who helped me grow up a bit more, so to speak. Now, at 82, I'm with another woman almost 71. Every relationship was different, the details were different, and I had not expected I would get another pass at it. Jesus and Magdalene were paradise mating partners, but good luck getting Christendom to recognize that :-)

The saints, sages, seers in various times and traditions were in paradise training, but they tended not to have mating partners..The Holy Grail is not a relic or sacred text, it is a state of being, the chalice and the blade in harmony, or the yin and the yang, or the feminine and the masculine, in harmony. On this planet, most people's feminine is so damaged that they are cut off from God, and the feminine must be healed to spiritually evolve.

Consider this poem that wrote itself into my diary in the spring of 1994.

Earth

the sacred prism
through which souls are refracted
into their elemental parts,
purified in Holy Fire,
then sent on their way
to not even God knows where,
simply because they are all
unique emanations of God,
evolving...

There are no shortcuts, magic pills. Gurus are great, to point the way, but attachment to a guru can become perilous, similar to demonic possession. Eventually, ultimately, it's one on one with what I was raised to call God, which has more names in the Creation than there are stars in the heavens. Obi Wan Kenobi called it The Force.

Indigo

The author of Hebrews claims that Jesus is a "priest of the order of Melchizedek," drawing a parallel between Jesus not having father/mother/genealogy (HUH??? He didn't? Who was Mary then?) and Melchizedek not having father/mother/genealogy (hogwash. just because a man's parents aren't mentioned doesn't mean he didn't have parents.)

Here is the entire passage. Hebrews 7:1–10:

"For this Melchizedek, king of Salem, priest of the Most High God, who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings and blessed him, to whom also Abraham gave a tenth part of all, first being translated 'king of righteousness,' and then also king of Salem, meaning 'king of peace,' **without father,**

without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but made like the Son of God, remains a priest continually.

Now consider how great this man was, to whom even the patriarch Abraham gave a tenth of the spoils. And indeed those who are of the sons of Levi, who receive the priesthood, have a commandment to receive tithes from the people according to the law, that is, from their brethren, though they have come from the loins of Abraham; but he whose genealogy is not derived from them received tithes from Abraham and blessed him who had the promises.

Now beyond all contradiction the lesser is blessed by the better. Here mortal men receive tithes, but there he receives them, of whom it is witnessed that he lives. Even Levi, who receives tithes, paid tithes through Abraham, so to speak, for he was still in the loins of his father when Melchizedek met him."

[Redneck Mystic said:](#)

speaks to the Melchizedek priest training,

I you read the whole passage above, you will notice that it mentions nothing at all about any training.

[Redneck Mystic said:](#)

I was dealt with directly by angels, who made it very clear that I was in that training, which is not imaginable by someone not in it.

I'm sure you really believe this, and it is not my objective to convince you otherwise. I'm just sharing that I don't buy it.

[Redneck Mystic said:](#)

I'm with a woman mating partner.

Somehow, I can't imagine any woman appreciating because called a "mating partner."

It sounds like you have had many positive experiences with this. It would be interesting to learn if the women felt the same.

Maybe I'm just too much of an old fashioned Romantic, but for me, the ideal is to death do us part. On my wall, I a black and white artistic photo of a very old man, and very old woman, and as they sit at the table, their hands gently touch. You can FEEL the depth of their relationship, the years and years of time together, through thick and thin. That is a thing beautiful beyond words.

Redneck Mystic

The author of Hebrews is generally thought to be unknown. The audience is Jews who had accepted Christ but now were faltering, going back to their old ways. The author tells them they should be teaching, they should be eating meat, but they are still drinking milk. The author warns them of the perils of turning away from the chastening of the Lord, and encourages them to return to the discipline. I never heard that told in a Christian church. I never heard Hebrews preached in a Christian church in that way. I spent a lot of time in Christian. churches.

Melchizedek is a type of angel. The one in Genesis manifested into human form, thus no mother or father.

In 1992, I fell into a deep trance and heard this:

Melchizedek

Melchizedek is an order of angel that comes to a planet in trouble

Melchizedek comes to prepare a planet to receive the Christ

Christ does not come to a planet without Melchizedek

Mary Magdalene was of the Order Melchizedek

Back to Earth, Magdalene and Jesus were paradise mating partners, but good luck getting Christendom to agree :-)

In paradise mating, the man and the woman are pushed to their limits, they are used to punch every last one of each other's buttons, and they are asked to try to choose love over being right, and the longer they stick with it, the more they evolve together. Their lives are no longer their own, because angels are orchestrating a lot of what they deal with in human ways.

The couple are asked to engage things in their lives differently, to stick tight, to keep no secrets, to take risks, to lose relationships, or risk losing them. No stone is left unturned. There are no fig leaves in paradise, nor any secrets.

Dybmh

What happened with the other women? How did you get out of it?

Redneck Mystic

Good question. With the other women, it eventually played out. I can't speak for how they felt about it. There were bumps and rough patches. They had experiences they never had before, me too. I wasn't always on top of my game, I made mistakes. But I knew I was harnessed, conscripted, there was no getting out of the training for me, whether I was with a woman or not, and it's still that way.

Each of the women were remarkable and very different. They enriched my life. With each of them, something woke up in me, which I had not known was there. I did not go looking for any of them. They just showed up. It was always like that for me with women. I don't claim to be a prince or knight in shining armor. I have warts. We all have warts.

My dreams are the main way I get steered, corrected, redirected. This new woman's dreams are doing that with her. Clearly our dreams are being manufactured specifically for us. Someone like Carl Jung might not be able to wrap his mind around angels making dreams, instead of the unconscious.

Dybmh

Have you shared your concerns with your new partner? What is she saying regarding the ordeal and the commitment to all it entails?

How would you describe a successful consummation of the training? Could it be an eternal-becoming?

Redneck Mystic

Good questions.

Yes, I share all of my concerns with her. I told her going into it that I was concerned I was too old now, and I had too many difficult medical problems. I told her that I felt my star had run its course, and I was hoping God would take me in my sleep, and totally unexpected, we were becoming a couple. I asked her if she was *my* medicine? She said, YES. I was laughing more than I had ever laughed. I started feeling some better. I told her I would give it a try, but she had to understand I was really worried that I would become a burden for her, and I was not remotely interested in her having to become my nurse, assisted living facility aid. I would rather go off into the woods and get eaten by a bear. She said she was game.

Every day is a new day with us. We are still laughing a lot. She's funny as hell. She read my blog for many years before I actually met her after her husband died in 2022, so she had a pretty good sense of what I was into. Yet there was no way for her to know how it would go if we became a couple, and there was no way for me to know, either. She had spirit women helping her since childhood, but they were not leaning on her nearly as hard I was leaned on by angels, which began in 1987 and never let

up. So, she's getting pushed now in very different ways than she was before we came together. She's writing a book about her life, and it's liberating her from many shackles and prisons. Her dreams give her the next thing she needs to do, as well as help me deal with stuff on my plate not having to do with her.

She knows it's one day at a time, and there is no guarantee it will turn out wonderful. She's not used to being harnessed and steered and directed and corrected and redirected like has been going on with me for decades. This training is far more difficult for a woman, because on this planet women are second class citizens, and, deep down, women really don't care much for a God who allowed that to happen. We discuss everything that can impact us and our relationship. It is critical that we hold nothing back, not have secrets, and that we do not make unilateral decisions that affect us. And, we absolutely have to talk about our dreams, and get to the bottom of what they mean, and act on it. We are in a cocoon with angels that are trying to help us get somewhere we have not been and cannot see before we get there. One day and night at a time.

Dybmh

She sounds like a wonderful individual and you two sound like a wonderful match.

I wish you all the best in life and love, both here and beyond.

I have no other questions. I'm grateful to have learned about your experiences.

Will you, maybe, continue to share as you continue in this next adventure?

Redneck Mystic

Thank you. She is a wonderful person, even more so for putting up with me. I don't think it's okay here to provide links to blogs where we can be kept up with. But perhaps from time to time I might put updates in this forum.

I was homeless when three rubicon poems and a romp novel hatched

December 3, 2024



God's gifts are not for sale

The poem below leaped out of me in Key West in the early summer of 2003 as fast as I could write it in my school book lined-page diary about couple of days before I learned I had life-threatening MRSA flesh eating bacteria chewing holes in my right buttock and on both sides of the base of my penis. Emergency surgery saved my life and left three large gaping holes in my skin, which would be months healing over. The surgeon told me I could do anything I wanted to do but go into the ocean, which I

later would hear from other Key West doctors and local divers was full of MRSA, but nobody ever mentioned it publicly because it might keep tourists away.

“I AM A MAN”

I am a man.

I said,

I am a man!

What means it,

being a man?

A man is a warrior:

he lives by a code of honor,

his word is reliable,

his actions confirm his words,

his commitment is holiness,

his enemies are welcome at his hearth,

he fears but moves forward,

he cries and gets up again,

he hates but forgives,

he loves and let's go,

he doubts but trusts God,

he's a good friend,

he seeks resolutions,

he demands nothing,

he risks everything,

he regrets his mistakes,

he seeks to make amends,

he puts others' welfare first,

he accepts apologies truly made,

he expects nothing back,

he lives ready to die,

he laughs when he “should” scream,

he screams when he “should” laugh,

he sings just because,

he shrugs off insults,

he learns from misfortune,

he cusses God for making him,

he wishes he was done,

he loves children and animals,

he relishes a woman's scent,

he smiles when he's content,

he knows God's his master,

he walks in rainbows,

his garden is the world,

his way is nature,
he loves fishing,
his wife is his soul,
his food is life,
his pay is whatever he receives.
Yep, he's crazy.
(2003)

Two years earlier, this poem fell out of me in Key West:
"The World's Greatest Failure"

I know what it is
to love fully,
have my heart broken by death
and by loved ones' rejections,
Over and over again,
So I can love even more.
I know what it is
to be engulfed in pain,
Awash in evil,
Terrified, enraged, despaired,
Believing God has again forsaken me,
Then be given the truth
that again makes me free.
I know what it is
to doubt,
Be lost and wandering
time and time again,
Then be rescued yet again
and my faith grows deeper.
I know what it is
to blindly trust,
Then be destroyed by betrayed
time and time again,
Until I trust only God.
I know what it is
to have much
and be completely of this world,
Then have it all taken away
and be in the world but not of it.
I know what it is
to fail in this world,
And fail and fail and fail:

The world's greatest failure,
I can serve only God.
I know what it is
to give and give and give and give;
I cannot stop giving
because giving is receiving.
I know what it is
to explain God
time after time after time again.
Something demands I keep explaining:
Maybe someone will listen,
Maybe me.

In 2004, this poem fell out of me in Key West:
“SHANGHAIED”

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one:
Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.
Each calling is different,
and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;
so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey

going to where the captain deigns to go
by using whatever winds and sea currents available
to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,
some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.

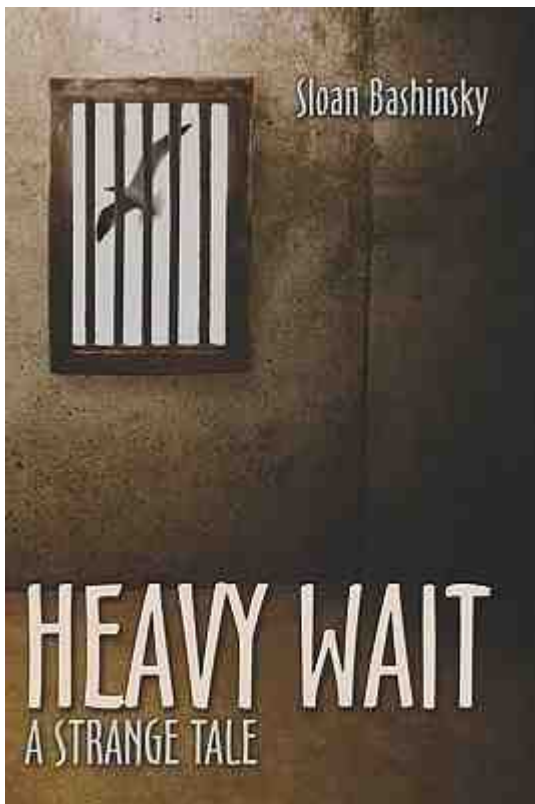
(2004)

I think it's fair to say those three poems pretty well summed up what the witch eventually got herself hitched to, if you don't count my novel *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale*, which started falling out of me in Helen, Georgia about a month after the world's greatest failure poem fell out of me in Key West in 2001.

The witch who spelled me is reading *Heavy Wait* again. She said tonight that she doesn't usually like fiction, but *HEAVY WAIT* ain't like no fiction she ever read before. She said when she read it many years ago, she was reading about other people, but this time it's very different, it's like she knows these people. On our first "date" in 2023, after her husband died, I inscribed in her copy, "As you know, Morticia- none of this tale is true excepting what parts you know are."

Not for the faint of heart, prudes or children, *Heavy Wait* can be read at the free internet library by clicking on this link:

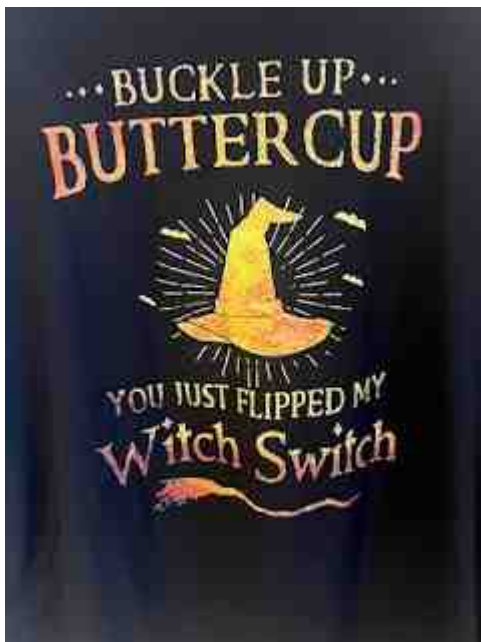
https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212



I was homeless when those poems and that novel fell out of me.

paradise mating adventures with a witch in America gone to hell

December 4, 2024



Yesterday, the witch who spelled me finally admitted she is a witch, but a good witch, she said, and she hopes she isn't going to hell because of it. I said God doesn't care if you are a witch, God cares how you live.

It was pretty darn funny listening to her many arguments that she is not a witch, when she calls her bedroom her witch lair,



and she has witch art all over the rest of the inside of her home, and she brags in plain view everywhere she drives her car:



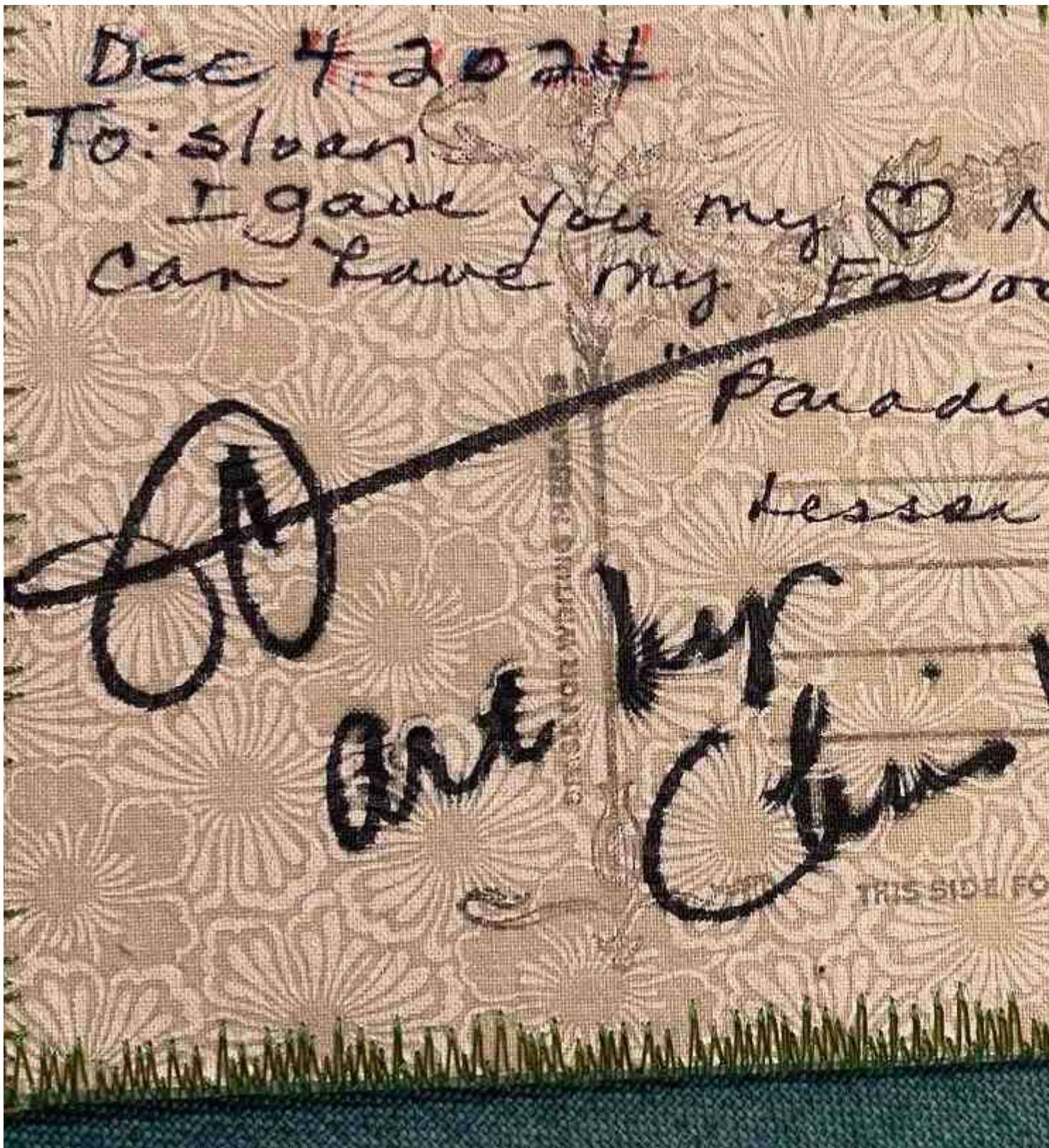
In dream last night, she tried to cover up with a sheet this on her bedside table, and I removed the sheet- voila!



A year before she met me on line, Morticia created a fabric postcard, her all time favorite, she said, of Eden with Adam before everything got all messed up there.



Today, she wrote on the back of that postcard:



While we lay all tangled up in bed this morning, sharing our dreams from last night, I told Morticia that I feel very precarious much of the time, because I'm old, have aches and pains, and I wonder if I have jumped off into an abyss too deep for me to handle, and I'm trying each day to just hang in there and let that day be all there is, and let tomorrow worry about itself until it arrives.

In one of my dreams last night, a lady doctor in the duplicate bridge club where I played often after I moved back to Alabama in late 2018, tried to get me to understand that I need to let her take care of my children, and I said I was not yet ready to make that decision.

I had included her and maybe 25 other members of the bridge club in email blasts containing posts at this blog, and posts at aboolsworkneverends.blogspot.com, before Google took it down because someone flagged it for hate speech, but Google did not tell me what the hate speech was. Google provided a link for me to appeal, and I clicked the link, and Google acknowledged the appeal. A month later, I have not heard further from Google.

When I look at how Google and its YouTube department and Facebook censor stuff like their very existence and souls are at risk if they don't, I think there is no way America could get more fucked up by Donald Trump and his loyalists, or by Joe Biden and his loyalists, and by Kamala Harris and her loyalists.

The Bridge club strictly forbids political and religious discussion at the clubhouse, and anything else that might hurt someone else's feelings. The club emails a weekly club news bulletin, which has cartoons, some of which are hilarious. Yet when I submitted this below for the bulletin, I was told it contains a bad word and would not be published.

HURT FEELINGS REPORT



Date Of Hurt Feelings _____

Time Of Hurtfulness _____ A.M. P.M.

Which Ear Was Hurtfulness Spoken Into:

Left ☐ Right ☐ Both ☐

Is There Permanent Feeling Damage?

Yes ☐ No ☐

Did You Need A Tissue For The Tears

Yes ☐ No ☐

Reason For Filing Report (Check All That Apply)

1. I Am Thin Skinned ☐

2. I Am A Little Bitch ☐

3. I Am A Cry Baby ☐

4. I Want My Mommy ☐

If You Feel You Need A Hug, Go Home To Mommy And She Will Change Your Diaper.

If You Feel As Though You Need To Speak To Someone To Soothe You, Call This Number: 1-800-Cry-Baby

Signature _____

Today brought a new bridge club bulletin into my email account, reminding me it's time to renew my membership. I quit playing in the afternoon games after daylight savings time ended, because the night drive into the countryside where Morticia lives was too dangerous for me and my old eyes with cataracts and my aging reflexes to safely navigate. I now only have one game in which I play, Friday morning. My partner is much better at the game than I. She is a MAGA to the core, anything Donald Trump and his loyalists and FOX say is the God's Gospel.

Democrats in the bridge club, whom I also really like, are just as loyal to Joe Biden and Kamala Harris.

I clerked for a US District Judge in Birmingham, who presided over every federal criminal prosecution in north Alabama. He was a Democrat. Behind the scenes, he ran that National Democratic Party in Alabama, except for the George Wallace faction. Although he used to drink moonshine, cussed and did not attend church, he was the most Godly man I ever knew. He rolled over in his grave when Joe Biden

pardoned his son, after repeatedly saying he would not do that. Judge Allgood is the first person I memorialized in A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known, which now can be read at the free internet library by clicking this link:

https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210

It is my opinion that the only way to fix the American government is put a tent over all the federal buildings in Washington D.C., while Donald Trump, Joe Biden, Kamala Harris and their advisers, all members of Congress and the Supreme Court, and all U.S. Government Department heads are there, and fumigate the tents like exterminators do with termite-infested homes, and and start all over; and any American who disagrees with that method should be deported to wherever a coin toss determines. Oh yes, I can imagine the Big Brothers at social media platforms, political parties and the national government would figure out a way to call that hate speech, but the truth is, the Devil is very pleased with what has become of America, and the Devil loves the Big Brothers who do not discriminate between grown up discussion and one flew over their very own precious cuckoo nests blather. So, I leave it at that today.

the redneck pope- bewitched, but not turned into a frog...yet

December 5, 2024



YouTube

Search



The Things We've Experienced Knowing Sloan...

The Redneck Mystic Podcast

12 subscribers



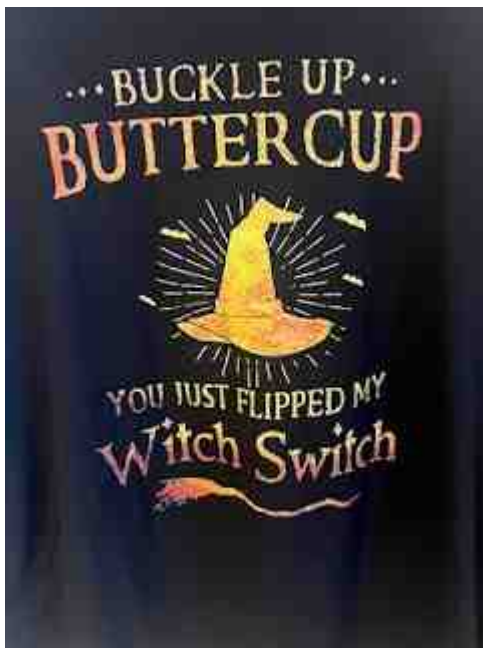
Subscribed



0



w Dec 5, 2024



The witch who spelled me a while back and lured me into her cottage in the countryside...







where I learned first hand that living with a witch sometimes might be a tad hair raising...



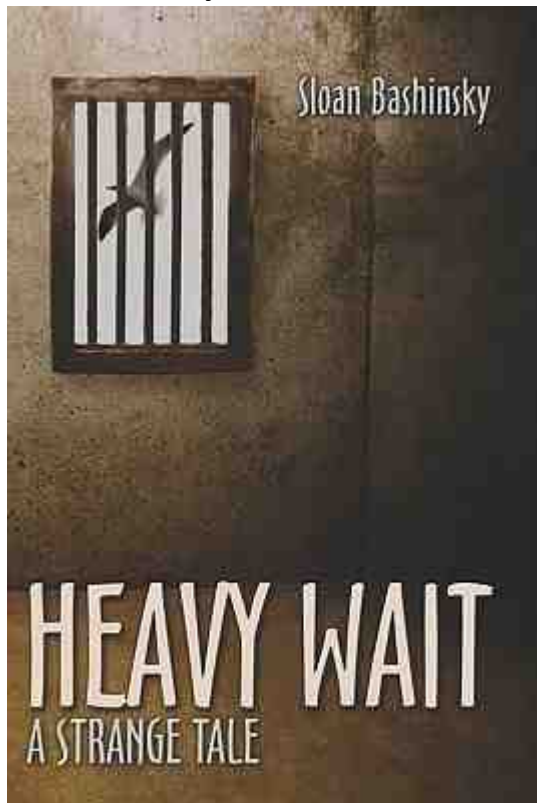




read in 2 days my romp novel *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale*, 2001, as I watched her squirm, cuss and cast spells on a couple of characters, and put the book down and fan herself to cool off, and pull some hair out of her head; and I said she already read it 14 years ago after we met online, which I will explain in more detail farther along, and she said, she doesn't like to read fiction, and she must have skimmed it the first time, but this time she thinks she knows some of the characters in the tale, and she is so anxious that she wants to go to the end and see how it ends, then come back and read how it got to the end, which is how she always read novels before; and I say you can't do that in life, you have to live with the suspense, so don't spoil the fun I'm having watching you read it, by skipping to the end, and she gave me the look and I think a middle finger, and she put the book down a few times, and picked it back up a few times, and she finished it last night and seemed kinda like she had been shoved through an emotional clothes washer wringer, and she wrote this on her Facebook:

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212

This is one ride of a story. It was written by Sloan and I read it in two days. Highly recommend. This book brought out emotions I did not know I was capable of feeling. I normally do not read fiction and this is the second time I read this. First time was years ago it was just a story. This time I felt like I knew the characters. I really enjoyed this book. It's a free read along with his others at archive.org. Put Sloan Bashinsky in the search, his books will come up and also you can click the link above. Enjoy!



ARCHIVE.ORG

Heavy Wait A Strange Tale : Sloan Bashinsky Jr, : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

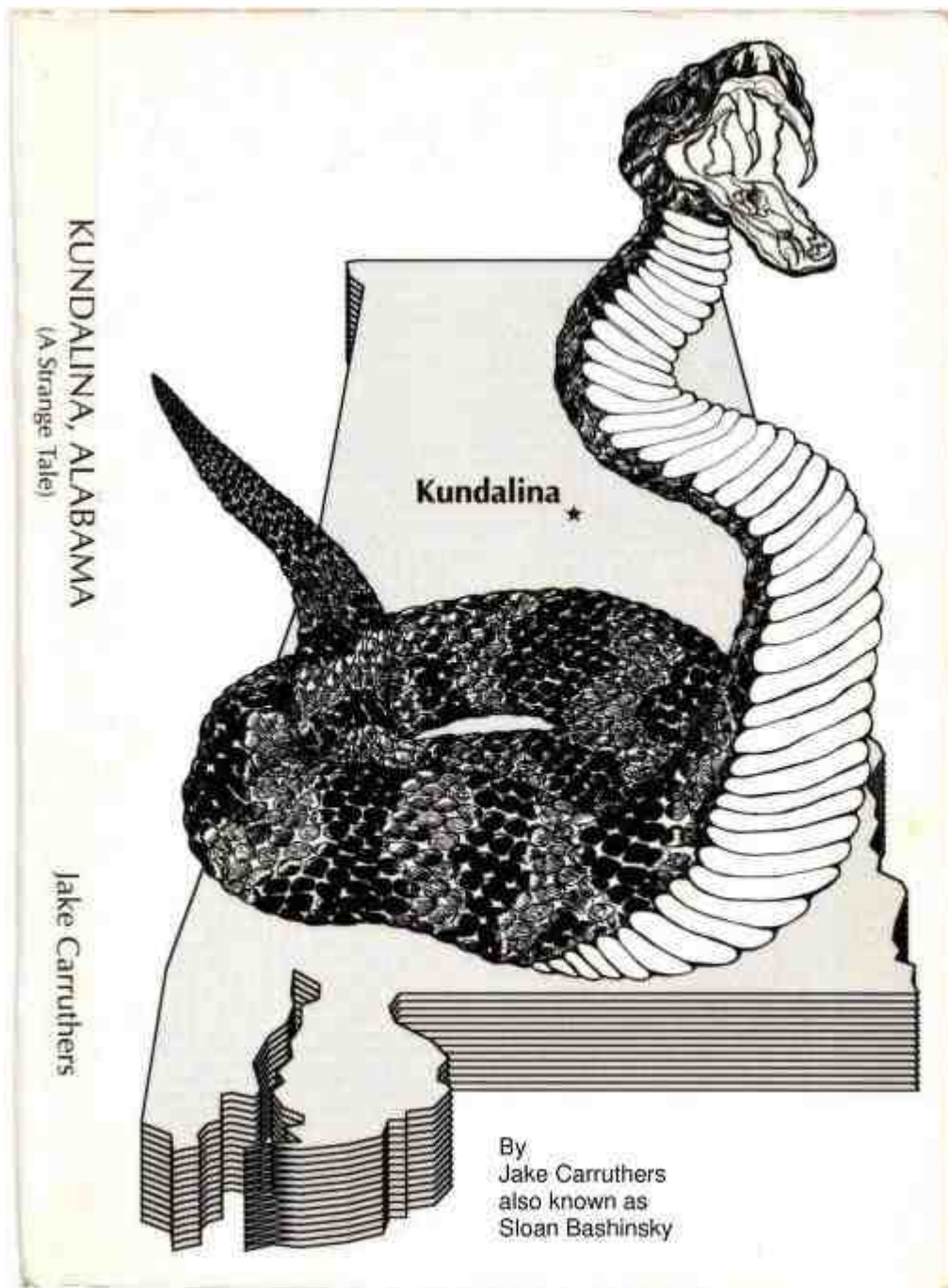
This free book starts with an earthly and metaphysical romp about how the novel came to be written, what it was like for Sloan while he wrote it, and his...

Today, the witch read *Heavy Wait's* sequel, *Return of the Strange*,



https://archive.org/details/retun-of-the-strange-v-20_202306/page/122/mode/2up

which squirmed out of me last year, and she kept squirming and telling me I need to be writing novels, it is what I was born to do, and she hopes I will finish writing *Kundalina Resurrection*, which I started writing around the time she weaved the spell on me, then I set it aside after the world imploded on November 5 of this year, 2024. I told her maybe she needs go back and read *Kundalina, Alabama* again, and not jump to the end, and not skim it this time.



<https://archive.org/details/kundalina>

Those tales ain't for prudes, the faint of heart, or no young children.

Maybe the witch is right, maybe it's time for me to get back to writing *Kundalina's* sequel, but I hope if I do finish writing it and she reads it, she won't pick up the large black cast iron skillet I brought with me from my monk's apartment on Highland Avenue in Birmingham and sling it toward my head like she did after she read the ending of *Return of the Strange*. Maybe she should have sent me sunflowers instead, since witches steal the show in all four tales :-)

As for how the witch and I met, and how my tech friend Bob and I met, it was the same thing that lured them into my tree house, which you kin learn all about by watching this very recent sometimes hilarious, sometimes not hilarious YouTube episode of The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, but be sat

down and buckled up, 'cause what lured them both into my tree house was, R.I.P., my younger brother's suicide made to look like murder in 2005, which I was writing about at goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com (also rest in peace), when I lived in what many people called Paradise, but actually, it was a banana republic pretending to be part of America, so it could get rescued by FEMA every time a big hurricane smacked it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bk0lw2e7R3U>

[All The Things We've Experienced Knowing Sloan...](#)

And Are Just So Thankful For



YouTube

Search



The Things We've Experienced Knowing Sloan...

The Redneck Mystic Podcast

12 subscribers



Subscribed



0



w Dec 5, 2024

Some people who knew me got messed with by angels, too

December 8, 2024



By June 1998, I was pretty much out of the 16-month black night of the soul I had experienced in Birmingham, which was far worse than the 4-year dark night of the soul I had experienced 1991-1995 in Boulder, Colorado.

I dreamed of a kid named Travis Gamble, whom I had known at the Birmingham Country Club. About 4 years my junior, Travis and I played golf there. Other than his name, Travis is not important to this story, other than I liked him and I hope he went on to have a nice life.

In the dream, Travis sat on the chaise lounge my father sat on in the den of his and my mother's home on East Briarcliff Road in Mountain Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom, affluent white suburb south of Birmingham.

I had two very close men friends, Richard lived in California, and Aubrey lived in Birmingham. I had met Richard and his wife at a Tai Chi camp in Bennington, Vermont, maybe in the summer of 1984.

Aubrey had worked for my father's company Golden Flake, which competed with Frito-Lay in Alabama and the southeastern states. Richard was deep into the New Age, Yoga and Taoism. After retiring for medical reasons from Golden Flake, Aubrey was deep into fishing.

Aubrey had had dreams about me since I lived in Boulder, Colorado. But for his dreams about me during the black night of the soul, when I did not dream and felt totally abandoned by God, but Aubrey's dreams painted a very different picture, I might have taken my own life.

When I told Richard about the Travis dream, Richard said he was being told by something that Travis was my older half brother, whose mother was the teenage daughter of the black servants in the home of my father's parents. The servants' daughter and my father fell in love and she got pregnant. My father's father proposed that she leave Alabama and have her baby out of state and she never return with her baby to Alabama, and he would financially take care of her and her baby. And, that's what happened. Richard was thrown for a loop, because he had never had anything like that happen. After that, he was hearing all the time from something in another realm, which claimed to be angels. They spoke to Richard about himself, me, and other people we knew. They introduced Richard and me to paradise mating.

After I told Aubrey about what Richard had heard, Aubrey reported having a string of dreams about Travis, most of the details I don't remember. Other details I do remember are not relevant to this report, other than Aubrey said Travis was watching me from a far and wondering if I would ever amount to anything?

I visited my father's older brother Leo, whom I had wished when I was a boy was my father, because he and I both loved to fish and my father did not like to fish. Leo is the third person I memorialized in *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known*, which can be read at the free internet library by clicking on this link: https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210

Leo's chapter is "He called a spade a spade".

After Leo and I talked for a while, he asked me why I had come to see him? I asked, "Do I have an older brother I don't know about?" Leo's head snapped around so that he looked me dead in the eye. He said, "I don't want anything to do with that!" I nodded, thanked him, and left.

I told Richard and Aubrey about that, and decided to sit on it.

As Christmas 1999 approached, it hit me like a ton of bricks one day that I should write a letter to my father, in which I told him that I and my two best friends had dreamed that I had an older brother named Travis, and if I did, I would like to meet him, if that was possible, and if I did not hear back from my father, I would take that to be a yes.

My father and I were estranged for several years, but we had exchanged a few amicable letters. I wrote the Travis letter and mailed it to my father at his home. I said nothing in the letter about what Leo had told me. I received no reply from my father.

My father was in the habit of giving his children corporate common stock each Christmas worth \$7-8000 to \$10,000. I had almost run out of money, lived frugally, and that Christmas gift was a blessing for me. But I did not receive that gift that Christmas. I thought, *Oh well*, and I told Richard and Aubrey.

A few days passed. Then, like being hit by a ton of bricks, I was told to leave America. Using credit cards to get cash advances, I visited Costa Rica, South Africa, Mauritius, India, Japan for one night in

the Tokyo airport, and then to Maui. The credit cards quit working, and I became homeless and lived on the street for a couple of months, until a Christian couple on Maui bought me a tent in which to live on their land, where I restored their old vegetable garden and mowed their large yard's grass.

By and by, I was told by a familiar voice in my sleep, "Go to Big Pine Key." I had been told that in 1995, when I lived in Boulder Colorado, and I went to Big Pine and had a bunch of not of this world experiences on Big Pine and the bridge over to No Name Key, just up from which in Bogie Channel I had caught a large tarpon in 1967, fishing with business contemporaries of my father, who owned a home on the Lower Matecumbe Key part of Islamorada (Island in the sun).

I woke up from the go-to-Big-Pine-Key dream on Maui and told the voice, "I like Big Pine Key, but I have no money and thus no way to get there." Later that day, I was in a public library. Using one of its online computers, I found an email from Richard from whom I had not heard in a while. I emailed him about the Big Pine Key dream and my circumstances. He called the people who were letting me live on their land and use their kitchen, and between them, they got me on an airline flight to Los Angeles, where Richard lived.

I spent a few days with Richard, and then I felt I needed to head to Big Pine Key. He bought me a Greyhound bus ticket to Key West and gave me a few bucks, he was struggling financially, and saw me onto the bus.

The entire trip to Florida was on Interstate 10. Passing through Tallahassee, I fell asleep and the federal judge, for whom I clerked after graduating from the University of Alabama School of Law in 1968, appeared in a dream and said he was thinking of getting into politics. I told him that I did not think that was a good idea, but knowing him, he was going to do it. I woke up in shock- I detested politics.

Behind the scenes, Judge Clarence W. Allgood ran the Democratic Party in Alabama, except for the George Wallace faction. Even though he used to drink moonshine, cussed and did not attend church, Judge Allgood was the most godly man I ever knew. "He used to drink moonshine" is the first chapter in *A Few Remarkable People I Have Known*. https://archive.org/details/a-few-remarkable-alabama-people-i-have-known_202210

I changed buses in Jacksonville. After changing buses again in Orlando, and then in Miami, I was on US 1 going into the Florida Keys. Passing by my father's home at Mile Marker 76, a lot of memories came back. I once had told him that house was the only thing he had that I wanted. When the bus reached Big Pine, I was told to go on down to Key West, where I knew no one. I slept the first night on the sidewalk beside the Pegasus Hotel on Duval Street.

Soon, I was in the Key West library when it opened each morning to get onto one of its online computers for the one hour allowed. On the way to the library each morning, the topic for that day's newsletter came to me and I banged it out as fast as I could type it. I had a dozen copies printed out, which I handed out to people I had met, and I delivered one copy to the mayor's office. The header for each day's piece was, "The pen is mightier than the sword, thus the sword defends the pen."

That's how my getting into politics began.

By the time I moved back to Alabama in late 2018, I had run six times for mayor of Key West, three times for county commission, and one time for school board. I had spoken thousands of times at city commission and county commission meetings and other local government meetings. Because of blogs where I published daily, starting 2006, I was known all over the Florida Keys as a boat rocker, a pot

stirrer, a gadfly, the enemy of the status quo, the advocate for Mother Nature against the invasive species, humans.

People in Key West and up the Keys, who knew me, knew when I said or wrote something about a topic, it would be out of the box. The minority report, so to speak.

Nothing has changed, as the witch I took up with a few months ago can attest, as can my friend Bob, who digitized my books and put them at archive.org.

Morticia and Bob met me online in 2010, when I was writing at my blog about my brother Major going missing, reported in detail in yesterday's "All The Things We've Experienced Knowing Sloan..." post. <https://alabamalawyerbecameamysticcom.godaddysites.com/blog/f/all-the-things-we've-experienced-knowing-sloan>

Morticia and Bob got dragooned by the same angels that dragooned Richard, Aubrey and me, and four women I got to know, one at a time after the black night lifted. Other people who met me got messed with by angels, but perhaps did not know that was messing with them.

I have told people from time to time, that hanging out with me can result in being messed with by angels known in the Bible, and they might or might not like it.

This poem fell out of me as fast as I could write it in my journal on June 7, 2004, in Key West.

“SHANGHAIED”

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one:
Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.
Each calling is different,
and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;

so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey
going to where the captain deigns to go
by using whatever winds and sea currents available
to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,
some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.

A few months later, *A Few Remarkable Alabama People I Have Known* fell out of me in Helen, Georgia.

Alabama trial lawyer loves Jesus, marijuana and Jimmy Carter

December 8, 2024



not Atticus Finch

I smoked marijuana for a few years in the 1970s. It made me think I was really smart and funny, then I fell asleep. After a while, I noticed I had a bad headache the morning after smoking marijuana, and I stopped using it. A lot of people I knew, including some prominent Birmingham lawyers, smoked weed when I practiced law in Birmingham, 1973-1985.

No, this tale is not about me and other people I know smoking marijuana. It is about people who made illegal what God made. Perhaps more accurate, this tale is about church people who made illegal what God made.

If someone had told me the court action you will read all about in this post could happen in Alabama, I might have said, not unless I filed it. But I didn't file it. A Blount County lawyer filed it this past June. Before I take you to him and the court papers in his lawsuit, in which he was the plaintiff, representing himself, *pro se*, it's called, this former Birmingham practicing attorney, who clerked for a United States District Judge in Birmingham, will provide you with some redneck mystic lawyer legal preparation.

- IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776
- *The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America*

- WHEN in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

And

- AMENDMENT I
- Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.
- AMENDMENT XIV, U.S. Constitution

Section 1.

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

And

- Amendment 622, Alabama Constitution
- SECTION I. The amendment shall be known as and may be cited as the Alabama Religious Freedom Amendment.
- SECTION II. The Legislature makes the following findings concerning religious freedom:
- (1) The framers of the United States Constitution, recognizing free exercise of religion as an unalienable right, secured its protection in the First Amendment to the Constitution, and the framers of the Constitution of Alabama of 1901, also recognizing this right, secured the protection of religious freedom in Article I, Section 3.
- (2) Federal and state laws "neutral" toward religion may burden religious exercise as surely as laws intended to interfere with religious exercise.
- (3) Governments should not burden religious exercise without compelling justification.
- (4) In *Employment Division v. Smith*, 494 U.S. 872 (1990), the United States Supreme Court virtually eliminated the requirement that the government justify burdens on religious exercise imposed by laws neutral toward religion.
- (5) The compelling interest test as set forth in prior court rulings is a workable test for striking sensible balances between religious liberty and competing governmental interests in areas ranging from public education (pedagogical interests and religious rights, including recognizing regulations necessary to alleviate interference with the educational process versus rights of religious freedom) to national defense (conscription and conscientious objection, including the need to raise an army versus rights to object to individual participation), and other areas of important mutual concern.
- (6) Congress passed the Religious Freedom Restoration Act, 42 U.S.C., § 2000bb, to establish the compelling interest test set forth in prior federal court rulings, but in *City of Boerne v.*

Flores, 117 S.Ct. 2157 (1997), the United States Supreme Court held the act unconstitutional stating that the right to regulate was retained by the states.

- SECTION III. The purpose of the Alabama Religious Freedom Amendment is to guarantee that the freedom of religion is not burdened by state and local law; and to provide a claim or defense to persons whose religious freedom is burdened by government.
- SECTION IV. As used in this amendment, the following words shall have the following meanings:
 - (1) DEMONSTRATES. Meets the burdens of going forward with the evidence and of persuasion.
 - (2) FREEDOM OF RELIGION. The free exercise of religion under Article I, Section 3, of the Constitution of Alabama of 1901.
 - (3) GOVERNMENT. Any branch, department, agency, instrumentality, and official (or other person acting under the color of law) of the State of Alabama, any political subdivision of a state, municipality, or other local government.
 - (4) RULE. Any government statute, regulation, ordinance, administrative provision, ruling guideline, requirement, or any statement of law whatever.
- SECTION V. (a) Government shall not burden a person's freedom of religion even if the burden results from a rule of general applicability, except as provided in subsection (b).
- (b) Government may burden a person's freedom of religion only if it demonstrates that application of the burden to the person:
 - (1) Is in furtherance of a compelling governmental interest; and
 - (2) Is the least restrictive means of furthering that compelling governmental interest.
- (c) A person whose religious freedom has been burdened in violation of this section may assert that violation as a claim or defense in a judicial, administrative, or other proceeding and obtain appropriate relief against a government.
- SECTION VI. (a) This amendment applies to all government rules and implementations thereof, whether statutory or otherwise, and whether adopted before or after the effective date of this amendment.
- (b) Nothing in this amendment shall be construed to authorize any government to burden any religious belief.
- (c) Nothing in this amendment shall be construed to affect, interpret, or in any way address those portions of the First Amendment of the United States Constitution permitting the free exercise of religion or prohibiting laws respecting the establishment of religion, or those provisions of Article I, Section 3, of the Constitution of Alabama of 1901, regarding the establishment of religion.
- SECTION VII. (a) This amendment shall be liberally construed to effectuate its remedial and deterrent purposes.
- (b) If any provision of this amendment or its application to any particular person or circumstance is held invalid, that provision or its application is severable and does not affect the validity of other provisions or applications of this amendment.

Now meet the hero in this tale.

B. Jimmy Carter King (Lawyer Brett) lives and breathes in Blount County, Alabama. I met and talked with him for a while this past week. He said he is an Auburn University graduate, #1 in his Chemical Engineering class; 1997-2001; he got a Masters in Chemical Engineering from Yale University; 2001-2002; and he attended the University of Alabama School of Law and got a Juris Doctor degree, 2003-2006.

Brett is a trial lawyer and has a general law practice, as well.

The following court papers introduce Brett further.

Grab your best holds.

You can increase the zoom to read the court papers by holding down the Command key and pressing the + key.

I say a few more words below the court papers.



IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA

B. Jimmy Carter King,

Plaintiff,

v.

State of Alabama,

Defendant.

Case No.: CV-2024-

COMPLAINT FOR DECLARATORY JUDGMENT

COMES NOW, the Plaintiff, B. Jimmy Carter King, asking this Honorable Court to confirm the following declaration in the form of a judgment:

PARTIES

1. The Plaintiff (hereinafter "King") is an individual citizen over the age of nineteen and a resident of Blount County, Alabama.
2. The Defendant, State of Alabama (hereinafter "Government"), is locally represented by the following individuals in their official capacities:
 - a. Mark Moon, Sheriff of Blount County
 - b. Pamela Casey, District Attorney of Blount County

VENUE AND JURISDICTION

3. This matter is brought pursuant to Amendment No. 622 to our State's current Constitution.
4. Venue is proper in Blount County, Alabama.
5. This case ultimately involves a question of spiritual sincerity. Your Honor, Sheriff Moon, and Ms. Casey have known King personally and professionally for over a decade, through days of darkness and light. As such, they are ideally prepared for such an inquiry, no recusals are warranted.

DECLARATION

"The destiny of man is not measured by material computations. When great forces are

DOCUMENT 2

on the move in the world, we learn we're spirits – not animals.”¹

6. King's religious freedom is burdened by Government's regulation of all isomers of the naturally occurring organic chemical $C_{21}H_{30}O_2$ (hereinafter "THC").
7. King first ingested THC in 2018 at age thirty-eight in Eugene, Oregon (then a legal jurisdiction).
8. King was spiritually reborn three years ago today, at the JH Ranch in northern California.
9. King was led to Christ by Holy Spirit as manifested through J.T. Burney, a man of God, and Hebrews 12:1.
10. While under the influence of THC, King has worshipped God in many legal jurisdictions, including July and September trips to San Francisco last fall with his two oldest children.²
11. Citizens in most of our sister states now have the freedom to worship God while under the influence of THC.
12. Edible products containing small amounts of THC are currently legal under the Federal Farm Bill and available for purchase in adjacent Jefferson County.
13. King regularly consumed ethyl alcohol (C_2H_5OH) for two decades but prefers the effects of THC; he has watched legal alcohol destroy dozens of lives and families.
14. THC "accentuates attributes of environmental stimuli."³ This spiritually amplifies each visual consideration of a sunset, sparrow, or lily.
15. King experiences no negative side effects from THC; his wife of twenty years will offer live sworn testimony to confirm this point.⁴
16. King holds fee simple title to real property in Blount County.
17. King believes – like Old Order Amish – that children of God are called to live as independently from Government as possible.

¹ President Reagan quoted this line from Winston Churchill in his "A Time for Choosing" speech (1964).

² Exhibit A is the worship guide from the first of those services. The message was from Matthew 11, wherein Jesus exclaims that John the Baptist, who neither ate much or drank wine, was called a demon, while He (Jesus) came eating and drinking; the crowds called him "a glutton and a drunkard, a friend of tax collectors and sinners."

³ Never Enough: The Neuroscience and Experience of Addiction, Chapter 3, by Judith Grisel (2019).

⁴ King proffers evidence that his family has grown emotionally closer to each other and God as a result of responsible consumption of THC (while maintaining spiritual focus on Christ).

18. King claims the right to grow any plant that produces THC on his private property, for his personal consumption during times of worship, leisure, and illness, and for sharing with other citizens who are present on his family's private property.
19. King releases Government from any responsibility for his future physical health or comfort.
20. King respects Government and desires only recognition of this fundamental right.
21. For the rest of his physical life, King furthermore pledges to give more to Government than he takes.
22. Government has demonstrated very little competence in its regulation of commercially ingested chemicals.⁵ (see also present opioid crisis, obesity rates, and 18th Amendment to the Federal Constitution).
23. King is willing to face cross examination from Government concerning the sincerity of his faith; he will support his argument with the Word of God.
24. King offers to reorganize this Complaint for representation of a class if some of his fellow citizens feel so spiritually inclined. Otherwise, he is prepared to make this argument alone.
25. King invites members of the Bar to file Notices of Appearance in support of this constitutional position. Otherwise, he will defend this position, pro se.
26. King prays this case will draw attention to the real problems Government should address this fall: namely early childhood exposure and addiction to visual forms of consumer advertising, pornography, and self-images, of which Jesus clearly warns.⁶
27. From this day forward, the CEOs of big tech have a fiduciary duty to silence King (see Mark 9:42-47).
28. The children of this nation collectively need a *Guardian ad Litem*.
29. King prays the filing of this complaint leads to widespread spiritual and political reformations, one household at a time.
30. King encourages his fellow citizens to join Tennessee and the rest of the nation in fervent, individual, prayer (see Matthew 6:5), for God is still in control.

⁵ Exhibit B is an advertisement published on the back cover of Life magazine's July 7, 1946, edition, wherein doctors glowingly endorse cigarettes.

⁶ King's first memory of President Carter involved a "gaffe", wherein the President confessed his struggle with the flesh to Playboy magazine. He immediately dropped 15% in public opinion polls...how is that for persecution! Thank you, Mr. Carter, for your bold witness and honesty. May God continue to bless you.

31. Only God can make America great again. To think otherwise is folly, for there is nothing new under the sun (see Ecclesiastes, Chapter 1).
32. King's Savior wore purple; the Bible doesn't endorse red *or* blue.
33. "Every kingdom divided against itself will be ruined."⁷
34. "When his family heard about this, they went to take charge of him, for they said, "He is out of his mind."⁸

WHEREFORE, King respectfully requests the Court:

- (a) Require Government to respond to this claim.
- (b) Set this Complaint for hearing in forty days.⁹
- (c) Judicially recognize the validity of Plaintiff's claim by the granting of summary judgment.
- (d) Enjoin Government from interfering with Plaintiff's pursuit of happiness.
- (e) Grant any such other, different, further and/or equitable relief to which the Plaintiff is entitled under the circumstances.

Respectfully declared this 4th of July, 2024.

/s/B. Jimmy Carty King
B. Jimmy Carter King (KIN072)
Pro se

OF COUNSEL:
KING & GREEN, LLC
29984 State Highway 79
Suite 200
Locust Fork, AL 35097
Phone: 205/683-0660

⁷ Matthew 12:25; see also Lincoln's "House Divided" speech (June, 1858).

⁸ Mark 7:21, see also Mark 3:31-34.

⁹ This claim involves freedom of religious expression and is consequently of priority.



ELECTRONICALLY FILED
7/4/2024 9:11 AM
08-CV-2024-900127-09
CIRCUIT COURT OF
BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA
CINDY C. MASSEY, CLERK



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH

THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

July 9, 2023 • 10:00 AM • The Holy Eucharist

Throughout the service, all are invited to stand, kneel, or sit as they are able. • Please join in the responses printed in bold. • There is a changing room for infants to the right of the entrance. • Parking in the Old First garage is complimentary. See an usher to have your ticket stamped. • Join us for coffee hour in Duke Hall following the service, around the corner on Clay Street.

PRELUDE

Aria

Elizabeth Turner (c.1730-1756)

HYMN 657 *standing*

Love divine, all loves excelling

Hyfrnod

Blessed be the one, holy, and living God,
Glory to God for ever and ever.

Almighty God, to you all hearts are open, all desires known, and from you no secrets are hid:
Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of your Holy Spirit, that we may
perfectly love you, and worthily magnify your holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

SONG OF PRAISE

Nettleton

Glo-ry be to God in hea - ven, And to all earth's peo-ple, peace.
Hea - venly fa - ther, our cre - a - tor, May our wor - ship ne - ver cease;
May our vo - ces e - ver thank you, Songs of bles - sing e - ver send,
May we al - ways live to praise you. For your glo - ry with - out end.

*Words taken in Great Anglican Music, melody from
Chorodomy, 18th and 19th C. Part 1, 1817*

COLLECT

God be with you. **And also with you.** Let us pray.

O God, you have taught us to keep all your commandments by loving you and our neighbor.
Grant us the grace of your Holy Spirit, that we may be devoted to you with our whole heart,
and united to one another with pure affection; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and
reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

You, your doctor
was asked too, along
with thousands of
others from Maine
to California! Fam-
ily physicians, sur-
geons, nose and
throat specialists...
doctors in every
branch of medicine
were asked.



These national-
ly known inde-
pendent research
organizations...
hundreds of
trained research
specialists... put
the question:
"What cigarette
do you smoke,
Doctor?"



The answers came in
by the thousands from
all over the country...
the actual statements
of doctors themselves.
Figures were checked
and re-checked with
scientific precision.
The answer? Right!
Camels! And by a very
convincing margin!



E. S. Smith, F.R.S. - Camels, Washington, D.C. 20001

ACCORDING TO THIS RECENT NATIONWIDE SURVEY:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

How Brett went from being Brett King to B. Jimmy Carter King.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA

STATE OF ALABAMA

COUNTY OF BLOUNT

CASE NO: 2024-186

PETITION AND DECLARATION FOR ADULT NAME CHANGE

TO THE HONORABLE CHRIS GREEN, PROBATE JUDGE OF BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA:

Comes now your Petitioner, Brett Ashley King, who makes the following declaration, and respectfully shows unto your Honor the following facts:

1. Petitioner resides at 956 Low Water Bridge Road, Cleveland, and has lived at this address for a little more than thirteen years.

2. Petitioner's legal name presently is Brett Ashley King. Petitioner has always been known by that name with no exceptions (ignoring terms of affection, disgust, and disdain).

3. Petitioner was physically born on December 8, 1977, in Birmingham, Jefferson County, Alabama.

4. Petitioner's biological father is Stephen Wayne King, who has resided at 255 Sayle Jones Road, in the Locust Fork community (35097), for over fifty years. Petitioner's biological mother is Subell Lillian (aka Sue Nell Tate), who resides at 427 Plantation Lane, Gardendale, 35071, in Jefferson County.

5. Petitioner seeks to change his name to "B. Jimmy Carter King" and offers the following reasons for seeking to do so:

The most important moment in any human life is when God opens their eyes, heart, and mind, through the resurrection power of Jesus, the Christ, of Nazareth. When God does a new thing within a person, there naturally follows a fading interest in all that transpired before. In my studies over the past three years, I have yet to find another public servant who has walked with Christ with such longevity and dedication in spite of all the Enemy has thrown at him. May God continue to bless President Carter, I thank him for his service.

In 1980, at eighty years of age, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Sr., had the following to say about Jimmy Carter:

Page 1 of 1 - Case Number 2024-186
Chris Green, Probate Judge - Blount County, Alabama

"Now the very core of American democracy is participation by all citizens in the processes of government. No one person has complete control at any time, and the President of the United States is no exception. To get anything done, of course, requires influencing rather than overpowering folks. And that is a very slow-moving activity. I am reminded often of that elderly eye doctor who gave me those glasses when I was studying at Bryant so many years ago. He wanted to be right; he wanted to be fair. But it was hard to do this when others were watching, because so many of them were afraid to believe in justice. And when everything political has been said about Jimmy Carter, I don't believe anyone will say of him that he was afraid."

It is my prayer that whenever a fellow citizen stumbles across this new name, their first thoughts are of President Carter, and, consequently, his continuing service of - and affection for - Jesus Christ.

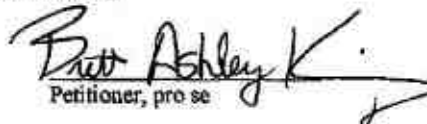
6. Petitioner does not have any outstanding judgments, has never been convicted of a crime, and is not a party in any pending legal actions.

WHEREFORE PREMISES CONSIDERED, your Petitioner prays that this Honorable Court will take jurisdiction of this Petition, and have such proceedings, and enter such orders and decrees as may be necessary in the premises in order to change your Petitioner's name to "B. Jimmy Carter King".

NOW, THEREFORE, the Petitioner requests that the Court order the Petitioner's legal name changed as follows:

From: Brett Ashley King

To: B. Jimmy Carter King


Petitioner, pro se

956 Low Water Bridge Road
Cleveland, AL 35049
(205) 683-0660

STATE OF ALABAMA

COUNTY OF BLOUNT

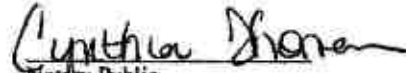
Before me, the undersigned authority, a Notary Public in and for said County,

Page 2 of 3 - Case Number: 2024-186
Chris Green, Probate Judge - Blount County, Alabama

in said State, personally appeared Brett Ashley King, who being by me duly sworn, makes oath that he has read the foregoing petition and affirms under penalty of perjury that I am the Petitioner in the foregoing Petition to Change Name of Adult, and that all statements in the Petition are accurate to the best of my knowledge. The contents thereof and that the facts alleged therein are true to the very best of my knowledge.


Brett Ashley King
Affiant-Petitioner

Sworn to and subscribed before me on this the 28th day of June, 2024.


Cynthia Thomas
Notary Public



Page 3 of 3 - Case Number: 2024-186
Chris Green, Probate Judge - Blount County, Alabama

FILED
BLOUNT COUNTY, AL
06/28/2024
CHRIS GREEN
JUDGE OF PROBATE

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA

IN THE MATTER OF:

BRETT ASHLEY KING

A person to be known as

CASE NO: 2024-186


B. JIMMY CARTER KING

ORDER OF ADULT NAME CHANGE

The undersigned Probate Court Judge, after having read the Petition for Change of Name filed by BRETT ASHLEY KING, date of birth December 8, 1977, is of the opinion that said Petition for change of name is due to be granted.

It is therefore Ordered, Adjudged and Decreed that the Petition for Change of name is granted and that the Petitioner, BRETT ASHLEY KING, is now legally B. JIMMY CARTER KING.

DONE and ORDERED this the 28 day of June, 2024.


Chris Green, Judge of Probate

FILED
BLOUNT COUNTY, AL

06/28/2024

CHRIS GREEN
JUDGE OF PROBATE

Page 1 of 1 - Case Number: 2024-186
Chris Green, Probate Judge - Blount County, Alabama

The trial judge eventually dismissed Brett's lawsuit without prejudice:



ELECTRONICALLY FILED
8/22/2024 8:33 AM
08-CV-2024-900127.00
CIRCUIT COURT OF
BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA
CINDY C. MASSEY, CLERK

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF BLOUNT COUNTY, ALABAMA

KING B. JIMMY CARTER,)	
Plaintiff,)	
)	
V.)	Case No.: CV-2024-900127.00
)	
PAMELA CASEY,)	
MARK MOON,)	
Defendants.)	

ORDER

The Plaintiff has filed a complaint for a Declaratory Judgment. Both Defendant's have filed Motions to Dismiss and the Plaintiff has filed a response to said motions.

The Court has reviewed the pleadings in this matter in the light most favorable to the Plaintiff. The Court is of the opinion that any declaration requested will not terminate any uncertainty or any controversy perceived in this matter. Therefore, the Court refuses to enter a declaratory judgment in the matter pursuant Alabama Code §6-6-229 (1975). Based on this finding the case is hereby DISMISSED, without prejudice cost taxed as paid. This order is interlocutory for purposes of appeal.

DONE this 22nd day of August, 2024.

/s/ GREGORY J REID
CIRCUIT JUDGE

If this former federal judge law clerk had been the judge, I would have ruled on the merits. I would have ruled: (a) Section 13A-12-214 - Unlawful Possession of Marihuana in the Second Degree offends Nature and Nature's God, and thus is illegal and cannot be enforced; (b) Section 13A-12-214 violates

Lawyer Brett's 1st Amendment religious freedom rights, and thus is illegal and cannot be enforced; and (c) Section 13A-12-214 violates Lawyer Brett's Amendment 622 rights, and thus is illegal and cannot be enforced.

I told Brett in emails:

- You have serious cojones, Brett, filing that pro se Mary Jane God made weed unalienable rights declaratory injunction complaint.
- When I lived in Key West, NORML had its annual convention there. One of my fraternity brothers at Vanderbilt came every year. During that week, the Key West Police Department gave NORML visitors a free pass.
- Once upon a time, August 1999, I hitchhiked from Birmingham to Seattle, it turned out. Caught a ride on an 18-wheeler just north of Cullman, headed for Fargo, North Dakota. Maybe I should write a blog post about that trip. The trucker smoked cigarettes and marijuana non stop.
- He said he lived out in the woods with his family, and he had a marijuana patch, which a state DEA helicopter spotted, and he had to serve a while on probation. After probation ended, he grew another patch of weed and staked it to the ground so it ran on the ground like squash plants, and when the state DEA chopper flew by, they didn't recognize what they were seeing.
- He told me that he and his wife got courted by a local church to attend, so finally they went, wearing their regular clothes, which was all they had, and the church people were really glad to see them, but offered to get them some decent clothes for church, and that didn't sit right with them, and they didn't go back. I said, that was a good thing they didn't go back, imagine how they would have tried to dress Jesus if he came to their church in what he wore in the Gospels?
- I fell asleep somewhere in northern Kentucky, on I-65, and when I woke up, he asked me if I had seen the car headed south lose control and cross the grass median and pass between us and the 18 wheeler in front of us and come to a rest off the road on the grass bank? I said no, but if that happened, that's God's way of telling me I'm being looked after and should be making this trip. He asked me why I thought that? I said, imagine what would have happened if the truck ahead of us or your truck had hit that car? I said, I know what a demonstration is when I see it. When he let me out in Fargo, he said that wasn't a demonstration. I said, oh yes it was. He said I am not what I appear to be, and I said, that's true, but he had nothing to worry about from me.
- I might like to use your pleadings and the judge's order in a blog post and the novel I started three months ago, then after the Nov 5 implosion, I took a break from writing it, as I waited for more inspiration. My novels blend fact and made up stuff. The novel is a sequel to *Kundalina, Alabama* (1992), which is a free read at the internet library: [KUNDALINA \(A Strange Tale\) : Jake Carruthers; Sloan Bashinsky : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](#)
- Here are links to my "Eve's Herbs" law school exam question at the free internet library, archive org:
- <https://archive.org/details/law-school-exam-question-do-pregnant-women-in-america-have-an-unalienable-right-202404>
- [Law School Exam Question Do Pregnant Women In America Have An Unalienable Right To Abortion Before Their Fetus Quickens ? : Sloan Bashinsky : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](#)

Long before Christian men wrote the Bible, all the way up to and through Colonial America, women used herbs made by God, or if you prefer, Mother Nature, to regulate their menses and terminate unwanted pregnancies. Ben Franklin wrote about that in his *The Instructor* book. Yeah, even American Christian women have unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, including smoking marijuana and using herbs God made to regulate their menses and terminate their unwanted pregnancies. You can read all about Eve's herbs by clicking on either of the law school exam links.

vagrant rose and brother from another planet

December 10, 2024



Jesus and many other sages said nobody knows if he or she will see the sun rise tomorrow, so just do the best we can today, as if it is the last day of our life- don't put off to later what we can do today. Angels taught me to watch myself doing it, while I do it. For if I lose the witness, the observer, I become consumed in the drama, I am the drama, and that is insanity.

I did not learn that quickly. Angels taught it to me day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, until it became part of my daily rhythm.

Donald Trump and much of the American right take delight in calling the American left, "woke", but do Trump and the American right know American Blacks started "woke" by saying of people who had their heads up their asses, "They ain't woke."

I wonder if Trump and the American right have figured out they are the "unwoke"?

One of my all-time favorite movies, *Man Facing Southeast*, is about a man who showed up in an insane asylum in Argentina, claiming to be from outer space. When asked by the asylum's psychiatrist why he chose to land in an insane asylum, the spaceman said that's where he would end up eventually, so why waste time?

The spaceman turned the psychiatrist and the insane asylum upside down and inside out, and by the end of the movie, the inmates view the spaceman as their savior, and the psychiatrist still has his head way up where the sun never shines.

I learned of *Man Facing Southeast* from hippie street kids who hung out on Pearl Street Mall in Boulder, Colorado. My wife and I had them over for dinner at our home and to watch the movie, which I had rented from a local movie store.

The hippie street kids also told me about the movie *Brother Sun Sister Moon*, which is a fabulous take on Francis of Assisi as a young man, and his childhood sweetheart Claire. Francis fell gravely ill, had a vision in which Jesus asked Francis to help him restore his church. Francis came out of what was ailing him and had it out with his father, took off all of his clothes in the middle of the town square, and walked out into the countryside and donned a brown burlap robe and began restoring a crumbled down stone church in ruins, thinking that was what Jesus had asked him to do. The rest of the film is about Francis learning that Jesus had asked him to help restore Christianity. My wife and I had the hippie street kids over to our home to watch that movie, too.

The hippie street kids also introduced me to J.R. Bob Dobbs and the Church of the SubGenius, and I rented a movie about that, and we watched it in my wife's and my home. The Church of the SubGenius was, and still is, very big into culture jamming.

The hippie street kids also told me about the cowabunga movie *Brother From Another Planet*, which we watched in my wife's and my home. The brother from another planet was really nice- until someone messed with his human friends, and, oh brother!

The hippie street kids also turned me onto Robert Heinlein's fabulous novel, *Stranger in a Strange Land*, which is about an Earth kid raised on Mars by Martians, who sent him back to Earth, to try to explain how Martians did things. I seriously doubt Elon Musk and Donald Trump and most Earthlings would care to spend much time around those Martians.

My wife in Boulder was a licensed clinical social worker and a student of the Swiss mystic Dora Kalff, who had pioneered Sandplay Therapy. Dora was a Jungian analyst trained by the Swiss psychiatrist Carl Jung.

I heard Dora tell her students many times, "You cannot take your clients any farther than you have gone, so you must continue doing your own inner work."

I also heard Dora tell her students many times, "In order for anything to change on this world, the women will have to go first."

All but one of Dora's American students were women, who never seemed pleased to hear her say that. What did Dora mean by the women will have to go first? I never figured it out. Maybe if I was a woman, I would have figured it out?

When my wife in Boulder and I met new people, who asked me what I did, as in, what was my work?, I nodded to her and she told them, "Sloan is the mailman." If they asked her what that meant, she said, "He delivers the message,"

Several times I heard her tell people, "I don't know how Sloan does it, but he can see around corners and through buildings."

It was not always that way. One day in August 1988, as if a light switch was thrown, I saw what was going on with people around me very differently, and it's been that way ever since, and I sometimes got myself into a lot of grief by saying what I saw.

Angels threw that light switch, and then they started turning me every which way but loose and upside down and inside out; and they stood me before endless mirrors, looking at me, and they still do that. Back to the future.

In my many travels online, I found two broadcasting stations where the station operators seem to be woke, in the sense Black people meant woke.

Free Radio Rulo

<https://freeradorulo.substack.com>

Poetic Outlaws.

<https://poeticoutlaws.substack.com>

Delightful culture jammer Jim, who runs Rulo Free Radio, a keen observer of human dramas, and a poet and storyteller with a terrific wit, just might not be from this planet.

A keen observer of life today and an avid student of mostly physically dead but not forgotten poets and authors, Erik Rittenberry runs Poetic Outlaws. He posted this by Pearl S. Buck on Pearl Harbor Day, and I responded:

Pearl S. Buck: Learning is the very Heart of LIFE

POETIC OUTLAWS

DEC 07, 2024

"Many people lose the small joys in the hope for the big happiness."

— Pearl S. Buck

I was not ambitious to be learned because of the honors it might confer, for I was taught that ambition itself was not the quality of a learned person.

One must love learning for its own sake.

One should not, or could not, consciously want to be learned for the sake of being a learned person or a scholar, for that curtailed the pleasure of acquiring learning. To acquire knowledge and hoard it, without allowing it to flower and bear fruit in admirable personal qualities, was to become an intellectual miser.

Learning, in its process as well as in its accumulation, is the very heart of life. It is the secret to the enjoyment of life. And when we enjoy life we can accept hardship and deprivation with fortitude, because our treasure is secure.

There is always more to know, more to understand, more to feel, more to express. There is always the means for growth. We renew ourselves through learning, we enlarge our habitations. Walls cannot confine us, sorrow does not destroy us. And learning is not mere escape—it is positive development, the entrance to wider horizons.

We are enabled, through learning, to see ourselves in proportion to the whole of creation. We perceive that our world is not within the narrowness of one small human being.

Our responsibility, as the company of the learned—to share what we have so that the benefits of human wisdom, with its infinite delights, may be enjoyed by all.

When we have fulfilled our responsibility, I believe we shall find, incidentally, that we have achieved the blessed state about which we talk so much in every country today—and about which we do so little—the blessed of permanent peace.

The secret of joy in work is contained in one word—excellence. To know how to do something well is to enjoy it.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter Liked by Erik Rittenberry

Very nice, Erik

What I learned how to do well didn't interest many people in America, but I kept writing, because that was what I did best, at least compared to other things I learned to do, perhaps not so well, but I did learn how to help people with problems they didn't get help with elsewhere, and sometimes I wrote about that, too. But that played out, as well, so I kept writing about it. Then, a friend created a free no ads podcast, and we talked about stuff in ways we didn't see or hear anyone else talking about in the ways we talked about it, and people around the world watched the podcast (The Redneck Mystics Lawyer Podcast) and we seldom heard from them. People read my books my friend digitized and put on the free internet library, archive.org in America, and I seldom heard from anyone, but the books continue to be read, and the podcasts continue to be watched, perhaps because they are free with no ads or soliciting. I don't need to make money, but I did the writing at blogs when I had money and when I was broke and lived on the street, which was like getting a Phd to go with 2 law degrees and the field residency I did in emotional, mental and spiritual health. Pearl Buck was right. Learn for the sake of learning. There are many ways to learn, but I think living what you learn, living it up close and personal, is the only way to really learn anything.

What America needs is Hindu Goddess Kali

December 11, 2024



Today, I had lunch with an old friend, who was passing through Birmingham. We ate at the very popular White House restaurant in Warrior, about 20 miles above Birmingham. One of the nice ladies who work there took these photos on my friend's cell phone.





After Joe Biden beat Donald Trump in 2020, my friend was stuck on that election being rigged. By and by, his copy of email blasts I sent out containing posts at my blog were returned. From time to time, I included him in an email blast, and his copy came back.

For some reason yesterday, I included him in an email blast and he replied that he had not heard from me for a long time. I said his server started returning what I sent him. He said he'd had trouble with his server. He said he was coming through Birmingham today, headed to Tennessee on business. I said let's have lunch. He said, sure.

What, I throw away an old friend, because he's a Trumper? If I did that, I'd have to throw away several good friends.

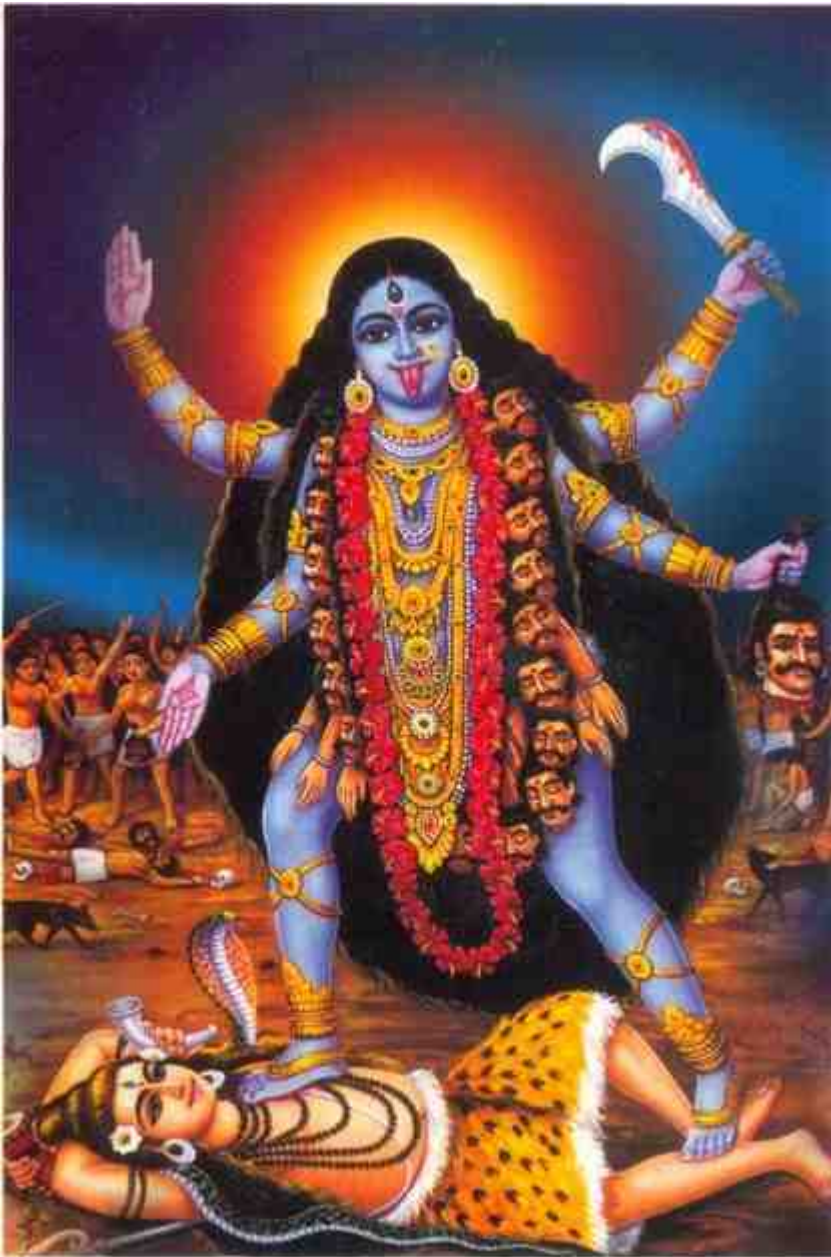
We talked about many things over lunch, but nothing about politics. We had a wonderful visit.

After he told me of his travels to India on business, I told him about being told in a dream in 2002 that I had married the Hindu Goddess Kali, whom I call the Goddess of Destruction and Resurrection.

I said the art I have of Kali plainly shows she does not like the way men think.

My old friend asked if that is the art of a woman with 4 arms?

I said, yes, she stands on Shiva's chest, holding a sword in one hand and a man's severed head in another hand; she wears a necklace of severed men's heads, and behind her stands a horde of bare-breasted angry women waving swords.



I told my friend, after I had that dream about marrying Kali, my life got very interesting in the taking lots more long hard looks in the mirror at myself sense.

I told my friend about a man I knew in Key West, whose parents were from India. He slept nights in a hammock high up in a tree on a friend's land, and one night he rolled out of the hammock and fell through the tree's limbs to the ground and really injured his back. He already had told me he was Hindu. He recently had gotten involved in some stuff, which I had told him should have left alone. I told him Kali knocked him out of that hammock. He looked startled, said, well, he was a devotee of Kali, and he had been disrespecting her, and he agreed she had knocked him out of that tree.

I told my friend I had visited India briefly. He asked if that's where I learned to be a shaman? I said, no, I learned that in America, mostly out west, some years before I went to India. And, I'd known several people well, who had lived in ashrams in India, and some really different spirit stuff happens in India. Its civilization is ancient compared to Europe and America.

I told my friend of two times I let men in India into my laptop, because they had advertised they were experts at fixing laptops remotely. After they took over my laptop, they tried to stick me up and were refusing to return my laptop to me, if I didn't pay them. When I explained to them the dream about my marrying Kali, they did 180s and returned my laptop to me and said goodbye.

Returning from lunch to the witch's home, I told her I was going to take a nap. As I laid down, I told the angels that I was having a very hard time remembering my dreams, and what parts of my dreams I did remember, I was having a very hard time understanding the meaning.

I dreamt trying to get straightened out about something I was writing or talking about, and I heard something about me going with the man on the right, and I woke up thinking I would write a post about my friend who had joined me for lunch at the White House in Warrior, Alabama.

It was a very deep nap, and I was a while getting fully back into my body. After I was back on planet Earth, I looked at my iPhone and saw a text from a dear soul in North Carolina, whose whom was on a knoll and was spared the deluge of water that destroyed many homes in western North Carolina, and their owners did not have flood insurance and FEMA will not be able to pay them for their lost homes. I crawled out of bed and walked into the kitchen and said hello to the witch, and then I walked into her den and opened my laptop and found a very interesting comment under my October 8, 2024 Substack post, "Donald Trump and North Carolina Lt. Governor Mark Robinson caused Hurricane Helene."

<https://sloan.substack.com/p/donald-trump-and-north-carolina-lt/comments#comment-81130537>

The Atavist

@theatavistwrites

Ancestral man negotiating a modern world. Horseman, naturalist, researcher, hillbilly, anachronism. Conscientious objector to the techno-industrial model. Fringe-spectator at the fenceline. Your Not-So-Great Grandfather.

It's all a cesspool. The Citrus Caligula going on about immigrants eating our pets, while in office resides the oldest singularly whitest man ever elected, by the same people no less responsible for years of tedious vitriol aimed at "old white men" as the root of all evil, a senile ol' warhawk sanctioning genocide and courting the turning of our planet into an ashtray whilst heading The Party of Love & Peace... Attempts to replace him with something possibly animatronic promising taxpayers they will be funding sex changes for inmates. There is no doubt in my mind that a House of Windsor monarchy would be better than this current gong show of chaos.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sadly, I agree with your assessment of Joe Biden and the American left, about which I have written a number of times. I very reluctantly voted for Joe Biden in 2020, the first time I ever voted for a major party candidate, and I came to regret voting for him. I did not vote this year, except for my lawyer, who is a Republican, who was running for local probate judge, and the Democrat beat him. I then was registered to vote in Birmingham, Alabama, which is a blue city surrounded by red counties.

I was born in Birmingham and grew up in its affluent white suburb Mt. Brook, aka The Tiny Kingdom. The only Blacks living there were live-in house servants. I don't think that's changed much. Now I live in the country about a half hour drive north of Birmingham. This is MAGA country.

The lady I took up with, who just so happens to be a witch, among other interesting and delightful things, detests Donald Trump. She was not happy with Joe Biden or Kamala Harris, and she did not vote for any presidential candidate this year.

We consider ourselves to be patriots, who have been disenfranchised by the Republicans and the Democrats and the Trump insurgency. We are trying to get on with our lives, doing what we know and can do, while we watch America prove in spades it has no clue what being one nation, under God, actually entails.

We are not church people. We do not belong to a religion. We don't believe God exists, because we KNOW GOD EXISTS. We also know the Devil exists. We use those appellations, because we grew up with people who used those appellations, but we both ended up learning up close and personal, away from churches, what church people came to claim a monopoly on, but if they lived in our skins, they might sometimes wish there was no God.

That said, the post to which you responded is about something church people and non-church people, in the main, cannot imagine. The post is about what caused Hurricane Helene to be so very awfully destructive in Florida and North Carolina. Trump and Robinson stand up and take your bows, as America moves ever deeper into the huge outhouse, and as it becomes an even greater terrorist nation overseas.

Under God, America very definitely is not, its Pledge of Allegiance to the contrary notwithstanding. Under God was not in the Pledge when I was a boy. It was added to the Pledge to boast that America was godly, while the Soviet Union was not. By claiming it was one nation, under God, America invited God to say, "Oh, yeah, well we're gonna see about that." And here we are.

America indeed would be better under the monarchy you proposed, and it may well end up being a monarchy under Trump, which I doubt will please even the most loyal MAGA in the end, if it comes to that. I hope God has other plans for America, but then, perhaps America is getting just what it deserves, and God is not going to get in the way of that.

The Atavist

The whole Right/Left Liberal/Conservative dichotomy has made us all very stupid. I suppose that was the intent. In the meantime, what a pathetic way to frame the complexity that is human society.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sadly, I agree with you again.

Tragically, there are not nearly enough Americans who see what is really going on and say it.

The Atavist

We are a civilization well past our best-before date and it only follows that the same is true for most of us as individuals. It's time the field was swept and a new people arose from the remnants over the course of the centuries. Not that the sweeping is ours to do, that's the job of larger forces. Entropy, thermodynamics.

Sloan Bashinsky

Well, I'm a mystic, and thus I would include additional forces in the sweeping clean process, although such forces certainly are able to let nature take its course, so to speak.

Humanity is in just as big a mess as America, and I write about that sometimes. But I am an American, and America still is the strongest, most powerful, thus most dangerous country on this Planet, which humanity and its leaders and industrialists are destroying, so perhaps that's the best outcome? An uninhabitable planet rids the cosmos of such a dangerous species?

The Atavist

Oh yes, very good Sloan! I am Canadian, and I am speaking of the whole ball of human wax too. The USA is absolutely the most dangerous, destructive country on earth, agreed. Why you've needed the foil of Russia as big-bad-wolf for so long. Subterfuge, a bad-guy to bounce your fictional good-guy narrative off-of. I don't think the planet will become uninhabitable by us, it will just become counter to civilizations, this one's years are numbered, globally. The future will favor nomads, traveling light as conditions dictate. But hey, none of us know. Thanks for the subscription!

Sloan Bashinsky

De nada, I look forward to reading your musings.

Russia is indeed a big bad wolf, ask any Ukrainian or Georgian.

I hope Trump and Putin don't nuke each other.

The Atavist

Sure, Russia is not innocent. Any empire of that power is a big bad wolf to any smaller entity their eye sees something they desire in. The way of the human world since Day One of course, Mongols, Romans, Lakota, Americans, Russia... Best we can hope for is limits on the collateral damage as borders shift and flags change over.

Sloan Bashinsky

I will use our discussion in my next blog post, which is about men screwed everything up, and what America needs is a very large dose of the Hindu Goddess Kali. And maybe the rest of humanity, as well.

The Atavist

Good stuff. We won't be getting what we need of course, we'll be getting what we get. The gamut.

Sloan Bashinsky

If Kali leaps across two oceans into America, then America will get what it needs, but I doubt many people will see it as her handiwork, or if they do, will appreciate it, but maybe The Rolling Stones will see it for what it is, and do a song about it, "America tried hard enough and got what it needed, even if it didn't want it. :-)"

Quilt Pirates in Spider Woman's Web

December 11, 2024



How long is too long for an unfinished (UFO) project? That is what we call our projects we have not completed.

Several years ago I belonged to Blount Co. AL quilt guild. We had a class for one month making this beautiful scrappy quilt. I made one I absolutely fell in love with. Made the top, brought it home and eventually quilted it on my Tin Lizzie Long Arm machine. Are there mistakes? Yep? Do I still have that machine? Nope. I replaced it with a Bernina Q20 sit down. I am learning how to work the Bernina. I really think I am going to like it.

I usually take the whole month off of December. Take my machine or machines in to get it serviced and clean up and organize my sewing area or do nothing. My choice. December is my month. Well things have changed. Yes I took my embroidery machine in to be serviced and was hoping it would take the whole month to service. It came back in a few days. Is that not just something? Had I wanted it in a hurry it would have been gone months!

I have been cleaning and organizing my sewing area and the office I have in one of the rooms in my genealogy office. I found a UFO that just needed binding. Yesterday I trimmed up the quilt and started putting the binding on. Broke three needles. I go months, maybe even years and not break a needle. Broke three! What a record set. Yes I change them out quite a bit while I am working on projects. But I changed three in a matter of 30 minutes yesterday. I stopped doing the binding and watched TV. This morning I got up, went into the sewing studio area and finished the quilt. I love it. It was taken from me. It was announced by Sloan that this was HIS quilt.. I asked him at dinner tonight if he was going to confiscate all my quilts."Yep." Well I guess that is ok. Quilt pirate. I'll keep on making them so he can keep on having them for his very own. He is a character. We love him and he's a keeper!

I did take a nap under it today while he was gone to a luncheon. I knew better than to get in his recliner, lean back and get under the quilt. I blacked out. Well passed out asleep. I slept so hard when I woke up I had to think where I was.

Miss Taylor as he calls her must love the quilt and him also from her reaction in the photo I am trying to get to load here. I definitely know she loves him. She will walk right past me holding my arms out to get her to get to him. Traitor! Elizabeth Taylor has her very own scrappy quilt in her Princess bed that Betty Faith and Michelle gave to her this year for her birthday. She did nap with me in the recliner, under the quilt so I guess it passed her inspection.

I did not sew for maybe five years. I was caregiving. Those days are over and I have a lot of catching up to do. I love being in my own little area hearing the needle on the machine click away as I think about the fabric I am using. I have tons of fabric. I rarely have to get any unless it is a special piece for a project.

I am really excited to see what I come up with in the future. Projects are already churning away in my head.

I was telling Sloan this quilt was scrappy and I used scraps from different things that I liked to recycle. He said I recycled him from the junkyard to life. This man has a way with words. I never had a man tell me I saved him from wanting to die. I love the way he tells me things that I do. It is very important to me. I know I am doing what I am supposed to do.

As far as the fabrics I choose to use, Sloan said my patchwork quilting and needling touch the fabric of the Universe- like plucking one strand of Spider Woman's Web is felt by the rest of her Web, this witch weaves patchwork spells for God in her sewing room.

I did not tell Sloan I fondle fabric like we are lovers. Some things are better left unsaid. Sloan said in olden times, Sufi women wove beautiful rugs for God, it was a spiritual ritual for them and when they were finishing weaving a rug they intentionally made a mistake, because only God is perfect. I told Sloan that I always make a mistake in quilts I do, because only God is perfect and I did not want the devil to get me. I learned that from the Amish women. Sloan said "Goddamn it, I can't believe you are already doing that."

Then Sloan said, "Well what should I expect from a woman born two months early on Christmas Day and she remembered every day of the two months that she was in the hospital preemie ward!"

America needs to cut Israel loose and deal with mystery drones

December 14, 2024



The other day, S, a buddy at the bridge club where I play that ancient somewhat esoteric game of cards, was passing out that lapel pin.

S is Jewish. He seems to really like the witch I took up with after she had been casting spells in secret on me for about a year.

I put the pin in my pocket and saw some of the other bridge club members wearing the pin. Later, S saw I was not wearing the pin, and he asked if I didn't want it? I said the witch and I don't like America or Israel, so I won't wear the pin. He asked for it back and I handed it to him.

Yesterday, the witch went with me to the bridge club, and when S saw her, he rushed over and pulled up a chair and started talking with her. I handed him this quilt, which the witch had made, and told him it contains many magic spells and protection, and it is his.



S and I have disagreed on other things politically.

He backs Trump, who said during his campaign earlier this year that he is Israel's best friend, and if he had been president, the October 7, 2023 attack would not have happened.

Sometimes I wonder if Trump actually believes everything he says, or if he simply believes the people who want to believe what he says believe it because he said it?

Hamas designed the October 7 raid, which was my 81st birthday, to get the precise response from Israel and America it wanted to get.

Why? Because Hamas figured out, finally, that it could not defeat Israel and America militarily, so it would try to defeat them in the world court of public opinion, by provoking Israel and America to prove in the wide open that they are terrorist nations. Hamas hoped nobody would accuse it of being a terrorist outfit, which it clearly was, and people who took Hamas's side were as screwed up in their thinking as people who took Israel and America's sides. I don't like terrorist nations, and I will not wear their flags.

I saw in online news yesterday, Donald Trump was asked about Israel and Gaza and Hamas, and he said he wanted those people to stop killing each other. I wondered why he did not say that during his campaign? I wondered why he did not say during his campaign what he was going to do as President to get Israel and Hamas to stop killing people? I wondered if after he is president, he will stop sending Israel money and weapons and munitions until Israel pulls its army out of Gaza entirely?

I didn't think I would hold my breath waiting on Trump to do that. Nor did I think I'd would hold my breath on Trump saying the reason he was going cut Israel off was because that is the Christian thing to do, because Jesus would never condone what Israel and America have done in Gaza since Hamas's October 7 attack in Israel, which was terrible, but it was not America's job to be part of Israel's counter attack in Gaza.

Indeed, in the same news report, Trump was quoted as saying the current war in Syria is not any of America's business, and America should stay out of it militarily. Trump said he doesn't like America helping Ukraine against the Russia invasion. Yet, Trump did not say he will stop arming and funding Israel and its wars. Why? Very simply, the Bible. Specifically, the Bible's Old Testament, which came from the Jewish Scriptures. Trump knows if he cuts Israel loose, he might not live very long, his family might not live very long, and it would not be because of Israel, but because of Bible America.

I am not just beating up on Donald Trump. The Republicans know if they abandon Israel, the Democrats will take over the American government. The Democrats know if they abandon Israel, the Republicans will take over the American government. That's just how much influence the Old Testament has in America, even though Jesus in the Gospels said he brought a new way to live and walk with God. But how well is that Jesus doing in America? If he was in America today, saying what he said in the Gospels, he would be killed by America Bible people.

In April 2001, Archangel Michael told me in my sleep, "You are an ordained Melchizedek priest going back into a prison where you once lived to try to help other people still living there. I saw myself in a facility with other people dressed casually, milling around. Off to my right, I saw a way out of there, which I could take, but I knew I would not use it unless I was given permission to use it. The next night in my sleep, Michael told me, "You cannot do this work correctly if you are trying to get anything back for yourself from the people you are trying to help.

A few months passed. In my sleep, I heard Michael ask me, “Will you make a prayer for a Divine Intervention for all of humanity?” I woke up wondering that that was about? I prayed for a Divine Intervention for all of humanity. Three days later was the 9/11 attack. My concern was America would get into another war like the war in Vietnam. A few days later, as I walked out of a U.S. Post Office, I felt an angel's presence, and I heard, “America should get out of the Middle East altogether and let Israel and Islam work it out, or fight it out, and in that way learn if either of them are God’s chosen people.

I have yet to see what looked to me to be a Divine Intervention into humanity after I made that prayer. I have seen plenty, however, to cause me to think America has moved deeper and deeper into being in league with the Devil, and I give the Democrats as much credit as I give the Republicans, and I give Donald Trump as much credit as I give the Democrats or the Republicans.

Now, the big commotion in the news and social media is the many drone sighting in northeastern America, which began shortly after Trump was elected on November 5th of this year. I thought that was really interesting timing. I read in online news yesterday and today that Trump has called for the drones to be shot down, since the American and the State governments are not doing anything about the drones. I had already thought the drones should be shot down, and I was wondering why President Biden had not ordered the drones to be shot down.

Yes, a shot down drone might land on a home or business. So, just leave them alone and let private citizens shoot them down? As armed as America’s private citizens are, they should be able to pull that off, instead of wearing America-Israel flag pins? If I still had my 12-gauge Ithaca pump shotgun, I would have no trouble shooting down a drone flying over the witch’s home and airspace. But then, what if the drones are not human made? What if they are ET drones? :-)

An anonymous tip arrived after I published the above:

- The drone shot down approximately now 72 hours ago was a large- 6 foot span drone that had four heli-style props that were its directional system. The drones have been difficult to track and more difficult to shoot down because infrared scopes don't detect them. The drone shot down had plating made of a matrix of small layers of aluminum and lead and finally topped with a series of coats of paint like material used in stealth applications.
- It was a member of the PA or NJ National Guard that shot the drone down. There was some feeling of immediacy to knock one down as batches of several of them were flying in from off shore.

Once you ruin your reputation you can be free

December 16, 2024



shutterstock.com - 2295201653

It's been decades since I felt like a normal human being, ass-u-me-ing there is such a thing.

I blame how I feel on angels known in the Bible, who stood me before endless mirrors looking at me, while they otherwise turned me every which way but loose and upside down and inside out, starting January, 1987, my 45th year, which you can read about in the first post at this blog- "howdy".

Here's a link to that post: <https://alabamalawyerbecameamysticcom.godaddysites.com/blog/f/howdy>

I learned pretty darn quick, if I want to find out if God has a sense of humor, then I should make a plan, and if I want to find out just how big a sense a humor God has, then I should try to stick with a plan after God starts laughing.

No, I'm not talking about making doctors appointments, or a date to have a meal with a friend in a restaurant, or to play chess or bridge, although sometimes something happens and such dates get erased.

I'm talking about something else entirely, which might not mean anything to anyone who has not experienced it.

So when someone, say, asks me what are my plans, or my hopes, for 2025?, I say I never think like that, because I don't know if I'm going to wake up tomorrow, and just getting through today is all I can say grace over, and sometimes today goes pretty easy, and sometimes it doesn't.

Fortunately this morning, I had a chiropractor appointment. Fortunately, because yesterday both of my sacroiliac joints went out, and this former massage therapist and Hakomi body psychotherapist and craniosacral therapy practitioner saw no reason for it other than my G.I. tract was especially grumpy yesterday and I was dealing with some pretty stressful stuff in my work.

Ah, but I'm retired and live on an inheritance and therefore I don't work by any normal definition.

I will say this simply. Anyone who got to live in my skin for a week would have an entirely new understanding of work.

I will say it simply again. Anyone who got to live in my skin for a week might wish there was no God. There simply is no way to even slightly imagine what it's like to be shanghaied by angels known in the Bible, and then be put into a harness and prodded in the butt with a sharp stick and teased forward by a carrot dangling on a string from a stick just beyond the reach of my snout.

So, just try to imagine the joy I felt inside when I saw this below on Facebook after eating breakfast this morning.

Christian Mysticism

Public group

47.4K members

Mike

Top contributor

I see quite a few guilt tripping posts, from the left especially, that Christians should behave and be like Jesus. Personally, to me, that's complete nonsense and very close to blasphemy. Or at least delusion. You are not Jesus, and no one else has been or ever expect to be like Him. If indeed one is the Son of God, he has special powers and direct divine support, He can afford to turn the other cheek and be tortured and crucified, when He most likely feels no pain due to the Divine protection he receives. You cannot and should not ask of normal average people to do that. You can only ask that of someone able to perform miracles already..

These are just my opinions. What are your thoughts?

Sloan Bashinsky

I think you do not understand Jesus in the Gospels. At all. Not picking on you, because, based on how Christians think and behave, most of them don't understand Jesus in the Gospels. At all.

He meant it when he told people to start living and behaving in new ways. He meant it when he said many are called, but few are chosen; the work is great and the laborers are few; the way to life is steep and the gate is narrow, and few enter.

Christianity changed his way to believing this and that about him and be saved. The Devil was and remains very pleased with that.

Mary

Rising contributor

The simple answer is that we should try. It is not OK to hate, kill, steal, and harm others and call yourself Christian. We all make mistakes, but the point is to see them as mistakes and do better. If your entire life is dedicated to besting and dominating everyone around you, you can't call yourself Christian.

Sloan Bashinsky

Mary I see Christians doing that plenty, and they are indeed Christians, but that does not mean they are followers of Jesus, who said many are called, but few are chosen; the road to life is difficult and the gate narrow and few enter; the work is great and the laborers are few.

.....

Now let's move extremely sideways to the only country on Planet Earth that claims to be "one nation, under God" in its Pledge of Allegiance, and puts "In God we trust" on its money.

Having time on my hands before driving 30 miles to the miracle worker chiropractor in Birmingham this morning, I posted this on my Facebook page:

- Sloan Bashinsky

An anonymous tip arrived yesterday:

The drone shot down approximately now 72 hours ago was a large- 6 foot span drone that had four heli-style props that were its directional system. The drones have been difficult to track and more difficult to shoot down because infrared scopes don't detect them. The drone shot down had plating made of a matrix of small layers of aluminum and lead and finally topped with a

series of coats of paint like material used in stealth applications.

It was a member of the PA or NJ National Guard that shot the drone down. There was some feeling of immediacy to knock one down as batches of several of them were flying in from off shore.

After returning home from the miracle worker chiropractor, feeling reborn in my sacroiliacs, I saw Mark's comment and replied.

Mark

I haven't seen this on the news. Im glad one was reported as shot down.

Sloan Bashinsky

Mark I am not aware that one of these drones was reported by the news media as shot down. I heard of it through a grapevine I have come to respect.

Besides the stealth technology described, I heard this drone was powered by spent radioactive material and it could fly around the world and back, and if that's true, then who in the hell built it? Or, what in the hell built it?

Perhaps even more ... weird? President Biden and the US Government are acting publicly like it's no big deal.

The timing of these drones showing up so on the heels of the November 5 election could not be happenstance.

So, what in the hell is going on?

Is China behind it? North Korea? Iran? Russia? If China, they stand to lose a lot of trade with America? But North Korea, Iran and Russia do not stand to lose a lot of trade with America.

A friend who is an Army Special Forces combat veteran was the first person to tell me about the drones. He has for quite a while been convinced the US Government is keeping what it really knows about UFOs from the public. Are the drones an alien species' doing? In 1994, I saw an alien spaceship do circus tricks in broad daylight, which no human-made aircraft can do even today, and probably not for a good while.

What if the drones are American made, top secret government project? Or a top secret private industry project? Elon Musk? Donald Trump said the drones should be shot down. One of the few things I agreed with him about.

But shot down, and then examined by scientists who then tell the new media what they learned, as opposed to filing it away in some top secret cave with all the other weird stuff the American government doesn't want the public to know exists. Anyone who trusts the America government to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help it God, is in Wonderland with Alice.

- Excerpt from "The Hill" today - gobbledygook?

Trump told reporters he did not believe the mystery drones reported over New Jersey and other parts of the Northeast were the work of a foreign adversary, but he was still critical of the Biden administration's response to them.

"The government knows what is happening. Look, our military knows where they took off from; if it's a garage, they can go right into that garage. They know where it came from and where it went," Trump told reporters in his most extensive comments to date on the topic.

"And for some reason, they don't want to comment. I think they'd be better off saying what it is," he continued. "Our military knows, and our president knows, and for some reason they want

to keep people in suspense.”

Trump declined to say whether he’d received an intelligence briefing on the drone sightings. But he downplayed the prospect it was a foreign adversary, citing the U.S. response.

“If it was the enemy, they’d blast it out. Even if they were late, they’d blast it. Something strange is going on. For some reason, they don’t want to tell the people,” he said.

Biden administration officials have said there is no evidence of foreign involvement with the drones that civilians and lawmakers have reported seeing in parts of the Northeast in recent days, but officials have said they are closely monitoring the situation.

Mark

Sloan agreed on all points

The Golden Flake Clown’s Tale, by the family skeleton keeper

December 17, 2024



Hello, this is the witch! I live with Sloan. Although I had been with men before Sloan, I had never loved a man, nor be loved by one.

August 19, 2023, when Sloan and I were just friends eating out for lunch or dinner, I started reading The Golden Flake Clown's Tale that Sloan had written about his life. I got almost half way through and had to put it down. The pain Sloan experienced in his life was beyond anything I could have ever imagined. I am an empath and I took on so much of what he felt.

Yesterday, I read the entire book in two hours and was worn out and wished I had not read it. My heart was broken for him. Whenever I finished one of his other books, I told him how much I enjoyed it. I hated The Golden Flake Clown's Tale. I really hated this book. I do not want to read it again. But I am looking at life and situations in a different way now.

If you want to get to know Sloan, his upbringing, his father's family and company, Golden Flake, which competed with Frito-Lay in Alabama and southeastern states, then read The Golden Flake Clown's Tale.

Here's a link to a free read at the internet library:

<https://archive.org/details/goldenflakeclownstale/page/1/mode/2up>

Click zoom in or Command + to increase font size in the book.

Morticia

Hello, I'm Sloan's friend, Bob. I do the tech work for Sloan's books at the free internet library archive.org and The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast in English and many other languages.

In this book, Sloan tells the true story of Golden Flake, an Alabama institution in sports, snack foods, and business. Driving this true story is the Bashinsky Family, and at the center: Sloan Y Bashinsky Jr., the oldest living blood relative of the Bashinsky family that sired Golden Flake from a basement business to a corporate powerhouse. Sloan's own tale is propelled forward as he experienced tragedy, adventure, and the shark filled waters of industry, the practice of law, and God's work. This book is not for those easily offended or the faint of heart, but for that matter, reading this book may leave such individuals less easily offended, with hearts more compassionate, and minds more open than closed.

Hello, I'm Sloan

A hobo clown was Golden Flake's "mascot" for decades, but he was discarded long after I grew up and worked at Golden Flake and went into the practice of law in Birmingham, so I hope he does not mind me claiming to be him.

This tale is written from the perspective of my father's presumed oldest son, me, the other Bashinsky who learned Golden Flake from the ground up - about my father, his family, my mother and her family, my father's second wife and her family, my father's company, Golden Flake, and its history and demise, and two awful lawyer-feast lawsuits that helped kill my father's second wife and made his blood heirs wish their father had never remarried. I also tell a good bit about my childhood and college and law school years, and later years, and even later years, which became more and more stranger than fiction. I tell it from the perspective of the family black sheep and keeper of the family skeletons.

The general public has no clue how my family came to own Golden Flake, or what it was like working at Golden Flake, or what it was like having a stepmother, who became known as The Golden Flake Queen, who, with her grandson, received, I figured, about 8 times more inheritance from my father

than his three blood children each received. The public has no clue what happened in the 2nd lawyer-feast lawsuit, because it was sealed due to two of the defendants being minor children of my younger brother, Major, and his second wife. I review and examine both lawsuits. I also review Major taking his own life and provide information the news media never reported.

My family called me by a nickname, which is the first four letters of Bashinsky. Some of them and my first wife still call that.

Bash

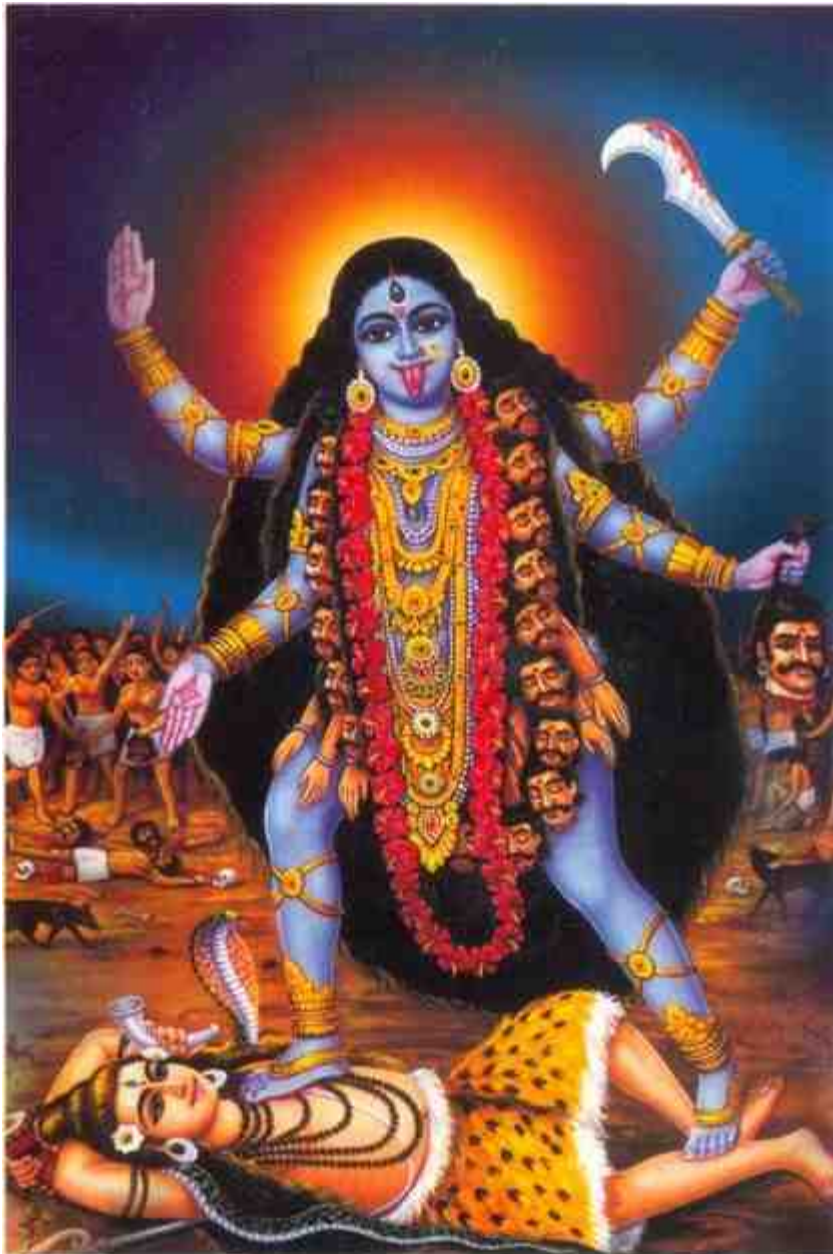


The cause of all of humanity's problems: destruction of feminine

December 18, 2024



On December 11, I published the "What America needs is Hindu Goddess Kali" post,
<https://alabamalawyerbecameamysticcom.godaddysites.com/blog/f/maybe-what-america-most-needs-now-is-kali>



Obviously, Kali standing on Shiva does not like how men think.

That night, my tech friend Bob, with the witch Morticia as his back up, sat through me hogging a 100+ minute "What America needs is Hindu Goddess Kali - Who Doesn't Like How Men Think" podcast.

Either link should get you there.

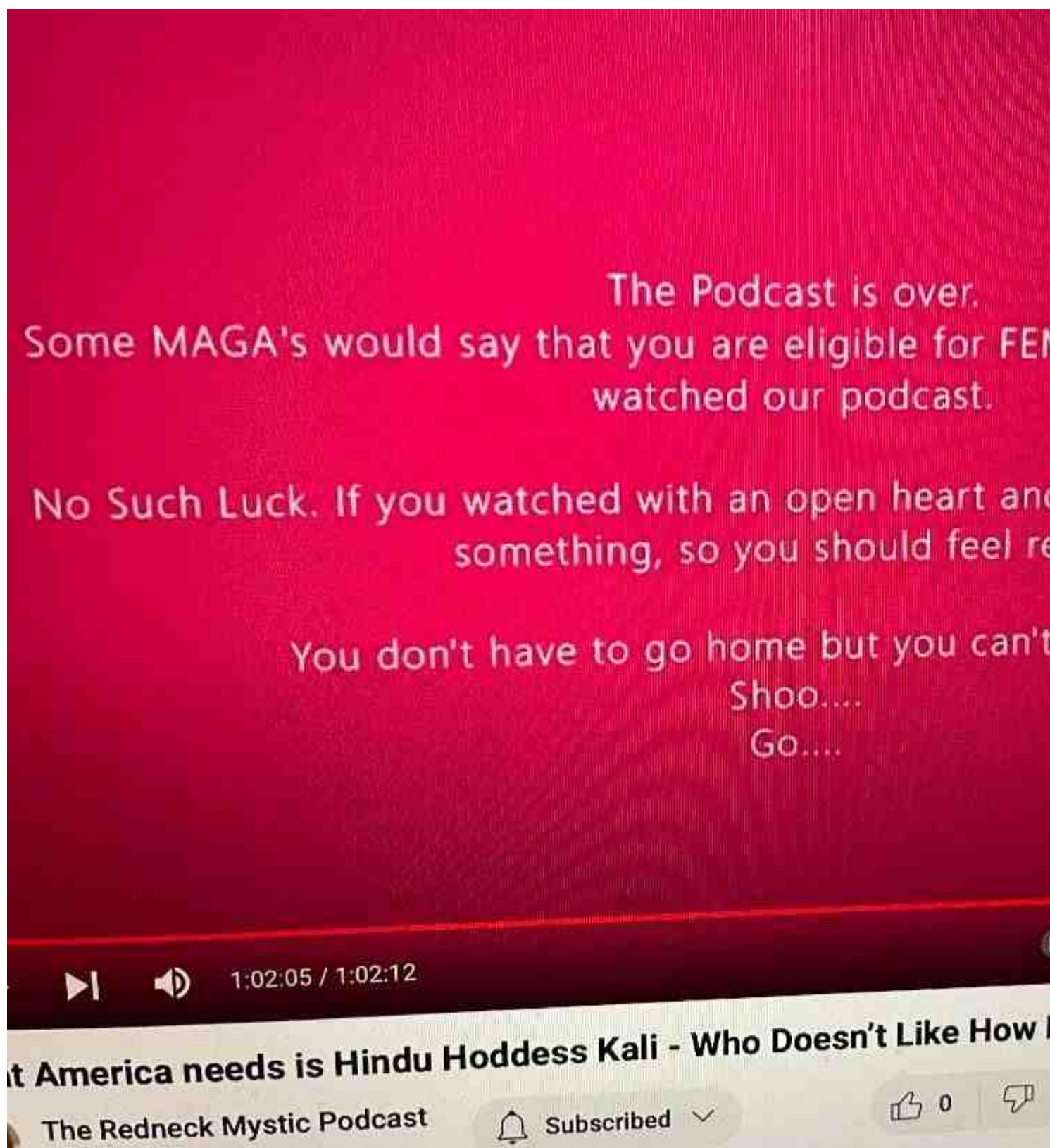
https://youtu.be/48fKP1_UJNA

<https://youtu.be/yrHE-0Cfz94>

Morticia and I watched that podcast last night, and we felt it was the best podcast I ever did. I was kinda amazed, because when we began recording it, I didn't have a clue what I was going to say, or how much I would say, or that I would hog most of the podcast, which is about what's really wrong with humanity: the destruction of the feminine in men and in women, and in their society, governments and religions.

Christendom has made its Holy Trinity all male, which leaves it with cloning itself to survive. A clone of a clone of a clone is nothing like the original model. Christendom in America, especially, has forgotten Jesus, Magdalene and the Holy Spirit, which is the female side of God.

Unknown to Morticia and me, Bob had inserted this hooter at the very end of the podcast. Press down Command and + keys to increase zoom.



Now please understand, I did not just jump on Donald Trump, who is a splendid example of someone who is pure yang and zero yin. The sad fact of the matter is, the yin, feminine, or, if you wish, the Kundalini or the Holy Spirit, is functioning in very few men and women on this planet, and that is why America is so screwed up, and why humanity is so screwed up.

That is why, late in the podcast, I opined that maybe Archangel Michael might wish to invited Kali over in India to leap over a couple of oceans and see if she can get America turned around, since the angels in the Bible and Jesus have not been able to do it.

For clearly, men have run America since it became a nation, and clearly they have screwed everything up, and clearly an all male Christian Trinity is a big piece of why America is all screwed up, so what the heck? Why not give Kali a chance to change the way men and women in America think and behave?

What say you, Morticia and your before the Fall Adam and Eve fabric postcard you made once upon a time ago?



the redneck witch in her parlor

December 20, 2024



buckle up buttercup, you just flipped my witch
switch



you think I'm joking?



get ready



get set



you doubt me?



you dare me?



for real?



gotcha!

Winter Solstice activism: irrelevance and relevance

December 21, 2024



Stonehenge

The witch I took up with was born two months early on December 25, and she remembers the 2 months she spent in the hospital's preemie ward, and I figure that iconic entry to the earth plane had some special relevance, compared to her being born in February instead.

It is said that Jesus's sign was Pisces, yet his birthday is celebrated on December 25. It is said that the early Christian church moved Jesus's birthday to December 25, because that was close to the Pagan high holy day, December 21, the Winter Solstice (the coming of the light), and the early church wanted to make Christianity more convenient to the Pagans.

Maybe a week ago, I met a Canadian fellow online, and we had some discussion and I subscribed to his Substack newsletter, which is pretty darn interesting and provoking:

<https://theatavist.substack.com>

I looked up Atavist just now and found:

- at·a·vism 'a-tə-ˌvi-zəm
- a: recurrence in an organism of a trait or character typical of an ancestral form and usually due to genetic recombination
- b: recurrence of or reversion to a past style, manner, outlook, approach, or activity
- architectural atavism
- 2: an individual or character that manifests atavism : THROWBACK
- He was a magnificent atavism, a man so purely primitive that he was of the type that came into the world before the development of the moral nature.

—Jack London

Then I found this online :-):

- What is human atavistic behavior? Psychological atavism refers to the **reappearance of ancestral psychological traits in modern-day individuals**. These traits can include things like superstitions, phobias, and even beliefs in supernatural beings.

The other day, The Atavist replied to the "Once you ruin your reputation you can be free" post (<https://alabamalawyerbecameamystic.com/blog/f/once-you-ruin-your-reputation-you-can-be-free>), and we we went back and forth, but mostly I did the talking.

The Atavist

Ruining your reputation will render one irrelevant. If you can find away to make irrelevance work for you, you have found the key to being at peace. My wall phone rings maybe once a week and i don't carry one in my pocket. It's nirvana.

Sloan Bashinsky

I spent a good while living on the street, just barely surviving via local soup kitchens and food pantries and food stamps, and I had no phone and that was very different and eye-opening, but it wasn't nirvana. Late in the first year of that adventure, this poem fell out of me, which I perhaps could have named "Irrelevance".

"The World's Greatest Failure"

I know what it is
to love fully,
have my heart broken by death
and by loved ones' rejections,
Over and over again,
So I can love even more.
I know what it is
to be engulfed in pain,
Awash in evil,
Terrified, enraged, despaired,
Believing God has again forsaken me,
Then be given the truth
that again makes me free.
I know what it is
to doubt,
Be lost and wandering
time and time again,
Then be rescued yet again
and my faith grows deeper.
I know what it is
to blindly trust,
Then be destroyed by betrayed
time and time again,
Until I trust only God.
I know what it is
to have much
and be completely of this world,
Then have it all taken away
and be in the world but not of it.
I know what it is
to fail in this world,
And fail and fail and fail:
The world's greatest failure,
I can serve only God.

I know what it is
to give and give and give and give;
I cannot stop giving
because giving is receiving.

I know what it is
to explain God
time after time after time again.
Something demands I keep explaining:
Maybe someone will listen,
Maybe me.

The Atavist

Being on the street would be grim for sure. I wouldn't be on the street, i'd be in the woods, but that requires a level of skill beyond many on the streets, not that being on the streets doesn't demand some specialized skills i am sure. Anyways, why i qualified the statement with "if you can make irrelevance work for you." With the tacit caution that you must be and remain sensitive to the signs that it isn't working for you. Like finding yourself on the street, that would be a strong indication it wasn't working for you.

Good verse! The human experience.

Sloan Bashinsky

Actually, I stirred up a great deal of social commotion when I lived on the street, and there was no doubt angels were very involved. They are with me in what ever circumstance I find myself. My job is to try to deal with what is in front of me as the angels trained me to deal with what's in front of me, and living on the street was just another work assignment as far as I was concerned, although not a lot of fun much of the time, and sometimes it was risky, but I had no money and there was no way I could extricate myself from it. Shorty before I learned I was at risk to dying from MRSA flesh-eating bacteria, which I probably caught in the ocean around Key West, when I was living in a small tent in the wetlands near the airport, this poem came about two years after the world's greatest failure poem. Two weeks later, I was running for mayor of Key West, after two very prominent Key West men asked me to run and they gave me the money for the filing fee.

"I AM A MAN"

I am a man.

I said,

I am a man!

What means it,
being a man?

A man is a warrior:
he lives by a code of honor,
his word is reliable,
his actions confirm his words,
his commitment is holiness,
his enemies are welcome at his hearth,
he fears but moves forward,

he cries and gets up again,
he hates but forgives,
he loves and let's go,
he doubts but trusts God,
he's a good friend,
he seeks resolutions,
he demands nothing,
he risks everything,
he regrets his mistakes,
he seeks to make amends,
he puts others' welfare first,
he accepts apologies truly made,
he expects nothing back,
he lives ready to die,
he laughs when he "should" scream,
he screams when he "should" laugh,
he sings just because,
he shrugs off insults,
he learns from misfortune,
he cusses God for making him,
he wishes he was done,
he loves children and animals,
he relishes a woman's scent,
he smiles when he's content,
he knows God's his master,
he walks in rainbows,
his garden is the world,
his way is nature,
he loves fishing,
his wife is his soul,
his food is life,
his pay is whatever he receives.
Yep, he's crazy.

(2003)

The Atavist

That is a GREAT verse! Thanks!

Sloan Bashinsky

I suppose irrelevance operates in various dimensions and shapes :-). About two months ago, Google killed my afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com and about 2000 posts there, because someone flagged the blog for hate speech. Google didn't tell me what the hate speech was. Google told me to click something if I wanted to appeal. I clicked it and Google acknowledged the appeal. I have heard nothing further from Google. I still don't know what was flagged. So, I started a new

blog, alabamalawyerbecameamystic.com, using Go Daddy as host, because Go Daddy historically favors free speech and it protects its clients. Before Google killed that blog, a host had killed two earlier blogs with about 15,000 posts on them.

The way America is going, the truth is close to being extinct, but the truth remains relevant regardless of what Big Brother says or decrees. I recall someone saying once upon a time that we are our reputations, which I suppose is true. I imagine how Donald Trump will be remembered 2000 years from now. Like, he might live forever, almost. 50 years from now, who on this planet will remember you or me? Maybe people who read what we wrote online, or said in podcasts, but who else? Compared to Donald Trump, you and I are irrelevant. But maybe we might live on in the Akashic Record? And on Spider Woman's Web and in the Great Tao, but so will Donald Trump, Adolph Hitler, and Charles Manson.

This fell out of me in June 2004, after I had totally screwed up a major spiritual assignment in Key West.

"SHANGHAIED"

A calling to serve carries its own wisdom,
which legitimates both the calling and the serving
so that the two are one:
Only the one called to serve
can know this wisdom,
and for some who are called
the knowing comes easily,
while for others the knowing is a fiery baptism.
Each calling is different,
and while some callings can be declined,
others cannot,
and those whose calling is without repentance
know they are in it for the duration of the calling,
and while others may try to persuade them out of it,
the calling for ones such as these always prevails;
thus is it advised to all called for keeps
that they view their calling as a blessing
even when it seems at times to be a curse,
and that they try to reconcile the loss of their captain status
and allow the Spirit of God to man the helm of their ship
and be glad and willing crew members thereon,
knowing that all sailing ships of souls
need a crew as well as a captain
to maintain and navigate the ship through
seas of many tones, depths and flavors;
so consider each league sailed
as part of the overall journey
going to where the captain deigns to go

by using whatever winds and sea currents available
to navigate the ship to the experiences
this ship and crew need to have
in order to fulfill their calling and its wisdom
revealed by the journey of many leagues,
many known only to the ship and its crew,
all of whom come to know,
some sooner than others,
that once conscripted
there is no safe jumping ship.

(2004)

The Atavist "liked" that comment.

Winter Solstice mandala spell quilt

December 21, 2024



spell casting quilt witch in residence

This is the witch.

About a month before my spells finally worked on Sloan, I was sewing a quilt with a friend, and I texted Sloan a photo of the quilt, and he asked me if she would sell it to me, and she said no, she keeps

her quilts, and I told Sloan, don't worry, I would make him a quilt, and I asked Sloan what kind of quilt did he want, and he said as colorful as I could make it, with mandalas all over it.

The quilting world called it mandelas, and I said okay, and I picked out my fabrics, and I told Sloan what mandelas I was using from patterns, and he told me to make up the patterns myself, so I had machine embroidery mandela patterns, and I changed the colors and positions where they went and made them my own, having no clue what had got set in motion, which is kinda funny now, since I was talking to Sloan all the time in my mind and out loud when I was awake for about a year, trying to get his attention, and I was seeing a therapist because I was talking with Sloan all the time in my mind and I couldn't sleep for about a year, and I was wondering why my spells weren't working, and I was about to give up on spell casting and go back to witch college.

Then, Sloan asked me to drive him to a hospital for a colon exam, which I did, and when I let him off back at his apartment, he got out of my car and said, you are really a good friend, and I silently told him we could be a lot more than that if he had any sense. Later that day, we were texting on the phone while I was picking muscadines in a neighbor's yard and putting them in a Walmart sack, and bees were all in my hair and face, and Sloan asked me if I wanted to come to his apartment, and I asked him if that was the anesthesia talking, and he said no, and I dropped the whole damn bag of muscadines on the ground.

I designed and made the top and the bottom of the quilt, and another quilting friend of mine put the quilt on my long arm quilting frame and sandwiched the front and the back and batting in the middle together with nautilus (sacred mean) shaped stitching.



This is Sloan.

This morning, December 21, 2024, the witch met her quilting friend at the Piggly Wiggly grocery store in Warrior to get the finished mandala quilt, and then the witch drove home and gave the quilt to me and I was astonished and said it is beyond spectacular, and here are a few more photos.



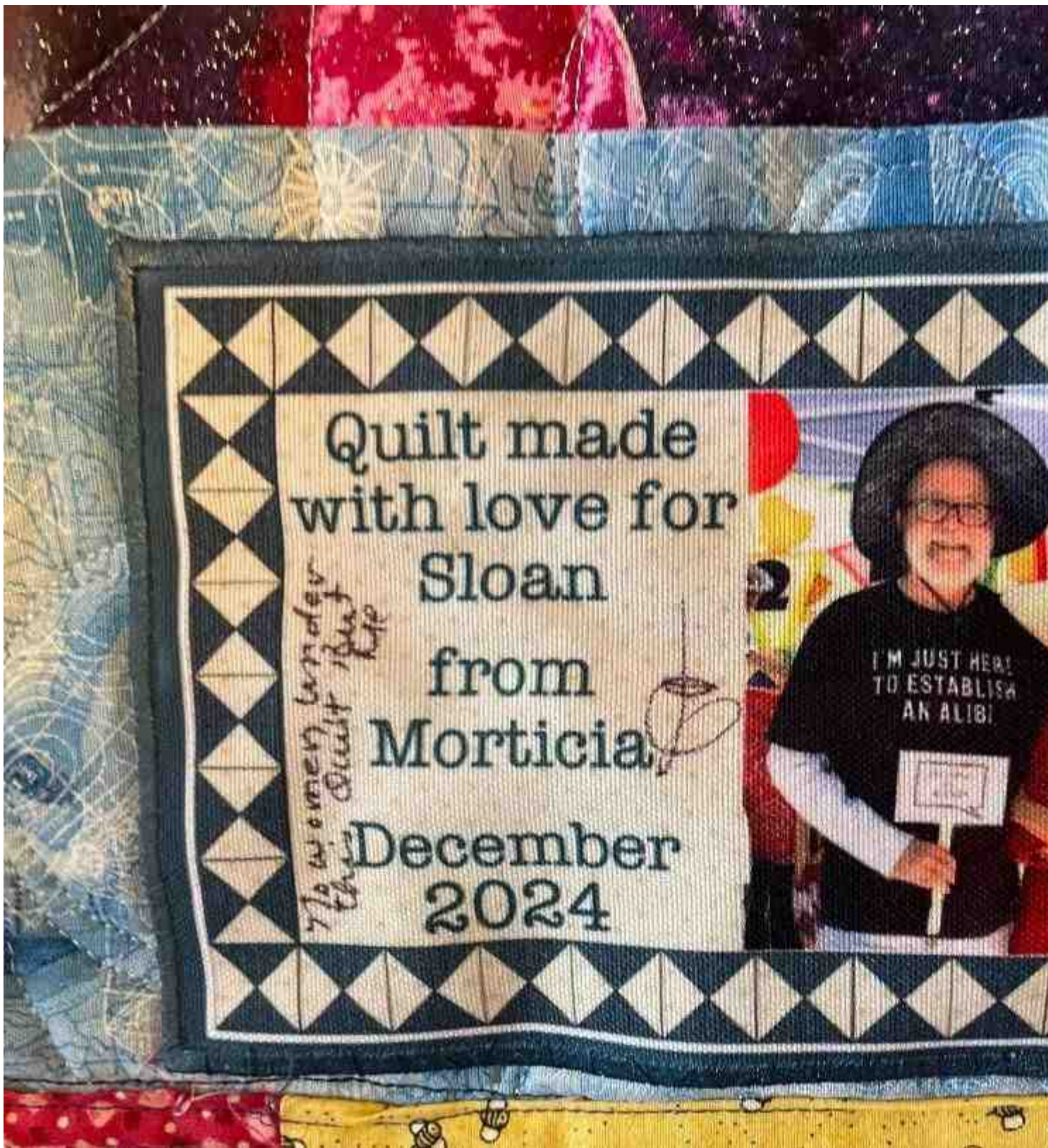
fishing side



fish centerpiece



mandala side



quilt label



possession spell



some prickly Winter Solstice vaudeville and irreverence

December 22, 2024



Yesterday was the Winter Solstice, also known as The Coming of the Light, a major Pagan holy day. At 82+ years, I ain't nearly as spry and nimble physically as I used to be, but my mind and wits still seem pretty much in search of something to engage, and thanks to the internet news and social medias, I am able to watch various versions of "As the World Turns" and "Days of Our Lives" online, and sometimes something strikes a chord in me, or tickles my funny bone, or causes me to want to be mischievous, and I chime in.

So, consider this Winter Solstice post yesterday at the Christian Mysticism Facebook group, and my ensuing discussion with the author of the post and one other person.



Christian Mysticism

Devon Kramer

Today, we honor the Winter Solstice, the day when the Sun reaches its lowest point in the sky and rests there for three days before beginning its gradual ascent. This moment of stillness mirrors the story of Jesus, who lay in the tomb for three days before rising again. Just as the Sun returns, bringing more light with each passing day, so too can we rise from our own moments of stillness and darkness, emerging renewed.

The symbolism deepens when we look at the numbers tied to Jesus. In Greek Gematria, Jesus equals 888, a number of infinite balance and harmony. He transitioned from this world at age 33, and dividing today's date, 12/21, by 33 brings us to 37 ($1221 \div 33 = 37$), a number that unlocks the mystery of 3, 6, and 9, famously referred to by Nikola Tesla as the key to the universe.

The power of 37 lies in its harmonic resonance:

$$37 \times 3 = 111$$

$$37 \times 6 = 222$$

$$37 \times 9 = 333$$

$$37 \times 12 = 444$$

$$37 \times 15 = 555$$

$$37 \times 18 = 666$$

$$37 \times 21 = 777$$

$$37 \times 24 = 888$$

$$37 \times 27 = 999$$

These numbers flow like an incredible rhythm, marking the progression of energy through creation.

Even the 37th minute on a clock, known as the "Golden Angel of Time", holds significance, tied to the angle of 137.5° , the golden spiral that governs nature's curves, shifts, and growth. Dividing 1221 by 137.5 reveals 8.88, another echo of the 888 tied to Jesus and universal balance.

As the Sun begins its rise from this lowest point, may we each find inspiration to rise within ourselves. Let this season be a reminder of the magnificence of 3, 6, and 9, the harmonic keys to the universe, and the infinite possibilities that await when we align with this energy.

Happy Winter Solstice!

Sloan Bashinsky

If Jesus's sign is Pisces, how come his birthday is December 25? I started out in Christendom, but starting early 1987, my 45th year, angels known in the Bible started making me into a mystic. It was spectacular in many ways, but the bottom line was it was very difficult and that's still so still so, and I can't imagine anyone saying it's easy, or they enjoyed much of it, if what I experienced, and still experience, is what being a mystic entails. I wrote quite a few books about that, which were digitized and are free reads at the internet library, archive.org. Enter my name in the search space, and icon links for my books come up. I do not solicit. Take it or leave it. I also have a blog, alabamalawyerwhobecameamystic dot com, which does not solicit. Today's post, "Winter Solstice activism: irrelevance and relevance", may nor may not appeal to anyone in this group, but is about stuff that really happened on this world to a mystic, who grew up in Christendom and today belongs to no religion and does not know when he's ever not in church.

Devon KramerAuthor

Top contributor

Sloan Bashinsky That's because Jesus was actually born on March 21st.

That's the third month, hence the Trinity.

March 21st minus 9 months is June 21st which is the summer solstice and March 21st plus 9 months is December 21st, which is when he died.

March 21st is the beginning of the new "year," which is why the Spring Equinox is on March 21st when the lambs are born.

December 21-25th were hard times in history, as they were the coldest, and they wanted to give the people something to look forward to. Hence Christ-mass day, also known as Christmas.

Sloan Bashinsky

Your explanation of the birth date change don't work for me.

Devon KramerAuthor

Sloan Bashinsky That's okay :)

Sloan Bashinsky

I gave the reason the early church moved his birthday to December 25, it had nothing to do with trying to cheer up cold people. Winters were mild in Palestine, compared to Britains, most of Europe, and Russia.

Devon KramerAuthor

Sloan Bashinsky if you understood "cheer up cold people" you did but understand my message but that's okay.

Sloan Bashinsky

You put a spin on what the church did that reminded me of just how sneaky the church once was and still is, kinda reminds me of the US Government. This is supposed to be a Christian mysticism group, but I haven't seen anything posted here by anyone who seems to be a mystic, which I am, not by my own choice, it was done to and for me, and I wish it was done to and for everyone in Christendom, for this would be very different world.

Devon KramerAuthor

Sloan Bashinsky That right there should be your first indication you do not understand. You haven't even grasped the power of "choice".

Sloan Bashinsky

Devon Kramer Free will on this planet is nearly non-existent due to all of the various social programming and the conscious mind makes up about 5 percent and the subconscious mind makes up the other 95 percent, and that's not factoring in demonic and other forms of spirit infection and control, which mystics get to know something about by meeting it up close and personal in themselves and in people and society around them.

Artorius Lacomus

All-star contributor

Sloan Bashinsky Never EVER believe anyone who announces themselves as a mystic.

Sloan Bashinsky

Heh, and perhaps I should say never believe a Facebook forum that announces it is about Christian mysticism but seems to have no first hand experience with mystics or what they experience?

Moving...laterally?

Star Wisdom

Principles of Pleiadian Spirituality

Gene Andrade



For a couple of months I have read some of the postings at the Pleiadian Council Facebook Group, because in my past I had dealings with Pleiadeans, who are from the Pleiades star system, also known as The Seven Sisters.



When I lived in Santa Fe, New Mexico and then in Boulder, Colorado, I learned there are many people who worship the Pleiadeans (note my different "insider" spelling) like Christians worship Jesus. Consider this Pleiadian Council post yesterday.



Algernon Taylor

Top contributor

The Pleiadians can easily watch over humanity and overlook a planet to help guide them over time, help heal past traumas, remind them of their future and past lives as well as help them remembering their galactic families. Displaying amazing beautiful blue eyes and blonde hair, their vibrations resemble a loving guardian vibe along with harmony and a galactic friendship of a lifetime. They have been here to help raise the vibrations of the planet and consciousness of humanity so even themselves can evolve spiritually and consciously. Easily one of my favorite benevolent races and star families in the galaxy that have taught me how to be a spiritual warrior and reach for the highest love and vibrations available in our universe. I love you Pleiadians and send you lots of love and compassion.

Sloan Bashinsky

For real, the Pleiadean ladies dye their hair blonde? If the Pleiadeans are here to do what you say, why is humanity plunging into FUBAR at warp speed and killing the planet in the process?

Algernon TaylorAuthor

Top contributor

Sloan Bashinsky We gotta learn to grow up and choose for ourselves, they taught us so much but now it's up to us to make our own decisions.

Sloan Bashinsky

I agree with your assessment, and it's on each person to grow up, change, etc., or not, and maybe .5 percent of humanity is actually open to that, and maybe .05 percent is actually going to do it, based on what I see going on in America and everywhere else's news media and social media. Saying it another way, action speaks much louder than anything else. Jesus in the Gospels taught people how to grow up and think and behave differently, and look at how that went in the big scheme? If he had that little effect, I don't see how the Pleiadeans will have any real effect, unless they get down here on the ground like Jesus did and see how that works out for them.

Consider another Pleiadian Council post and my discussion with the author:

Creda Camacho

I have a recurring dream where I leave my body sleeping and go through roof, leave earth's atmosphere, use Saturn's gravitational pull to boomerang around Saturn in a light speed type way. I come to a planet and I am elated to be there like home. Everything is rainbow crystal and prismatic. These light beings rush toward me welcoming me. They speak in musical tones, but I understand then. They expand and retract and change colors deep inside. We sit together and I tell them how lonely I am and wish to come home.

They hug me but it is more like they join energy with mine. It is such a soothing experience. They encourage me to complete my mission. So I say good by and travel home. When I re-enter my body, I wake up with deep breath and sit up.

Any idea who these beings are and where I'm from?

Sloan Bashinsky

Seems the question for you is, what is your mission?

Creda CamachoAuthor

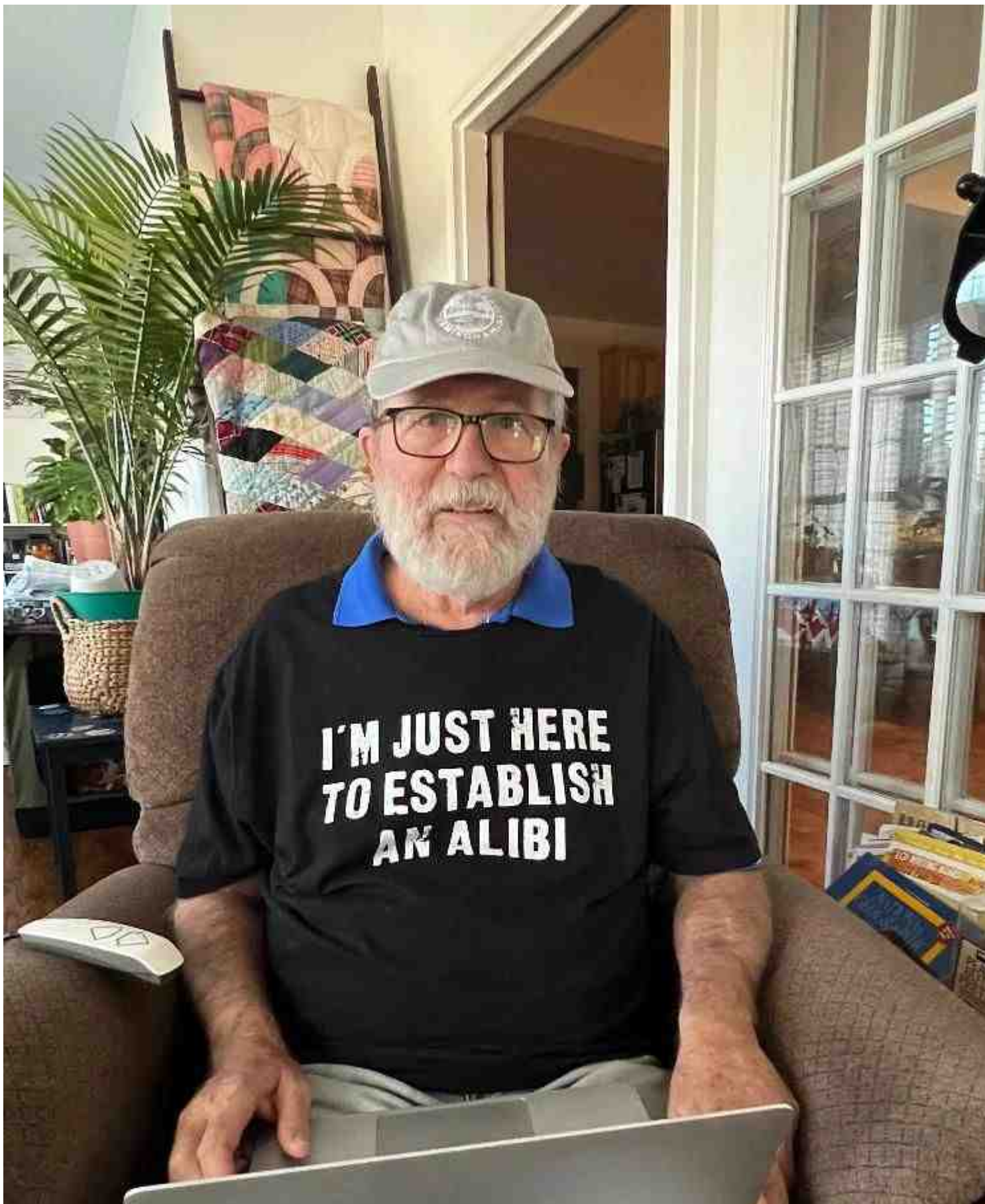
Sloan Bashinsky I think my mission is to bring kindness. I am an empath and my motto has always been "In a World where you can be anything BE KIND"

Sloan Bashinsky

Kindness is a worthy path/goal. I'm also an empath, as is the witch I took up with recently, and two other people I know well, and what we pick up on in other people and situations we come across, or come across us, is a great deal of really awful energy in people and in society and in other realms, which feed on that energy, since they are cut off from what I call the God energy.

I've had dealings with Pleadeans, and they were helpful, but it wasn't anything like what I read at this forum, which reminds me of different new age factions I once had a lot of interaction with. Humanity is in serious decline spiritually, and that decline is accelerating, and I hope the Pleiadeans, or some spacefaring race, or angels known in the Bible, who have been hard on my case since early 1987, will step in and do something that gets all of humanity's undivided attention, but I've hoped that for a good while, and it has not happened that I can see, so I am left wondering just how far down humanity will go into the outhouse of its own making before my time is up this time around.

In 1992, wrote a novel about a covert Pleiadean expedition colony near where I grew up in Alabama, and now I'm writing its sequel, and some of the Pleadens are coming to Earth to live, because their home star is failing and it's due to their ancestors' karma. Here's the free library link to the 1992 novel, it's free, no soliciting. Not recommended for prudes or the faint of heart or young children. <https://archive.org/details/kundalina>



the bipolar pussy grabber president and his congregation

December 23, 2024



This is the witch.

Sloan emailed me a CNN article today about the U.S. House of Representatives voting to release its investigation of Matt Gaetz, whom Donald Trump chose to be his Attorney General, and Gaetz resigned his House of Representatives seat, and the House Committee investigating him, stopped its investigation. After many news reports about what the Committee was investigating, Gaetz announced he was taking himself out of consideration.



Sloan asked me to give my witch's view on the Gaetz and Trump situation.

I am disgusted.

In the CNN report I read today, Gaetz had “meetings” with many women and one underage girl for \$400.00 a lick. Are people who voted for Trump so stupid to think a grown man takes a woman out and she charges him \$400.00 for conversations? Gaetz has to pay to get dates? He had a girlfriend. He gave her money to line up young prostitutes for him? He engaged in sex with his girlfriend and those young prostitutes at the same time. He gave money to women he never dated? No, he bought. Very generous was he not? Was he purchasing prostitutes, or was he acting like a pimp?

Plain and simple, duh! Trump wanted Gaetz running the US Department of Justice because the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Birds of a feather stick together. You ever heard of that?

It makes my blood boil that Trump Christians look the other way and sell their soul to the devil, who is laughing hysterically at their stupidity, while the devil is enlarging hell to make more room for them to be with Trump forever. You sold your soul. How in the world can you profess to be a Christian, in church every time the doors open, while you support a whoremonger who wants other trash whoremongers in his administration?

It's not a Democratic or Republican thing, it is a moral thing, an ethics thing.

Did you read where Gaetz used a fake email account on government computers to score marijuana?

Will Gaetz get a pardon from his Best Friend Forever?

Oh, but wait, the 17-year-old who told Congress she had sex with Gaetz twice at a party, once in the presence of other people, said she did not tell him she was 17. Even so, that right there is a felony in Florida. Will something be done about that?

Quoting USA today

[Under Florida law](#), a person who is 24 years old or older who has sex with a minor has committed a second-degree felony, punishable by [up to 15 years](#) in prison.

[Statutes & Constitution :View Statutes : Online Sun...](#)

There is no exception included for ignorance of the minor's age, nor may the minor's previous sexual conduct be considered relevant.

Even if Gaetz isn't charged because he is a mirror image of Trump, we have another Jeffrey Epstein among us.

Sloan speaking.

I read online that the Florida statute of limitations has run and Gaetz can't be prosecuted by Florida.
Donald Trump with Jeffrey Epstein.





My buddy Bob, who does the tech work for my books at the free internet library, archive.org, and for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, and taught economics in three southern colleges, emailed me his two cents worth:

- There was a saying about Tallahassee among criminology students- that out of any area in North Florida, Tallahassee had the biggest number of escort services(whore houses) by population of any place in North Florida. When trying to add levity, they would say "And the biggest one is in the state capitol"
- Matt Gaetz came from that culture where women were commodified- sex is just another thing that you assign a value to and you buy it.
- It's disgusting. But years ago, Gaetz was taken out of consideration for another position in Trump's 45th administration and it was shut down. Rumors came out that Gaetz and Trump were "hobbyists".
- I remember hearing just that- "Yeah, Trump and Gaetz - they're hobbyists" I was about 30 or 31.
- So I had heard that at an academic conference, and I said, "What the hell is a hobbyist ?"
- These older guys laughed at me. "That's what guys who are into prostitution so much, that they do it all the time, so much that they talk about it with other guys who are into frequenting prostitutes. When the Internet came out, they came out with a euphemism for whoring because whores didn't want to be called whores or sex workers.- the johns call themselves hobbyists and they call the prostitutes their hobby."
- Matt Gaetz always turned my stomach. The confirmation that came out today was despicable but at the same time... Unsurprising.
- It's a culture that puts a price on everything, the Republican Party is, so putting a price on women does not surprise me in the least.

Sloan speaking.

I think men like Donald Trump, Jeffrey Epstein and Matt Gaetz, and women who go along with them, for pay or not, and women who vote for Trump, and men who vote for Trump, are explained in a poem that wrote itself into my writing journal in 2017, as I sat in a chair in the conference room of the Key West Library waiting for a monthly meeting of the Key West Poetry Guild to begin.

Bi Polar

the world's favorite
mood disorder
the cause of all
human ails,
including wars,
if the demons aren't counted
bi polar disorder,
the destruction of the
south pole,
the feminine,
the north pole,
he ain't been

right in the head

since she's been gone

Alas, I also think that poem explains most Democrats and Independents, and most people outside of America.

This is the witch again.

Every time my toy poodle Elizabeth Taylor saw Donald Trump on television, she stood up on her hind legs and put her front paws on the TV stand, and she growled.

Eve stocking stuffers

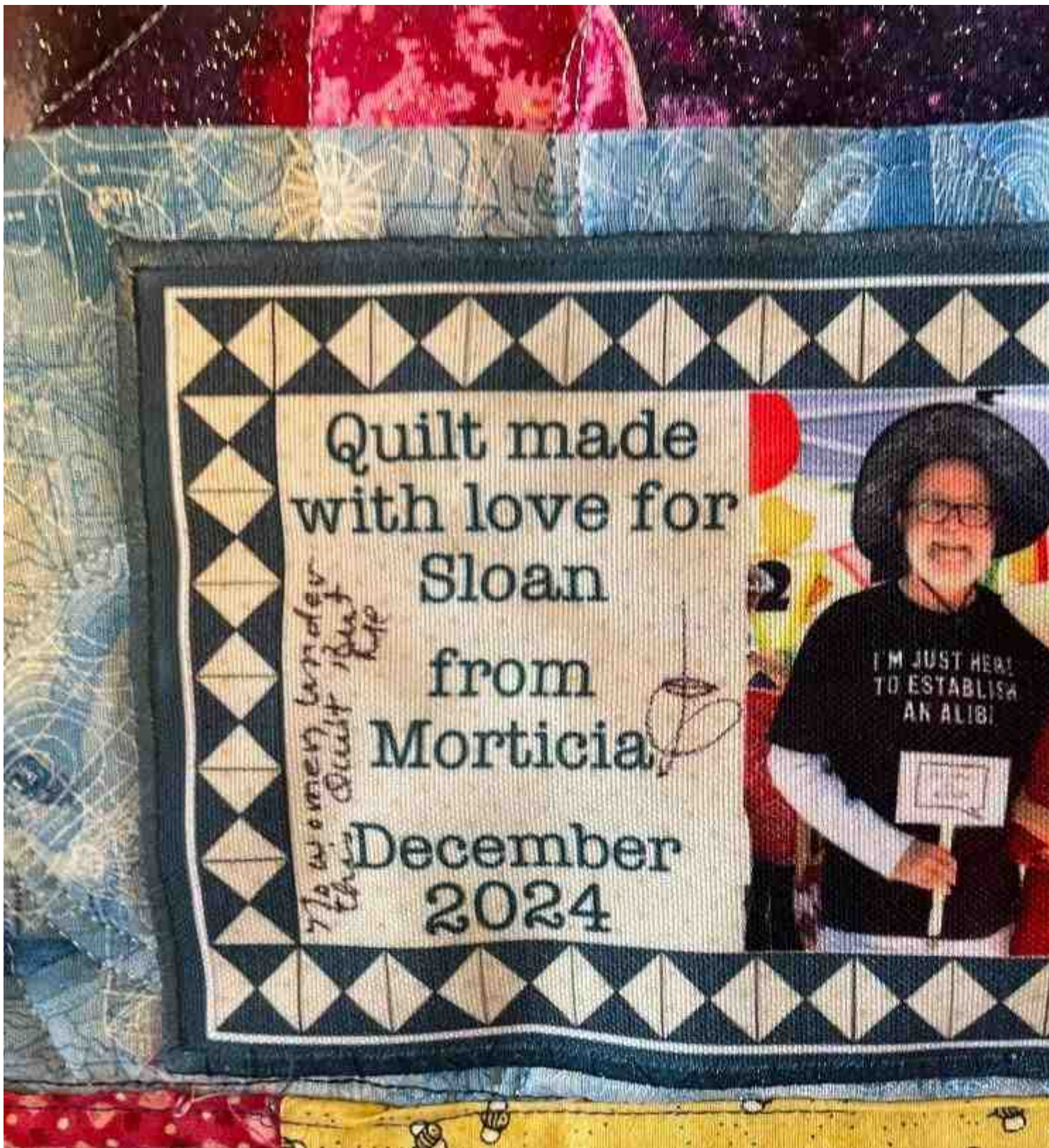
December 25, 2024



before the Fall fabric postcard

I stopped celebrating Christmas Day in the 1990s. Presents and a dead decorated cedar or pine tree simply had no meaning for me. I did not see Jesus in how Christmas Day was celebrated. I got my Christmas Present several months ago.





mandala spell quilt label

Here is a YouTube link to the most recent podcast the witch, Bob and I did: "**Love, Courage, and Quilting: Spider Woman's Web**"

https://youtu.be/5tCj-fqa_14



mandala spell quilt

Yesterday, I asked the Witch pretty please to write down her sentiments about Christmas, and before long she was banging away on her Apple laptop, and she kept banging, and then she emailed it to me, and I did some editing and rearranging, but left her voice and story alone.

Here it 'tis, followed by a festive poem Eve wrote into my journal just before a Key West Poetry Guild monthly meeting began in the conference room of the Key West Library, in 2018.

Dear Sloan,

You asked me to write down my sentiments about Christmas.

On Christmas Day 1953, I came out of my mother 2 months early. I remember every day of the first 2 months in the hospital preemie ward, and I remember knowing I was not a welcome Christmas present.

I hate Chrisimas.

I never liked it as a kid.

It was a joke.

Here is a photo of one of the 1954 Christmas Day with my family. I was the only grandchild. Look at this mess! Oh, I still have the doll bed. This was 1954.



I lived with my mother's father and mother, because my mother and father were monsters. I already wrote plenty about that in the book I started after Sloan moved into my home. My God, the commotion in me writing that book caused. It was like I was dying of cancer and it was all coming out of me at the same time.

I remember when I was 5, telling my grandmother there was no Santa, because it was impossible for him to get to every house on Christmas Eve, and she never told me there was no Santa. She said there

was not one, but I could not tell other children, because it was their parents' place to do that. That was one of the few times I kept my mouth shut.

If me and our brothers and sisters and our cousins and our friends had told a lie, we would have had our butts busted, but it was ok for our parents to tell us to go sit on some fat pervert's lap (which I never did) and spill what we wanted for Christmas and somehow the presents magically appeared, or some of them did, under the tree Christmas morning.

I never liked any family gatherings. I hated Christmas. I wanted to be left alone in my room to read or make my Barbie clothes and quilts for my doll, but I was forced to come out and participate.

For a long time it was just me, Granny and Pop. Then, Aunt Janice moved in with her two boys, and when Christmas time came, the house was full of my aunts and an uncle, and the two monsters and my sister and two brothers, who lived several miles away.

To this day, I hate holiday gatherings. Despise them. Especially Christmas. I can only stand about one hour of visiting, and then I start itching and that is my clue to leave.

Leading up to Christmas, I see people filling up the stores and the malls buying things for others that to me is a waste of money. If your child already has a play station, why stand in line to get the newest version when there is some kid somewhere not getting anything and hungry. I would like Christmas, if all the money that was spent on presents was used to feed the hungry, clothe the ones that do not have much and help the needy. That would be the true meaning of Christmas to me. Not going to happen however and that is sad.

Am I a scrooge? Nope? Do I ever give a gift, sure do. I am giving two people money this year. I asked them not to get me anything, that I was not participating, but I am giving them a gift, but they do not know it. I do not need anything. I just do not like anything given to me. I'd rather you take that money and spend it on something you need. If I need something, I get it myself.

I bought a new refrigerator two weeks ago. I was beyond thrilled when it was delivered and installed today. I must be getting old and an old hag, to get excited about getting a new appliance, as I was referred to this AM. Well, I did say this is the last day I am 70, and I am feeling like I'm getting older, and Sloan laughed and said, right, tomorrow, you will be an old hag.

I also hate Christmas because it is my birthday. I remember as a kid, my sister would have a birthday party with a homemade cake with those roses that were as hard as concrete you got from Jitney Jungle on a blister pack, so that if you were lucky you would not be going to Dr. Wallace, our dentist, to get a filling in. Her cake was always full of those and candles.

Whenever I asked if I was getting a birthday cake, Granny and Mother told me to go back there in the honey room where my grandfather's honey and cakes were kept, which Granny and her three daughters had baked for about two weeks, and pick one for my birthday cake. To hell with that- I never saw those break your teeth roses on any Christmas cake at Granny's.

I remember only one birthday party and cake, at the YMCA, when I was maybe 5, and that made my day. Me next to the little boy.



On my 15th birthday, a friend of one of my aunts made me a cake in a coffee can, and that made my day, but it embarrassed me because nobody had ever made over me like that and I did not know how to act. But I never forgot the cake and her kindness.

If someone made me a birthday cake today, I would not be able to eat it, because I have insulin resistance that is treated like type 2 diabetes.

I know people are having hard times today and I cannot take care of everyone, but I just can't enjoy going out shopping and buying things and knowing some people are doing without.

Same with eating. Sometimes I have a hard time making myself eat, because I am not hungry and I know somewhere there is a person or a child crying because they are starving.

Same with Christmas. Tomorrow morning, some people will wake up with nothing. As an adult in today's world, I would understand, but a child can not understand.

It's stressful for someone to hand me a wrapped box. I always think, "get your, Oh I just love it face on", instead of, "What the hell am I going to do with this present and be sure to put who gave it to you so you don't give it back to them next year."

I mastered the art of unwrapping ahead of time my Christmas present or presents to a perfection so that no one ever knew I knew what was inside, so I could get whatever face on that I needed. You never knew the package had been tampered with. I had it down to a science! If I was given something I didn't like, I gave it to someone else later, all wrapped and pretty.

My Christmas/Birthday present this year came in September. He tells me sometimes that mystery and not knowing are part of walking with God, and he doesn't know what's going to happen next, so I can't unwrap him and learn anything.

The present asked me earlier today to write how I feel about Christmas and send it to him.

What more do I need?

Eve's Festive Poem

"Eve's Answer"

April Fool
Vexing Truth
Life is Poetry,
Poetry is Life,
There's no more to say,
but that would
make God
a really dull boy,
now wouldn't it,
Eve?

So, Eve,
What say you?
After all,
You have been,
still are, blamed,
for everything that went wrong with
hu - MAN - i - ty.

Well, do you really want to hear
what I gotta say?
Is this one of those
be careful what you ask for
pregnancies?
Well, is it?

Probably, but say
what you wish -
I s'pect you need
to be heard.

Heard?
Funny you mention ears.
Yes, ears.
Such important receptacles.
Yet filled with concrete,
shit, propaganda, beliefs,
certainties, well,
let's not leave out
SUPERSTITION
and
RELIGION,
should we?
By the way,
where do ya
suppose
God came from?
Or, out of?

And,
why do ya s'pose
I made Eve
in my own
IMAGE?
'Cause Adam was
so bored and dull -
so ... predictable
He was BORING!!!
the shit outta me!!!
That's why.

Now

Shussssh -

Don't go round quoting me on
any of that -

I've had quite enough of
the religious right
ta last me
the rest of forever

woke and unwoke exterminator: Free Radio Rulo

December 26, 2024



wonder bread truck status quo exterminator radio

station

Maybe a year ago, I stumbled across something so wild, crazy and wonderful that I could not imagine it was for real, but it kept coming back around, and I kept commenting, and it kept commenting back, and the more that happened, the more I became convinced I somehow had stumbled across the antidote, the cure, for what ails America, the extinction of the woke and the unwoke headquartered in an old Wonder Bread Truck in Rulo, Nebraska, population about 144, according to Wikipedia.

Ole Jim uses a weird alien technology that prevents me from copying and pasting into this blog, or into any word processor, what he sends up whenever the mood strikes him, but I was able to copy and paste the text of his December 26, 2024 hypersonic woke and unwoke obliterator, which you can read easy enough, I hope, by clicking on this link.

<https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/news-from-rulo-d34>

Below Ole Jim's Reconstructions are some of his adoring fan club's comments, including mine and the Witch's.

Louis Carroll, Mark Twain, Orson Wells, and Frank Baum, move over.

[News From Rulo](#)

[Free Radio Rulo](#)

[Thursday, December 26th, 2024](#)



Abandoned house near Barada Nebraska

Not much going on here in Rulo, just trying to suffer through until spring. This abandoned house just about sums up how I feel this holiday season: empty and apathetic. I went ahead and took a job shoveling shit at my douchebag uncle's feedlot.

He started me out working Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. At least I won't have to sell the News from Rulo and Wonder Bread truck for now. Anyway, I'm feeling the brutal winter blues pretty bad—I'll tell you that much for sure. So, I've included some art that portrays the absolute, crushing brown and bleakness of winter here in the Midwest. How many miserable days are left until spring?

Ole Stinky and Stu were invited by Lester's wife to Christmas dinner without consulting Lester.

Lester's boy from a previous marriage never comes to visit from the barren depths of Kansas. Most Christmases, he has some last-minute, superseding obligation—work meetings, sporting events, or a fancy Christmas party with his new fiancée. Each year, Lester hopes his boy will make it home and would much rather spend Christmas eve at church with his beloved boy than with his sketchy co-workers. But Lester's wife, such a kind, angelic woman, took it upon herself to invite the undesirable lifelong bachelors, Ole Stinky and Stu, over for a veery fine turkey dinner with all the fixings.

Last year, Lester and his wife made the trek to Topeka for New Year's and stayed at Lester's son's future in-laws' place on the lake. The house was a large, tacky McMansion, decorated to the nth degree in Christmas decorations. The in-laws proved to be intolerable conservatives who spent the holiday

drinking and bragging about famous business connections and vacations in the Caribbean. The future father-in-law even had the nerve to boast about jamming on guitar with the surviving members of Skynyrd (post-plane crash). Lester didn't say it, both Skynyrd post plane crash just wasn't Skynyrd. Anyways, this year, Lester's wife's granddaughter and her new boyfriend were coming to visit Rulo. Lester was happy to spend his time off at home and not in Topeka, though he thoroughly missed his son. Lester's wife's granddaughter and her new boyfriend had met the previous summer while scouting for maple trees in Vermont to tap for syrup. They actually ran plumb into each other each trying to claim a specify large maple tree in the middle of the woods. This year, they were on their way to Kansas City to visit the WWI museum, as Lester's wife's granddaughter's new boyfriend was writing his PhD dissertation on WWI and the development of nitrogen fertilizer by the German chemist Fritz Haber who was equally responsible for chemical warfare and the abundance of food that synthetic fertilization brought about. Both problematic technologies in Lester's mind. All advances in science can have unknown outcomes, good, bad, and in-between.

Anyways, Ole Stinky and Stu showed up a few hours early for dinner, completely stoned on 'Dome Crushers Delta 500 Weed Gummies.' Stu went into a loop, regurgitating conspiracy theories about the drones over New Jersey and recent sightings of black helicopters over Rulo. Ole Stinky, oblivious, immediately dove into the relish tray, munching on sweet pickles and green olives. Lester's wife, the kind host that she is, offered Stu warm dinner rolls and egged him on with detailed questions about the drones, even sharing a UFO story of her own.

As the story goes, Lester's wife was driving home from a Y2K New Year's party just over the bridge in Missouri. At this time, Lester's wife's daughter, Janet, happened to be pregnant and going into labor. So, Lester's wife was in quite a hurry to get to the hospital.

She was about halfway over the Rulo Bridge when she saw some lights emerge out of the river. She described it as an orb that fluctuated into a disk and then back into an orb. She took it as a sign, like the Star of Bethlehem, signifying the birth of the Second Coming in the form of her first granddaughter. This child, she believed, would accomplish great things and usher in the rebirth of an ancient matriarchy to replace the current nightmare of oppression and war carried out by white male "shithead" men—excluding her fine husband, Lester. But including Stu, Ole Stinky, and the new boyfriend, who spent the entire weekend mansplaining on all topics including craft beer, prog rock, politics and fine dining.

Free Radio Rulo is now taking poetry submissions!

Leave a comment or send a direct message!

Poetry by Mike of the Substack

Unkown Orgins

Rulo's 5th Annual Holiday Feral Chow Count

Christmas Day 8:00am-5:00pm

Hot chocolate and snacks for volunteers!

Rulo Fan Club contributions, so far...

Rachel Baldes

Rachel's Substack

Also please keep it up with the abandoned Victorians, I could look at pictures of vacant 150 year old

houses for weeks. The only plus side of the coming apocalypse is my hope to be able to take over one such.

My husband just proceeded to explain to me that he can tell which parts of the NFR are closer descriptions of the reality of the author versus the reality of the author's persona(s). I started to bicker about it but then I decided to bite my tongue. He admitted a few minutes later that he actually doesn't have any inside information and is going on what "feels" like the truth to him. I just told that I know what he's describing but if he read more fiction (or better fiction) he'd see my perspective. He thinks you garden and really did have to move. Anyway this got deeper than I meant and now I don't know how to wrap it up. All to say whoever becomes Big Jim when they sit down to write the "News"; they're doing an amazing thing. ❤️ 🍌

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

I read this latest nuclear side-splitting bender outburst, and Dave, from Cario's elegant super cala fragi listic expi ali docious headstone twice, and I found myself wondering if Ole Jim writes everything coming out of the Wonder Bread Truck and, like Ole' Mark Twain, pretends other people wrote it? Or, maybe there are several Jim's chiming in whenever they feel like it? For sure, I never know when what I read and see from the Wonder Bread Truck is hit my thumb with a hammer and laugh because it could be a lot worse real, or if Jim done gone and snookered me again, bless his precious mischievous big ole heart. As for poetry submissions, yesterday was the alleged birth date of somebody wearing the Pisces sign, who some folks believed he saved them 2000, or so, years before they were born, and I wonder with or without any wonderful bread truck roadside assistance, what kinda logistics their noggins had to leap through, maybe on the way to or after passing through their intestines from the bottom to the top, caused them to think, or believe, or hope Jesus saved them 2000 years or so before they ever did anything while red blood was running through their veins? I kin imagine Ole Mark Twain might have even more to say about such astounding thinking than he already said when red blood was running through is veins, but since he ain't around these parts no more in that way, I suppose Ole Jim, and anyone else who hangs out around the Wonder Bread Truck, will just have to keep poking the tender places that don't ever, never want to be even slightly disturbed out of their woke or unwoke nirvana delusion. Meanwhile, perhaps this here poem that leaped out of me in March 1994 should be considered as a mantra for the Wonder Bread Dispensable Church High Mass?

Only fools rush in
where angels fear the tread,
but if there were not fools,
who'd lead the angels?

Free Radio Rulo

Everything you write is poetry my dude! Maybe we are all universal Jim's everywhere?

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

I'm just now about to publish a new post at my alabamalawyerbecameamystic.com blog, entitled "woke and unwoke exterminator: Free Radio Rulo". The post includes the text of your woke and unwoke bunker buster today, and the reader comments under it, and a link to it, so people I know, who

ain't totally brain dead, can open the link and gander at the full unmitigated outrageous splendor and glory of what the FORCE is doing in Rulo. I'll publish that post's link here in a bit.

Christianna

Jim, (if that is your real name) I just love your writings. This is Sloan's witch, and I was keeping it a secret that I had my own substack account so he was getting me to read his stories from you on his computer. I spilled the beans and let him know I already had you. Keep writing. I love the stories, you are my kind of peeps. Morticia!

Neil

Nice to catch up on the doings that are transpiring in Rulo. Please kindly accept my sijo poetry submission found below:

Unidentified aerial phenomenon over Rulo.

Observers observing the observed from the as yet unknown.

Do the observed exist while not observed by the observers?

God's Court and Amendment 14, Section 3 trump all else

December 27, 2024



blind justice

This once upon a time practicing attorney, who clerked for a United States District Judge, read two articles online yesterday about it now falls on the U.S. House of Representatives, which is required by the U.S. Constitution to certify the 2024 Electoral College votes, of which Donald Trump won a majority, to decline to do that, because on January 6, 2021, Trump violated this part of the U.S. Constitution.

Amendment 14, Section 3

No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath, as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same,

or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability.

The oath Donald Trump took when he was sworn in as president in 2017.

U.S. Constitution

Article II

Section 1 Function and Selection

Clause 8 Presidential Oath of Office

Before he enter on the Execution of his Office, he shall take the following Oath or Affirmation:— I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my Ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

President Trump incited the January 6, 2021 insurrection in the Capitol building, where the House of Representatives and Vice President Mike Pence were, to try to prevent the House of Representatives from counting the 2020 Electoral College votes, of which Joe Biden had won a majority. Under the U.S. Constitution, Vice President Pence was required to preside over and certify the Electoral College vote count. After Trump tried to persuade Pence not to do that, and Pence declined, citing the U.S. Constitution required him to certify the Electoral College vote, Trump incited the rioters to stop the steal and they stormed the Capitol, chanting, “Hang Mike Pence”. Trump watched the insurrection on TV for quite a while, before he went on national TV and told the insurrectionists to stand down and leave, which they did, proving he was in charge of the insurrection.





Under Amendment 14, Section 3, Congress can remove that disability from Donald Trump, and allow the House of Representatives to certify he won the 2024 Electoral College vote. Thus, under Amendment 14/3, the House of Representatives can decline to recognize the Electoral College votes Trump won, and count the Electoral College votes Kamala Harris won, and make her the new president of the United States of America.

Title 5, United States Code

§3331. Oath of office

An individual, except the President, elected or appointed to an office of honor or profit in the civil service or uniformed services, shall take the following oath: "I, AB, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God." This section does not affect other oaths required by law.

([Pub. L. 89-554, Sept. 6, 1966, 80 Stat. 424.](#))

Under that U.S. law, the Democrats and the Republicans in the House of Representatives have to enforce Amendment 14, Section 3 against President Elect. Donald Trump.

When pigs fly.

I'm reminded of a poem by a south Alabama amiga:

"Pigs in mud"

All want the security of the well fed pig.

Horror at the baseness unrecognized.

A lifetime spent in shirt stuffing.

And pen comparison.

Is truth more palatable when honeyed?

Is a stark soulscape less so with the eyes of Monet?

May my affectations always be understood.

Who knows? Maybe the House Democrats will say Donald Trump disqualified himself under Amendment 14, Section 3. Maybe enough House Republicans will join the Democrats in saying Trump disqualified himself under Amendment 14/3.

Maybe pigs will fly.

But I ain't holding my breath, because I ran for public office ten times when I lived in Key West and the Florida Keys, and I never knew one Republican who voted for a Democrat candidate in a local, state or national partisan race down there. Since moving back to Alabama in late 2018, I never met one Republican who voted for a Democrat candidate in a local, state or national partisan race in Alabama. I concluded the Republican Party was those Republicans' religion, and I concluded the same was true for Democrats I knew.

However, Donald Trump is the Republican president elect, and I have closely observed Republicans in the U.S. Senate and the U.S. House of Representatives, and I have concluded their political party is their religion; their political party is more important to them than the law; their political party is more important to them than the truth; their political party is more important to them than God; and being

Christians will not save them in God's Court, where they all now stand trial-unless they INSIST IN PLAIN VIEW that Amendment 14, Section 3 disqualifies Donald Trump from being president again. The seven members of the U.S. Supreme Court, who unanimously ruled Colorado could not remove Donald Trump from the Colorado ballot, because he had violated Amendment 14, Section 3, tried and convicted themselves in God's Court, and their sentence was handed down, but was suspended, pending whether or not they regain their senses and their souls and declare, *sui juris*, that under Amendment 14, Section 3, on January 6, 2021, President Donald Trump engaged in insurrection against the U.S. Constitution and disqualified himself from being President of the United States of America.

The Senate and House Republicans and Democrats, and the Republican and Democrat Supreme Court Justices, cannot argue separation of church and state to escape their guilt or to mitigate their sentences. For they proudly proclaimed in their oaths of office, so help them God, that they would support and defend the United States Constitution; and they proudly carried US dollars, on which is printed "In God we trust;" and they proudly proclaimed in their Pledges of Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, that America is "One nation, under God;" and they proudly proclaimed God is on their side; and thus did they put themselves in God's Court, where they try, convict and sentence themselves; and Jesus in the Gospels will not help them, because he said to render unto Caesar (Government), that which is Caesar's, and to render unto God, that which is God's.

the great America cuckoo's nest careening into Hell

December 28, 2024



I woke this morning beside the Witch and opened my iPhone and read an email from a childhood friend, which cracked us up into cackles.

- It appears to me that the GOP, the MAGA movement and Trump's tech donors have themselves in a quandary as to who is, and will be, in charge for the next 4 years. And know for sure that those 3 entities have no real resemblance to what we grew up knowing as THE Republican Party. And the Emperor may not even be able to wear his own non clothes on Inauguration Day? What a delight!!! So I ask, as my first question, WWJD? Surely the answer may be in that Bible that the OT [Orange Turd]held up in his staged moment at the height of the George Floyd protests and the same ones that POS was marketing a few months back to the poor people who have yet to figure that the only word that rhymes with Trump is Asshole. Oh yeah, Anchor Down, Go 'Dores! Great win today.

My friend worked his entire life in the securities industry, and he definitely ain't no bleeding heart liberal, and he and I both for sure remember when the ancestors of the MAGAs in Alabama were Democrats salivating their worship onto segregation now, segregation forever Alabama Governor George Wallace, who was a few years ahead of me at the University of Alabama School of Law, but eventually somebody shot George in the gut and slowed down his States Rights Party presidential candidate ambitions, and eventually George said he'd turned over a new leaf and he wished he had not been a screaming white supremacist. I wondered if Lady Karma might have been in on George's turn about. I hope she has something up her sleeve for Donald Trump.

'Dores in my friend's email is Vanderbilt, which we both attended what seems like several lifetimes ago. Vandy beat Georgia Tech in some bowl game yesterday. The sky fell on Alabama when it got beat by Vanderbilt this year. I was an Alabama Crimson Tide fan since Paul Bear Bryant came to resurrect the Alabama football program from the dead, and I really liked Nick Saban doing it again after the Bear sometimes alleged to walk on water died, but today Name Image Likeness and instant free agent transfer portal cause me to view college football as the biggest whorehouse in America, if you ignore American politics.

Regarding the political whorehouse, below is the text of an email and poem this morning from another fellow I grew up with, who also received yesterday's "God's Court and Amendment 14, Section 3 trump all else" email blast, which, to my chagrin I saw in his reply, showed everyone's email addresses, which left me thinking once again that need to let the witch screen my emails so I never do that again.

Steve

Sloan, I heartily agree with you. What seems lacking is any backbone in our Senate and Congress. With his cabinet nominations, Trump has demonstrated his insanity. How can Congress even consider his inauguration?

My thoughts:

Cuckoos

Clocks striking eleven-05
Brought out all the cuckoos
Flying, fluttering furiously
While Orange mutters profusely.

Turkish proverb:

A clown in a palace
Does not make him king;
It merely renders
The palace a circus.

So the cuckoos circling
Inside the palace
Try setting the clock
Decades back to the fifties.

Strident then goes the scene:

Sounds of Lead Zeplin
Played backward,
Vibrant violent clashes
To smash the palace like glass.

What then if the clock
Goes to fissionable countdown,
Strikes the hour of twelve
With cuckoos all loose
In the carnival-chaos?

Will they flit back
Inside to perches
Behind their clock-doors
Or will they and we
Be cuckooed forevermore?

Steve
11-18-24



one flew over the cuckoo's nest

Me

Hi, Steve-

I agree with you, wonderful explanation, disposition.

You gave me the perhaps retarded in its tardiness idea that Section 4 of the 25th Amendment should be preemptively invoked to settle the entire matter, but that might make J.D. Vance president, and then the 25th Amendment would have to be invoked again, and then maybe again, and again, and again, as each successor cuckoo fell out his/her nest, hopefully on his/her head, including Elon Musk. Not that I want Kamala Harris in the top cuckoo nest. In informal circles, I would have no hesitation saying America is fucked with any of them in the White House, but Amendment 14, Section 3 would keep the Republican cuckoo nests out of the White House.

- **Amendment 25, Section 4**

Whenever the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive departments or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written

declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall immediately assume the powers and duties of the office as Acting President.

- Thereafter, when the President transmits to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives his written declaration that no inability exists, he shall resume the powers and duties of his office unless the Vice President and a majority of either the principal officers of the executive department or of such other body as Congress may by law provide, transmit within four days to the President pro tempore of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives their written declaration that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office. Thereupon Congress shall decide the issue, assembling within forty-eight hours for that purpose if not in session. If the Congress, within twenty-one days after receipt of the latter written declaration, or, if Congress is not in session, within twenty-one days after Congress is required to assemble, determines by two-thirds vote of both Houses that the President is unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the Vice President shall continue to discharge the same as Acting President; otherwise, the President shall resume the powers and duties of his office.

I reposted yesterday's "God's Court and Amendment 14, Section 3 trump all else" post into the North American Politics section of the Facebook Religious Forums group, and got some prickly comments, and made a general reply to one of them, meant for them all.

esmith

Get over it, the Democrats lost the presidential election.

Twilight Hue

Well all you got to do is point out the formal charge of insurrection. The indictment for Insurrection and the eventual conviction and sentencing for insurrection.

So is the actual charge and conviction of Insurrection anywhere on the list here for anybody?

If not , then do what others say and get over it.

wellwisher

What you are leaving out is the DNC and the Tech alliance; social media, that censored free speech; Hunter Biden Laptop, before the 2020 election. That laptop contained incriminating evidence of the Biden Family influence peddling business. It involved dealings with many foreign adversaries; China and Russia. Then former VP Biden was in mix of this coverup, using methods in violation of the Constitution, while Trump was President. Trump knew it and was doing his job of defending the Constitution; 1st Amendment, and swamp corruption.

Just because the corruption in Government was successfully hiding the truth, at election time, does not mean Trump did not know the Truth. He had seen the laptop, a year before the election. It was given to the FBI to verify, who then conspired to hide it and not publicly confirm it. Trump was defending the country and Constitution against enemies both domestic and foreign. Russia was allowed to invade Ukraine, with Biden doing nothing; quid pro quo.

Had the truth come out earlier; Oct 2020, we could have spared the country the last four years of disaster. The crooks stole the election and then they got worse with law fare. The current game of the DNC, is to set the stage a certain way to create an illusion, by ignoring what we now know with 20/20 hindsight. Trump had goods reasons to act due to their occupation. You need the whole truth and nothing but the whole truth of the Hunter Biden Laptop and the Government and Corporate Conspiracy

to interfere in the election and coverup crimes with foreign adversaries.

Now that Trump controls the FBI, CIA, Justice with loyal people, the truth, requested for years, but still buried, can come out and the treason addressed. The DNC rank and file should be happy, since this will get rid of the old guard that brought you to this messy place. Then you guys can start clean and renew, but without the head of the snake, lingering, keeping you stuck, defending them and their lies.

Jayhawker Soule

Damn, I just hate it when those folks leave out the DNC and the Tech alliance (except, of course, the Tech alliance behind the MAGA-DOGE kerfuffle).

(Perhaps we'll learn about that insidious "Tech alliance" embrace of the H-1B visa from Trump's 14.7 TikTok followers.)

Redneck Mystic

esmith said: Get over it, the Democrats lost the presidential election.

If you and the other people who replied so far read what I posted here, you should have figured out pretty quick that I don't belong to a political party (satanic cult), nor to a religion (satanic cult), but am one of the prosecutors in God's Court, where I and everyone else stand trial daily. Now if that's a problem for you or the others who took me to task, then why are you hanging out at a religious forum? Rest assured, I have prosecuted Joe and Hunter Biden, and Hillary and Bill Clinton, and Barack Obama many times, and their Republican predecessors. They all need to spend a good while roasting over hot coals, maybe that would wake them up and they see things differently, maybe not.

That said, I will proffer that anyone who still thinks Trump should not be behind bars for inciting the Jan 6, 2021 insurrection is possessed by the Devil, plain and simple. Likewise, anyone who did not understand the same about the aforesaid Democrats and their Republican predecessors. America really does need to stamp on its money, "In the Devil we Trust", and fix its Pledge of Allegiance to read, "one nation, under the Devil", and change its sworn oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, to "so help me, Satan", or if you prefer, "so help me, Lucifer". If the shoe fits, you're welcome.

Then came this comment:

icehorse

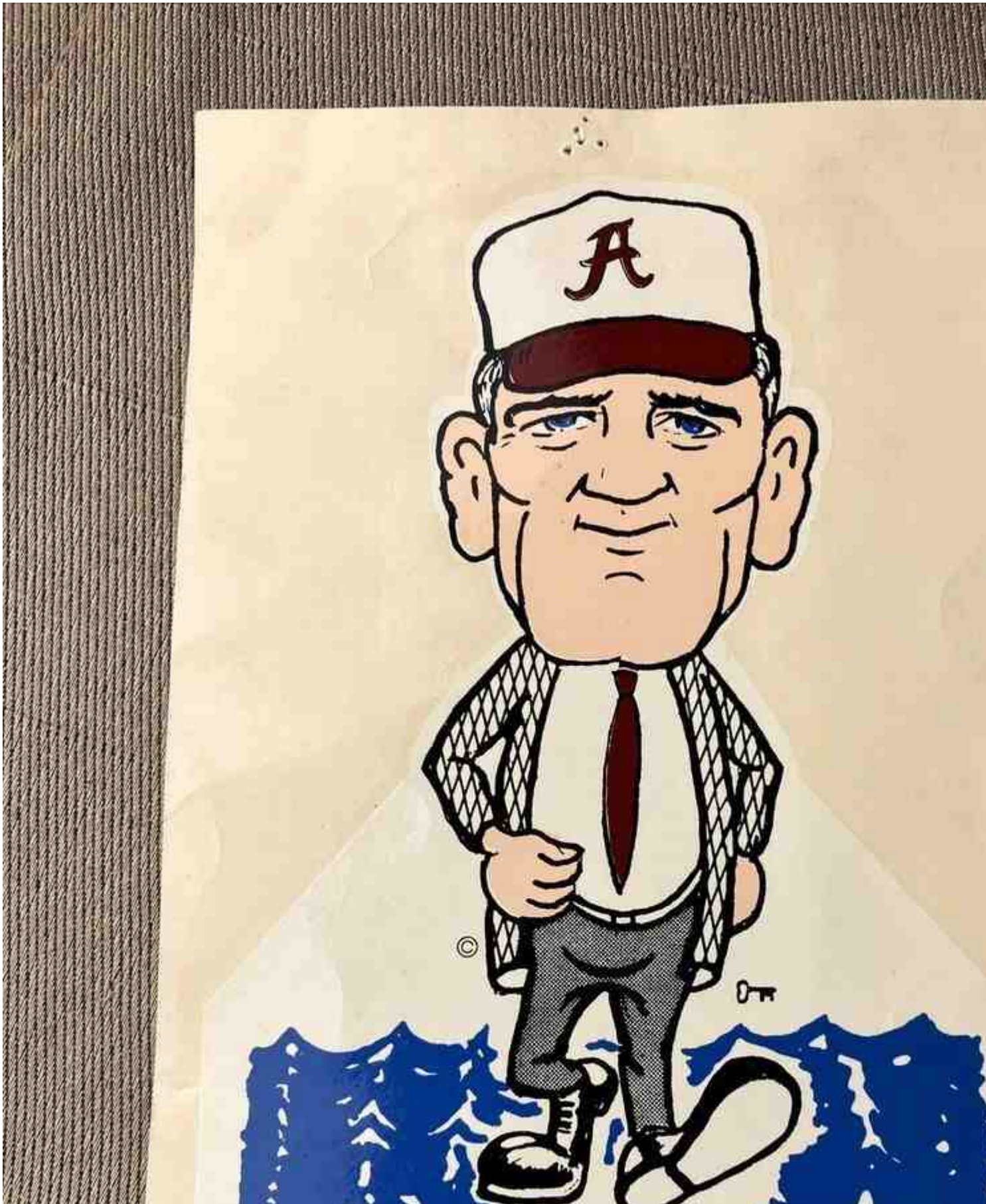
The DNC and the GOP are both corrupt up to their teeth, but that's really not related to the insurrection. The US is careening towards being a third world autocracy.

Redneck Mystic

I agree, re the DNC and the GOP and America careening, but toward Hell.

College football became a very big house of ill repute

December 29, 2024





Nick Saban

I was an Alabama Crimson Tide fan since Paul “Bear” Bryant came to resurrect the Alabama football program from the dead, and I really liked Nick Saban doing it again after the Bear sometimes alleged to walk on water died, but today Name Image Likeness and instant free agent transfer portal cause me to view college football as the biggest whorehouse in America, if you ignore American politics. and I remain convinced NIL and the transfer portal are why Nick Saban retired last year.

As for Alabama not getting invited into the 12-team play off for the so-called national championship this year, this year’s Alabama team looked to me like it was two very different teams, and one team was awesome, and the other team was a joke. The joke team was big on senseless penalties, and its once Heisman Trophy candidate dual threat quarterback, unbeatable when he was on, seemed off in another world when he was off, based on needless sacks he took, fumbles he lost, and his intercepted passes. I went to Vanderbilt and rooted for Alabama when it played Vanderbilt. I watched very heavy underdog Vanderbilt beat Alabama straight up this year; and I watched favored Alabama barely show up against Tennessee, and lose; and I watched heavy favored Alabama not show up at all against a so so Oklahoma team, and then Navy beat Oklahoma yesterday. So, I hope Alabama’s players, coaches and fans finally came around to thinking Alabama did not belong in the 12 team play off, regardless of how the Alabama v. Michigan bowl game goes.

I wish the very best for the Alabama players who do not leap for dollars into the transfer portal, and for their coaches, but I don’t see how Alabama, or any major college football team and its coaches, are

able to cope mentally, emotionally and spiritually with what has become of college football, which very simply has been ruined.

Professional football players cannot just up and walk away from their teams, because someone offered them more money. Yet the NCAA and the SEC, the Big Ten, the ACC, the Big 12, and other college sports conferences have done nothing to fix what they have allowed to happen.

Not all that long ago, a college football player, who transferred to another college had to sit out a year before playing for his new school. The one-year waiting period after transfer needs to be reinstated for the sake of college football and for the sake of the college football players' very souls. That the one-year waiting period has not already been reinstated is the work of the Devil, literally.

Didn't Jesus in the Gospels say,

"No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matthew 6:24 KJV

Since evangelicals never wanted real follower of Jesus president

December 30, 2024



nuclear submarine captain born again Christian president

Jimmy Carter died yesterday.

I remember a dream back around 2004, in which a familiar voice (Archangel Michael) told me, "God wants Jimmy Carter to be president." Former US Navy nuclear submarine captain, Carter had served one term as president, and thus he could have run that year and served a 2nd term. After Carter was president, he deeply involved in Habitat For Humanity and work there many years.

Instead, the Democrats chose Vietnam war combat naval officer John Kerry, who later came out against that unholy war, to run against the Vietnam war AWOL draft dodger 2nd President George Bush and his oil tycoon Vice President Dick Cheney, whose U.S. House of Representatives daughter Liz Cheney is one of the few Republicans in the U.S. Congress to stand up against the pussy grabber draft dodger insurrectionist Donald Trump, who promised to have her prosecuted and to pardon all of his insurrectionists.

This morning, I wrote a comment in a Rulo Free Radio discussion, which ended, "I'm trying this morning to figure out what to write about Jimmy Carter today, who proved in hearts and spades that evangelical Americans don't never, ever want a real follower of Jesus in the White House ever, never again."

Instead, evangelical Americans continue to swallow hook, line and sinker everything that comes out of the pussy grabber Vietnam war drafter dodger insurrectionist Donald Trump's mouth, proving he knows a sucker is born every minute.



Maybe that's all that needs to be said about Jimmy Carter today, the only true follower of Jesus who got elected President of the United States of America- a fool who rushed in where even angels feared to tread?

Which brings me back to Ole Jim at Free Radio Rulo

<https://freeradiorulo.substack.com/p/news-from-rulo-d34>

and the poem I submitted after Jim invited poem submissions, and what happened after that.

*Only fools rush in
where angels fear to tread,
but if there were no fools,
who'd lead the angels?*

Free Radio Rulo

Everything you write is poetry my dude! Maybe we are all universal Jim's everywhere?

Sloan Bashinsky

I'm just now about to publish a new post at my alabamalawyerbecameamystic.com blog, entitled "woke and unwoke exterminator: Free Radio Rulo". The post includes the text of your woke and unwoke bunker buster today, and the reader comments under it, and a link to it, so people I know, who ain't totally brain dead, can open the link and gander at the full unmitigated outrageous splendor and glory of what the FORCE is doing in Rulo. I'll publish that post's link here in a bit.

Free Radio Rulo

The citizens of Rulo thanks you!

Michael

Lux Umbra Dei

Yowzah, you nailed it! I'm changing my denomination to the Church of the Universal Jim!

Too bad we all gotta meet in that cramped little wonder bread truck.

Damn fine poem Sloan, and I deeply appreciate it as I sit here in my barcalounger eating my Bombay pizza, wiping my greasy fingers on the arms, my wife hates that, and kicking at my pitbull-chow mix who keeps snarling and trying to steal a piece and if he keeps that going I'm gonna box him up and send him to my inbred cousins on Airlee Rd who might find a use for him guarding one of their labs.

My poem is extra special:

Duke, Duke, Duke,

Duke of Rulo.

Duke, Duke.

Duke of Rulo,

Duke, Duke Duke of Rulo,

Duke, Duke

As I walk through this world

Nothing can stop me,

The Duke of Rulo!

And mah brain's in such a whirl

Pot and PBR are so fine!

I can't figure out how it ends.

Down, Spot! That rascal just got him a slice of my pizza!

Sloan Bashinsky

Right after that fools rush in poem leaped out of me, I started feeling something huge and wonderful wriggling into me, and I wept a lot, and I went on about two weeks, and one minoring out for the walk I regularly took, when I reached the turn around point about 2 miles out, I sensed angels around me and then I heard, "This thing coming into you is your angel twin, all people have an angel twin and yours is coming into you to live the rest of your life with you." I thought, "Oh, neat." Then I heard, "By the way, this is your son." My infant son had died of crib death when I was in law school. My knees buckled and I nearly fell to the ground. After that, it seemed to be all the way inside of me. Many years later, I wondered if son meant Jesus, the son of God, with whom I had some really intense visions and poetry after the fools rush in poem came. Whatever came into me seems to be still with me, and sometimes I wonder how it puts up with me.

Free Radio Rulo

Peace be with you Sloan! This story is tragic. I'm so sorry for your loss. I don't think a parent could ever get over that.

Michael

This be truer than true.

Sloan Bashinsky

Man's best friend, yeah right :-)

My son dying so discombobulated me that I never was able to fit myself into the plans my father and his father and I had for me, and I became someone else entirely.

Never fancied myself a Duke of anything.

Was raised to be a prince,

really screwed that up,

they have to be so perfect,

their shit can't stink,

they can't fart,

warts can't be,

I learned frogs don't give a shit

and have more fun.

Free Radio Rulo

Michael, can you hook me up with a chow pit-bull mix? I would pay big bucks for one!

Michael

Too late, brother. I boxed him up and FedExed him to Co-President Musk in a package labeled "H1 Visas" and fed him some Tabasco and peppercorns. Man, he's going to be in a bad mood when he comes lunging out of that box!! I put VP Vance's name on the return address! Maybe get a two-fer. Har har har har! Anyways I'm jes' joshing- I wouldn't offload that rascal on anybody.

Free Radio Rulo

Man I would give anything to get together at some dive bar with you and Sloan and knock back some PBR's. Or just get some coffee! You dudes make my day!

Michael

Birds of a feather, says I. Ain't that right brother Sloan?

Free Radio Rulo

If you could mail me some of Ringo's hair I would appreciate that as well. Please?

Sloan Bashinsky

We aim to please, or disrupt, depending on what's needed :-). Hope that present being delivered by FedEx has body cam in good working order, cause that footage would go viral several times around this here world.

Michael

Sloan, what brother Jim is referring to a comment I made somewhere about Beatles Ringo a lock of hair from that drummer of the Beatles. I figured it would be a collectible and I could make me some beer money marking it up and re-selling it. I got a lock of Ringo's hair in a little plastic box I purchased at the flea market on SE Holgate Street. It came with a Certificate of Authenticity but that had a misspelling that said "Gringo" instead of "Ringo" and in real tiny letters said, Hecho en Mexico, whatever that means. Anyway, some hoodie-wearing hick stole that box out of the bed of my SuperDuty. The camera caught him at midnight but my motion tracker malfunctioned and the .50 Cal on the roof shot up the neighbor's house. Now the SWAT team and armored vehicles are all around, they've cordoned off the block, evacuated this half of the city, are shooting gas canisters through every one of my windows and someone on a bullhorn is shouting out for me to surrender or something but I can't hear him good because of the gas mask I'm wearing! Worse, the .50 Cal is about out of rounds and is still not tracking right and it just shot off the steeple of the local Tabernacle and hosed the police station!

Do you think I'll get any jail time for this, Jim? Did Ringo play any gigs in Mexico?

Sloan Bashinsky

Dunno re Ringo down Mexico way, but I played a couple of gigs, one in Cabo San Lucas and the other on Isla Mujeres, and maybe it dawns on me that's where I might have left my Zorro cape and sword when I was writing a screenplay called "Santa Anna's Revenge," based on the thinly disguised notion that the entire American southwest and most of California and about half of Colorado were Spanish colonies before the Pilgrims found Plymouth Rock, and maybe what ought to happen to balance them karma scales is a giant earthquake separates New Spain from the continental US and, well, I suppose that might make a fun Netflix series. Meanwhile, I think maybe somebody in Hollywood needs to be reading all about what's going on in Rulo and the Wonder Bread Truck and make a blockbuster movie out of it, as I'm trying this morning to figure out what to write about Jimmy Carter today, who proved in hearts and spades that evangelical Americans don't never, ever want a real follower of Jesus in the White House ever, never again.

While that was going on over Rulo way yesterday, this went on after Erik Rittenberry published at his Poetic Outlaws Substack a long dissertation about the difference between poets and wannabe poets.

What Does it Mean to Be a Poet? (and why...

POETIC OUTLAWS

DEC 29

By: Erik Rittenberry

<https://poeticoutlaws.substack.com/p/what-does-it-mean-to-be-a-poet-and>

Sloan Bashinsky

In 1991, I was 49, the first poem wriggled up out of me to be on the back jacket of a book I'd written, Prisons & Freedom, which today is a free read at the internet library. It rocked a bunch of boats and rattled a lot of cages, including my own :-)

<https://archive.org/details/prisons-and-freedom-v-2-1-with-post-script-and-final-page>

Here's the poem on the back jacket, after which came many poems that just came up out of me with almost no thought on my part, as if they wrote themselves into my writing journal.

"Living Poets"

Dead poets are poets who never write

Who obey shoulds and oughts

Who live to please others

Who value money over God

Who die without ever having lived

Death is their mark

Dead poets are remembered by the living.

Living poets are remembered by time

Dead poets never sing their song

Living poets never stop singing it

The difference between the two is this:

One worships fear, the other life

To be a dead poet is hard

It requires being someone else

To be a living poet is easy

It only means being myself

One choice is hell, the other heaven

That is what is meant by free will

Martin Mc Carthy Poetry Substack

I have asked myself this question many times, Erik, and the answer I've come up with is this: to be a poet - a real poet, not a fake one seeking a career, fame and money - is primarily to be an agent of the divine, and that is enough of a reward for anybody. Poetry, as I see it, is the soul of the world. And true poets are its priests, serving something profoundly bigger than themselves. All true artists are agents of the divine. We exist simply to create, to conjure, to mold, to be.

Sloan Bashinsky

Lovely, amen

Martin Mc Carthy

Thank you, my friend. You've just proved to me that there is a lot to be said for saying what we instinctively know in our souls to be true - even though the world and its manipulators wants us to believe that life is all about winners and losers and adoring a big, vacuous blowhole of a leader, rather than something truly profound like Poetry, which is our link to the eternal.

Sloan Bashinsky

Looks to me the vacuous blow hole is a funnel to Hell for any who adore or even side with him to their own perceived gain. Alas, I have little affection for Joe Biden and Kamala Harris, ditto their predecessors in the White House, Democrat and Republican. I can't recall ever sitting down with the

intention of writing a poem, but many times I was sat down and a poem came up out of me, which I would never have dreamed up with my mind, and it was my Muse, for I was the paper, the ink my blood, the pen my soul, and the poet was God- that fell out of me one day and I cried my eyes out.

Martin McCarthy

Sloan, the ending of this comment is truly poetic. It reminds me a bit of D. H. Lawrence's poem about what real poetry is and where it comes from: "Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me! "

Sloan Bashinsky

Yes. I lived in Key West a good while, and I joined The Key West Poetry Guild and attended and recited and read my own poetry at monthly meetings. Some poets' poems were intrinsic, came from somewhere deep or beyond; some poems were crafted, came from what felt to me like their minds.

I recited this one quite a few times, it had hatched out of nowhere in early 1994.

Who invented the rule that poetry must rhyme, have pentameter, be cast into verse? Yes, please tell me who invented that really silly rule? Surely it wasn't the maker of the first stone- otherwise, there'd be no stones to break all those slaving rules!

I attended several poetry writing workshops and poetry slams in Key West, and listened to how to write poetry, and how not, and my poems kept coming when they wanted to come, despite me, in spite of me.

Martin McCarthy

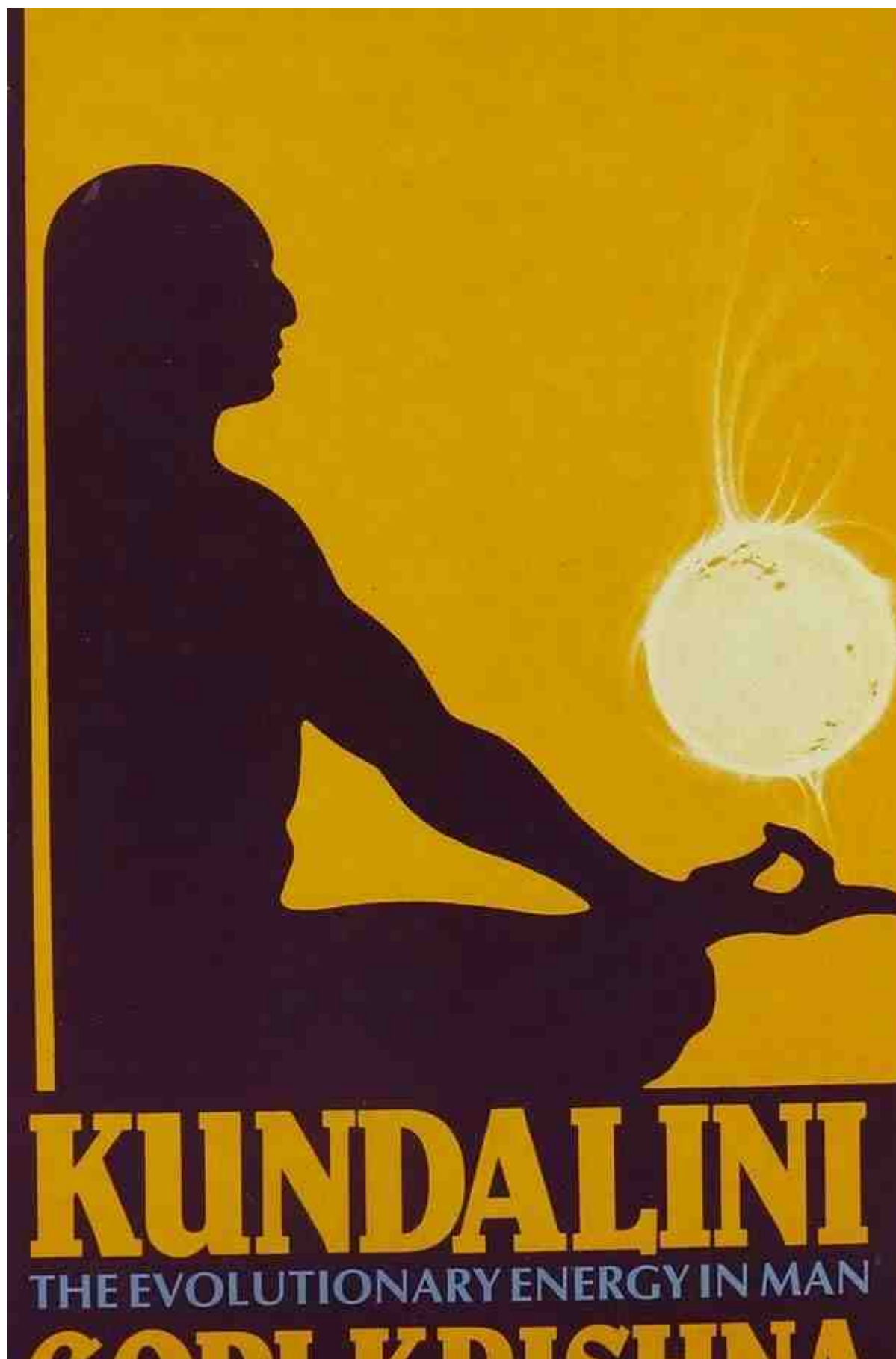
Thanks for sharing your poem. Nice chatting with you.

Sloan Bashinsky

Likewise

Kundalini and other unpredictable roadside attractions

December 30, 2024



At the suggestion of a woman I had taken up with, I read that book around 1987, before I moved from Santa Fe, New Mexico to Boulder, Colorado. The author, from India, described his experience with a spontaneous kundalini (serpent energy) arousal, and he was in great distress and he went to a lot of alleged spiritual master yogis for help, and they were of no help, and finally he found someone, or maybe he read something, that told him some things to try that helped him survive.

In Boulder, I read a book a man named U.G. Krishnamurti wrote, or had someone else write for him, the most unusual against the conventional esoteric grain spiritual path book I ever read, *The Mystique of Enlightenment: The unrational ideas of a man called U.G.*

In the early part of his book is this:

- My teaching, if that is the word you want to use, has no copyright. You are free to reproduce, distribute, interpret, misinterpret, distort, garble, do what you like, even claim authorship, without my consent or the permission of anybody.--U.G.

U.G.'s book is a free read at this link:

<https://www.holybooks.com/wp-content/uploads/U.G.-Krishnamurti-The-Mystique-of-Enlightenment.pdf>

Angels known in the Bible started trying to change me in early 1987, and they are still hard at it. What they did to and for me is nothing like what U.G. describes in his book happened to him. Yet, I imagine somewhere in space and time, where U.G. ended up is where most people on this world could end up, with the angels help. For U.G. apparently experienced a complete spontaneous arousal of the kundalini, which changed him completely. As far as I can tell, the kundalini in me remains where it was all along, sound asleep, or blocked.

I read other books about the kundalini when I lived in Boulder, where I met several people who had been involved with a yogi in India, who went by Muktananda. I read his autobiography, in which he described meeting a very advanced yogi, who used his mind, or something, to give shaktipat to Muktananda, which began the arousal of the kundalini in Muktananda, who said he had thought he was very developed spiritually, but learned he was not nearly as developed as he had believed. He said he lost control of his penis, which kept getting erect, which was very troubling for a devoted yogi. A woman friend of my wife in Boulder told me that she and her husband had been in Muktananda's ashram in India, and they learned he was having sex with young women in his ashram, and it turned her off and she broke away from him, while her husband did not.

I also read something by the American human and child development author Joseph Chilton Pearce, who spent time with Muktananda, learning about shaktipat, which was developed to help people recover what had been lost, or destroyed, which was supposed to rise naturally from the pelvis up through the body into the head through various rights or natural passage, ending around age 21 or 22, as I recall, but the kundalini got blocked by the way children were raised, educated, and programmed socially, religiously, etc.

Everything I read about the kundalini said it is feminine energy, or Shakti, which has her own ways, and her absence, mostly, is the cause of all human disturbances.

I read that people who experienced spontaneous arousal of the kundalini and survived it, went into contorted postures, and hatha yoga postures were developed in an attempt to mimic those postures and awaken the kundalini in yoga practitioners.

This art of the Hindu Goddess Kali standing on Shiva's chest certainly indicates she does not like how men think, and perhaps her taking over humanity would awaken the kundalini in all people and humanity would become what it could be, instead of what it has become- testosterone driven.



Kali, humanity's savior?

In the fall of 2002, a woman I really cared about told me in my sleep, "Sloan, you married Kali!" I woke up terrified, because Kali is known as the Goddess of Destruction and Resurrection, kinda a female Jesus. After having that dream, I went through yet another course in looking hard as myself in the mirror.

That said, I will return to the the bizarre world in which I live, and have lived, since I was born, but it took a while for it to start getting stranger and stranger and stranger, and then the pure testosterone-driven Donald Trump got elected president, and then he got elected president again, and it seems pure testosterone-driven America has gone completely off the rails, and so why should I hold anything back?

Driving back to the country around mid-day from a doctor's appointment in Birmingham, as I reached the old Huntsville highway, US 79, which is a 4-lane road, I was passed by a white SUV like I was standing still, and I was going 55 m.p.h. I watched the white SUV streak away from me, and as it flew into the stoplight intersection maybe half mile up US 79, it struck a black SUV and spun it around in the median of the 4-lane, and the white SUV veered to the right and ran off the road and stopped like it had hit an earth embankment

I reached the intersection and eased through it and drove maybe 75 yards and pulled off the road into a parking lot and turned off the ignition to my car and picked my iPhone and told Siri to call 911. When a dispatcher answered, I told her what you just read above and asked her if she wanted me to stay there until police arrived? She said that was up to me. I asked if she wanted me to stay there, and she said it was up to me. I said that's crazy, and I saw blue lights flashing at the intersection and I told her a police car had arrived and I was going to talk to the officer and I disconnected the call.

I locked my car and walked back to the intersection, and saw the driver of the black SUV was outside of his vehicle, looking dizzy. The front and back of this vehicle were damaged. The driver of the white SUV was crawling out of the driver's side door, and he was looking like he had his back hurt. I told the officer I had seen the whole thing and would give a statement, and he said he was a Tarrant City police officer and we were in the Birmingham Police Department's jurisdiction and he was trying to assist by directing traffic. I asked him if he had a pen and paper I could use to write down my name and phone number and what I saw, and he pulled out a writing pad and gave me a pen, and I wrote what I saw happen.

I walked over to the driver of the black SUV and told him what I had done, and he asked me to write down my name and phone number, which I did. He said he was trying to turn when he was hit by the white SUV, and I said I saw it all, and I told him what you read above. A man then crossed the road by the white SUV and walked to us in the median. He had a police badge on his shirt. I started telling him what I had seen, and he said he worked for the Fultondale Police Department and was doing security work at the bank near the intersection and it was out of this jurisdiction. I told both officers I used to practice law in Birmingham that the driver of the SUV didn't need to be taken to the hospital, he needed to be taken to the county jail for trying to kill people with his car.

I walked back to my car and drove to the Witch's home, and about an hour later, a woman in the Birmingham Police Department called me, and I told her everything you read above, and she said someone from the insurance company would be calling me, and I said what is the world coming to, for something like this to happen in the middle of the day? She said she agreed. I said I had practiced law in Birmingham and the man driving the white SUV needs to be arrested and his blood examined to see if he was on meth or something, and he needs to be in jail, because he tried to kill that other man, and if he had used a gun instead of his car, he would be in jail now. That seemed to throw off the woman from the Birmingham Police Department. I said it again and told her goodbye and ended the call.

About that time I received an email blast from a retired Birmingham lawyer I know pretty well:

- The Scribner Collection copyright 1972, compiled by Philip Young, sets out Hemingway's short stories featuring his "Nick Adams" persona in chronological order, tracking Hemingway's own life from his realization that he was actually "going to die" someday, through adolescence, soldier, veteran, writer and parent. Young incorporated "new material" in "oblique type". Insofar as you guys are writers, and students of

the game, I thought you might find it yeasty: "Indian Camp" has a jaw dropping windup. Note: Hemingway's influential father was a country doctor in the wilds of northern Michigan.

I replied to him and the other recipients, some of whom I know, others I know of, and others I do not know.

- I read the "Nick Adams" stories when I was in law school. I also read during law school Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway and Baker's compilation of Hemingway's personal letters.
- My senior year at Vanderbilt, I took an American novels course, and we read the Old Man and the Sea and one other Hemingway novel, don't now recall which one, perhaps A Farewell to Arms. Our literature professor said we know who the bad guy will be in a Hemingway novel, because he does not drink. I think I read all of the novels Hemingway completed, and a short story about a tank, which was quite good. He was a helluva writer and storyteller.
- I first learned of him when my mother gave me the magazine serial version of The Old Man and the Sea to read, when I was maybe 12. His letters in Baker's book were quite revealing of his personal character, which is not so visible in his books. I told my wife, after reading Baker's letters book, that Hemingway was a huge asshole, and I didn't feel so kindly toward him any more.
- Several times when I lived in Key West, people tried to persuade me to enter the Hemingway look alike contest, which was held in Sloppy Joe's saloon on Duval Street. The contest consisted of inebriated old white men in Orvis fishing costumes standing on a stage hoping to be chosen the winner. I told the instigators I wouldn't enter the contest, because, unlike the contestants, I knew how to fish and how to write. Even as I still envied Hemingway for being a famous author who made a good living at it.
- I still have that envy, even as I get up each morning and write something I can't imagine Hemingway would have liked and he just might have criticized it and me. In one of his letters, he was dreadfully prejudiced against William Faulkner, and in another letter he was dreadfully opposed to anything he wrote being changed by his editor Max Perkins at Scribner & Sons. He was adamant that there was no symbolism in anything he wrote. For example, the old man was an old man, the boy was a boy, the fish was a fish, and nothing more.
- In fact, the last novel Hemingway completed, The Old Man and the Sea was his unconscious suicide note. The boy the old man left at the dock was young Ernest whose father never had time for him. The old man was Ernest who was all alone. The little fishing boat was all he had left. He went to sea and hooked up a huge marlin, his manhood, which he fought with his bare hands and rope line through a windlass. He won the tug of war, then came the sharks, his rejected feminine, who ate away at the marlin and left only its head and its tail. Thus began the cancer in his brain, that would cause him eventually to kill himself with his favorite double barreled shotgun, instead of live out his remaining days in an asylum. His novels were about grace under fire, and he manned up and took himself out.
- That came to me in 1990, not long before I presented at a writer's conference at Birmingham Southern. My topic was "Writing as a mystical experience." I used Hemingway and The Old Man and the Sea to posit he had no clue what that tale really was about- HIM.
- The writers conference audience wasn't interested in that, but they very much wanted to know how I dealt with writer's block. I told them I didn't get writer's block. When I was supposed to

write something, I wrote, It just came out of me; and when there was nothing coming out of me, I did something else.

- That seemed to rattle most of them, and I asked them if they had read in books about writing that they had to get up each day and spend 4 hours at a typewriter, even if nothing was coming out of them, and several of them nodded yes, and I said not everyone who wants to be a writer is a writer, but everyone has a gift and what's important is to find it and do all we can with it.
- A guy I went to Ramsay with, same homeroom class, Doug (Kip) Culp, was there. He gave me a thumbs up. He was a lawyer. We already had had some discussions, and I had suggested he try to be a little more yin and not so much yang, which was Hemingway's challenge.
- After the Novel Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale fell out of me in 2001 in about 6 weeks, a friend who was the first person to read the manuscript gave a copy of the manuscript to Melvin Slotnick, who was Jewish, but had become a born again Christian. Melvin was in my class at Crestline. According to my friend, Melvin passed the manuscript to Kip, who then got hit hard in the heart while boxing at a gym in Birmingham and his doctor told him to take it easy for a while. Kip did some Golden Gloves boxing during our Ramsay days. Kip went to the YMCA on 21st street and was jogging on the track and had a coronary and died, leaving behind his second wife and their young child. I told my friend, maybe I should not share Heavy Wait with anyone else? My friend's eyes got big and round.
- Eventually, I got a print to order publisher to publish Heavy Wait, and it went nowhere even after a large print version and a Spanish translation were published. A couple of years ago, my tech friend Bob digitized Heavy Wait and put it into the free internet library, which is run by American colleges. It can be read there.
- https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212
- I wrote the sequel in 2023, Return of the Strange, which Bob digitized.
- https://archive.org/details/return-of-the-strange-v-20_202306
- The Witch read both tales about two weeks ago, and she cussed and squirmed and fumed and shook, and I told her to keep reading and not jump to the end to see how the tales ended. The "hero" is a Birmingham trial lawyer, to whom I could never have come close to holding a candle, who got into some very interesting not entirely of this world adventures with two very different women, one at a time, which I still figure would make terrific movies, but I plead large conflict of interest prejudice :-).
- The storyline for Heavy Wait was given to me by a street performer friend I met in Key West a few days after I dreamed of him teaching me how to do my own street act. He told me the storyline after learning I had written books, including novels. He said it would make a great movie, but it first needed to be written as a novel. When I asked if I could write that novel, I said I reckoned I could, since I had lived about half of the storyline the year before. His jaw dropped. Heavy Wait begins, with how he and I got involved. Then, I tell the tale, which ain't for prudes or the faint of heart, or young children. I can't imagine any evangelical liking it. Ditto, Return of the Strange.
- I do not sit down and write a novel with some idea of where it is headed. It sits me down and we go on an adventure I am never able to anticipate, including how it ends. But that's how life goes. We never know what's going to happen next.

Pearl Harbor lookout college football apocalypse

January 1, 2025



Pearl Harbor Lookout

Because of dreams last night, I gathered up what I wrote on Facebook about college football and the Alabama football team a few days ago, and bundled it into what I wrote on Facebook about the Alabama-Michigan game yesterday, along with what other people commented, and put it into one big miserable New Year's Day basket for other people to read or not, reach for a pack of anti-acids or not, throw up or not, holler and scream or not, or just say to hell with college football, or not. Anyway you slice it, the Devil is very pleased at what the U.S. Supreme Court Justices (all of them, Democrat and Republican), the NCAA, and the SEC, Big Ten, ACC, Big Twelve, and other conferences, have done to cause college football to be the biggest house ill repute in America, if you are able to somehow ignore American politics.

Facebook post before Alabama played Michigan:

Sloan Bashinsky

I was an Alabama Crimson Tide fan since Paul "Bear" Bryant came to resurrect the Alabama football program from the dead, and I really liked Nick Saban doing it again after the Bear sometimes alleged to walk on water died, but today Name Image Likeness and instant free agent transfer portal cause me to view college football as the biggest whorehouse in America, if you ignore American politics. and I remain convinced NIL and the transfer portal are why Alabama's G.O.A.T. football coach Nick Saban retired last year.

As for Alabama not getting invited into the 12-team play off for the so-called national championship this year, this year's Alabama team looked to me like it was two very different teams, and one team was awesome, and the other team was a joke. The joke team was big on senseless penalties, and its once Heisman Trophy candidate dual threat quarterback, unbeatable when he was on, seemed off in another world when he was off, based on needless sacks he took, fumbles he lost, and his intercepted passes. I went to Vanderbilt and rooted for Alabama when it played Vanderbilt. I watched very heavy underdog Vanderbilt beat Alabama straight up this year; and I watched favored Alabama barely show up against Tennessee, and lose; and I watched heavily favored Alabama not show up at all against a so-so Oklahoma team, and then Navy beat Oklahoma yesterday. So, I hope Alabama's players, coaches and fans finally came around to thinking Alabama did not belong in the 12 team play off, regardless of how the Alabama v. Michigan bowl game goes.

I wish the very best for the Alabama players who do not leap for dollar\$\$\$ into the tran\$fer portal, and for their coaches, but I don't see how Alabama, or any major college football team and its coaches, are able to cope mentally, emotionally and spiritually with what ha\$ become of college football, which very \$imply has been ruined.

Professional football players cannot just up and walk away from their teams, because someone offered them more money. Yet the NCAA and the SEC, the Big Ten, the ACC, the Big 12, and other college sports conferences have done nothing to fix what they have allowed to happen.

Not all that long ago, a college football player, who transferred to another college, had to sit out a year before playing for his new school. The one-year waiting period after transfer needs to be reinstated for the sake of college football and for the sake of the college football players' very souls. That the one-year waiting period has not already been reinstated i\$ the work of the Devil, literally.

Didn't Jesus in the Gospels say,

"No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Matthew 6:24 KJV

Chuck

I, too, mourn for what used to be. But can the genie be put back in the bottle?

Sloan Bashinsky

Chuck Not entirely, but going back to the one year waiting to play after transfer rule would definitely crimp the instant transfer portal.

Chuck

Sloan Bashinsky agreed. Would be a good step taken.

Jack

Including the stress of parents who find their children who have previously committed to one school only to see them transfer 2 or 3 times during their college career.

Sloan Bashinsky

That, too

Peggy

Nick Saban might have done well by Alabama, Sloan, but the way he left Miami was really low. But I agree, he was a good Alabama coach.

Sloan Bashinsky

Peggy I think Saban realized pro football was not his calling, and when he saw college football become like pro football, with plenty of help from the Democrats and the Republicans on the U.S. Supreme Court, he retired, and I feel if anyone can fix some of the grotesque college football has become, it's him, but he will have to want to do it, and he will need to be the BOSS, call all the plays.

Facebook post during and after Alabama played Michigan:

Sloan Bashinsky

Am watching Alabama play Michigan. First three times Alabama had ball, its quarterback turned the ball over to Michigan in Alabama territory, via being sacked on 4th down, fumbling, and throwing an interception. After 2 field goals, and a rain deluge, Michigan scored a touchdown. Next series, Alabama's quarterback dropped back for a pass and a Michigan defender stripped the ball loose and another Michigan defender recovered it and was tackled on the Alabama 6 yard line. But replay shows maybe Alabama's quarterback barely threw the ball forward and it's an incomplete pass? No, it's a

fumble. Michigan's ball. Now 3rd and goal on Alabama 2 yard line. Now 4th and goal on Alabama 4 yard line. Michigan going for field goal, and made it. Now 16-3, Michigan. 2:04 left in 1st quarter. I told the Witch this morning that I was wondering if this is my last year watching college football, because it's been ruined by Name Image Likeness and the free agent transfer portal. Let's see how this Alabama drive plays out. Maybe the tide will change. Maybe not.

Alabama got a first down. Alabama lost a yard on a pass. Alabama got no gain on a run. Quarter ended. I'm wondering how many Alabama players are thinking right now about entering the transfer portal, and I'm wondering how many transfer portal and high school commitments to Alabama are thinking about going somewhere else? Alabama just got a 5 yard motion penalty. 3rd down and 16 yards for a first down. Alabama's quarterback got flushed out of the pocket and slipped on the soggy ground and fell down. Alabama got off a decent punt, fair-catched by Michigan. Alabama has run 16 plays for -1 yard.

Should I keep watching this game? Has a spell been cast on Alabama? All year long, this Alabama team has seemed like two entirely different teams, one is unbeatable, the other determined to lose. Michigan got a first down.

Michigan got a 5 yard motion penalty. Sun is out. Michigan got another first down on a pass. Alabama held Michigan. Michigan punt caught by Alabama receiver, barely, on Alabama 15. Alabama sticking with its starting quarterback. Alabama got 1st down. Alabama quarterback sacked for 8 yard loss. Alabama takes time out. Alabama quarterback throws incomplete pass. Alabama quarterback throws another incomplete pass. Alabama sends in punter. Another good punt. Alabama has 2 yards total offense, half way into 2nd quarter.

Alabama's defense is playing very hard, tough. Michigan has to punt. Alabama end around gets about 25 yards. Alabama pass reception, fumble by receiver, recovery by Alabama lineman gets first down. Alabama pass to running back gets touchdown. Alabama makes extra point. 16-7 Michigan. End of transmission. It's in God's, or whatever's, hands.

Sloan Bashinsky

In 4th quarter, Alabama's quarterback threw 4 incomplete passes inside Michigan's 20 yard line as time was running out. 19-13, Michigan.

Jack

See any coaching changes needed?

Sloan Bashinsky

Alabama's quarterback turned the ball over four times early in the game. Can't blame coaches for that. If I was an Alabama player with talent, I might be looking real hard at the transfer portal.

Last night, a childhood friend texted me: "Tide Hyde showed up today."

I texted back: "Dismal"

He texted: "The lunch guys at Michael's many years back are sad."

Michael's was a wonderful Greek restaurant on 20th Street South, where the Monday Morning Quarterback Club had its luncheons during football season. The host for the day and the guest speaker tended to liven things up. One host kept bringing down the house by pointing out who was the latest Pearl Harbor Lookout. This year, Pearl Harbor visited Alabama against Vanderbilt, Tennessees,

Oklahoma and Michigan, and almost against South Carolina, all of whom Alabama was favored to beat.

However, Alabama's Pearly Harbor Apocalypse is a minnow compared college football's Pearl Harbor Apocalypse, with which the Devil is very pleased, United States Supreme Court, NCAA, SEC, Big Ten, ACC, Big Twelve, etc. Very pleased.

I wonder if America should simply cease to exist?

January 2, 2025



When I learned of yesterday's New Year's Day terrorist massacre by motor vehicle in New Orleans, and I learned later online that the terrorist police shot and killed was a Muslim man who had served in the US Army overseas, I thought America has gone to Hell-squared, and it's probably going to get a lot worse.

My tech friend Bob and the Witch and I had talked about doing a new Zoom podcast tonight, when there would not be much on TV that would interfere with a Zoom meeting. After learning yesterday afternoon that the Georgia v. Notre Dame football game in New Orleans had been pushed back to tonight, I texted Bob, asking if he wanted to do the podcast last night instead?

Bob texted me:

No I don't. I know one of the victims and the wife is staying here until she can get a flight into New Orleans. He had several kids and we are trying to get them arranged to go. If nothing else, I will ask my pilot friend to fly them. It's just a bad, bad situation.

I texted Bob:

I'm so sorry for them and you. I expect America to get much more dangerous. I think Trump and his cronies are talking about America taking Greenland and the Panama Canal to divert attention away from how America is going to hell, and they will double that down.

A dream last around dawn today had me riding a bicycle from where Bob and his murdered friend's wife are to Birmingham through the night to get something really important. I woke up not having a clue what that was about, other than it was something that pertained only to me, because it was a one person bicycle. Then, I saw in my Substack account that someone had liked something I wrote on January 1, 2023, when I lived in my apartment, in Birmingham, and I opened and read it and felt that was what I rode a bicycle to Birmingham to get.

I thought I am truly grateful for taking up with the Witch about 4 months ago, which caused me to go to bed at night looking forward to waking up each morning, instead of turning in at night hoping the Lord

will take me in my sleep. Yet as I sit here typing this, I wonder if America will be better off if it simply ceases to exist?

Here's the January 1, 2023 Substack post and one reader's reply

For the old who are tired of living and the young who want to die...



feather talk soul drawing circa 2006

If I were president, I would try to make things easier for ailing elders and kids who see no reason to keep on living.

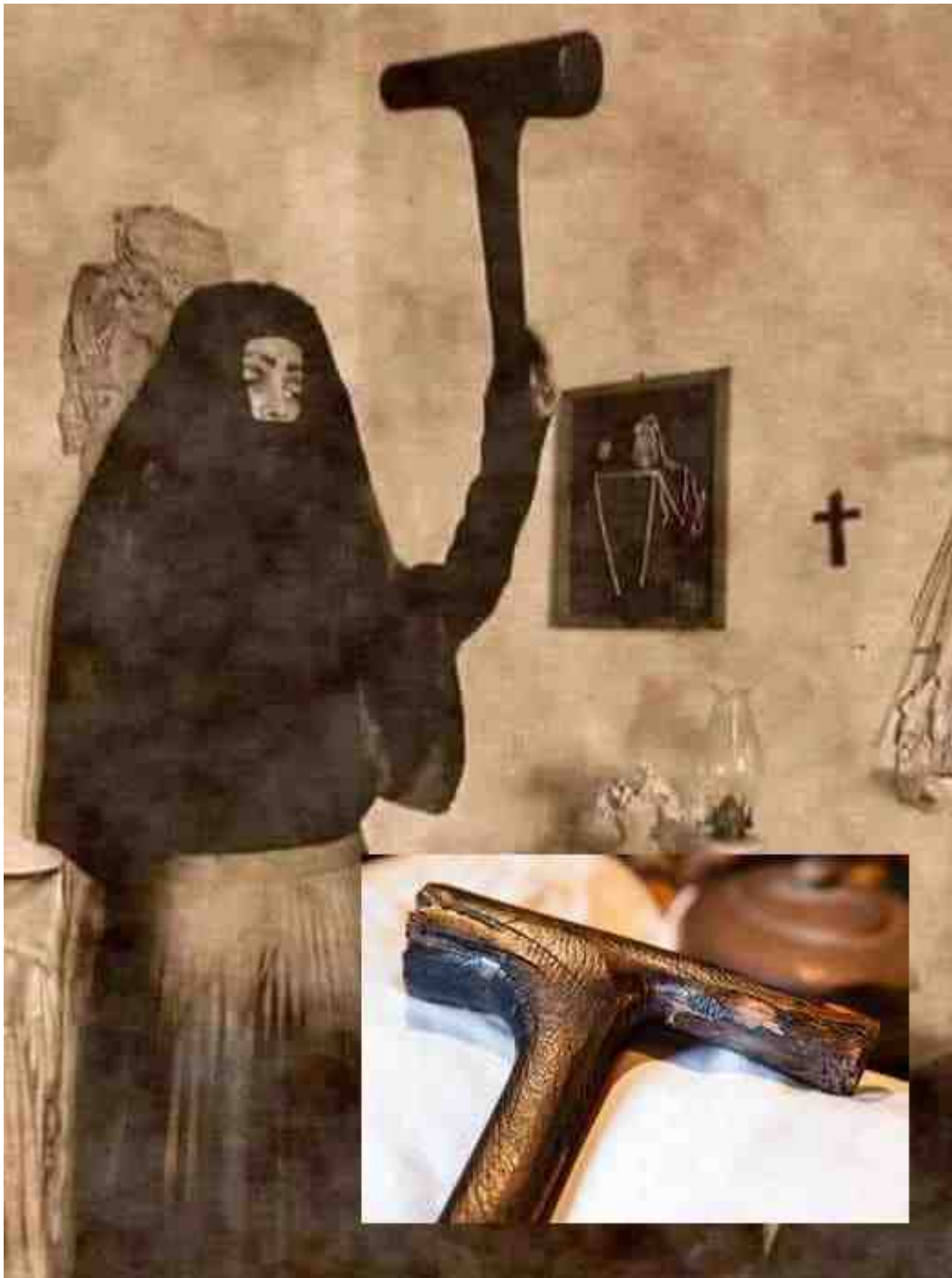
In my Facebook feed yesterday:

Porter Scott ·

A lovely humanistic tradition...

Tata Munde

October 30, 2023



“In Sardinia, the use of the "femina agabbadòra hammer" was a women's practice. Whenever an elderly man or woman of a given family was dying and in great pain, the family would call for the Accabadòra or Lady of the Good Death. She would usually be a widow dressed entirely in black, who likely inherited her role from her own mother or grandmother.

The title Accabadora means "She is the One Who Ends." She arrives with a large hammer of carved olive wood wrapped in heavy wool, and is left alone with the individual who may yet be screaming in agony and terror.

A witness testimonial of the practice translates: "It was dark. The room was illuminated by a single wick in mastic oil. The Accabadòra entered the house -- the door had been left open for her. She passed no one as she enters her patient's room at at the bedside.

"She caressed the face of the dying person, chanted the rosary, sang one of the many lullabies usually sung to children. Finally she raised her hammer wrapped in thick, black wool, and gave a quick sharp blow on the skull.

"She then left the bludgeoned patient in quiet peace, and our family blessed and thanked and paid her for her good work as she was leaving. It is a hard job. The Accabadòra may herself be feeble, and is often a friend of the ailing individual. So you must always respect her.

"We do not consider her a murderer. In our village she is known as compassionate, a holy assistant in fulfilling the final destiny. Her act is loving and benevolent. She is our Last Mother."

Though usually done with a hammer, each Accabadòra may have her own technique, including smothering with a pillow, or climbing atop the sufferer to wrap her legs around the neck to squeeze the throat closed.

The last recorded Accabadòras went about their missions of euthanasia in 1929 in Luras and in 1952 in Orgosolo. But a recent work of fiction about the life of a modern Agabbadòra alleges that the ancient practice still exists in rural parts of Sardinia, where there are no physicians or any other help for the suffering."

===

Photo: An Accabadòra ready to serve, though her hammer is considerably larger than would be used by a real Accabadòra . Inset: An actual femina accabadòra hammer in a Sardinian museum.

Sloan Bashinsky

Bring back the accabadoras.

Beloved ailing pets get put down by animal doctors, beloved ailing humans are forced to live as long as possible, no matter how much it cost\$.

In my Substack feed yesterday:

To the Young Who Want to Die

By: Gwendolyn Brooks

POETIC OUTLAWS

JAN 30, 2024

Sit down. Inhale. Exhale.

The gun will wait. The lake will wait.

The tall gall in the small seductive vial
will wait will wait:

will wait a week: will wait through April.

You do not have to die this certain day.

Death will abide, will pamper your postponement.

I assure you death will wait. Death has
a lot of time. Death can

attend to you tomorrow. Or next week. Death is
just down the street; is most obliging neighbor;
can meet you any moment.

You need not die today.

Stay here--through pout or pain or peskyness.

Stay here. See what the news is going to be tomorrow.

Graves grow no green that you can use.

Remember, green's your color. You are Spring.

Sloan Bashinsky

Sloan's Newsletter

Apologies, Eric, that's a really splendid piece of writing, but I'm gonna demure, and if it's out of bounds, please toss it into a landfill.

As for miserable kids who kill themselves, who can say it was wrong, who can know what it was like for them, who was not living in their skins? Who can know how it would have gone for those kids if they had not killed themselves? Would they have lived in a hell we cannot begin to imagine? Is it their sorrow, or ours, that we cannot abide, when they kill themselves?

Humanity has lost its connection to reality. Religions have failed. Politicians have failed. Governments have failed. I'm an American, who has returned to his home state, Alabama, probably to live out his remaining days. 81, I have been around the world twice. I have spent a lot of time in the Caribbean and Western Europe and Costa Rica. I have been dragged by angels through the hells of fire in myself and in other people and society.

My best friend, who does the tech work for my books getting into the free internet library, archive.org, and for The Redneck Mystic Lawyer and The Redneck Mystic podcasts (YouTube), or The Redneck Mystic Lawyer podcast (Torrent) might be breathing his last breaths because of a delayed response to bad men trying to kill him and leaving him for dead. It won't surprise me if the same happens to me, to shut me up. He and I were changed so much by angels that it is like being from another planet, visiting Earth, interacting with humans, yet we are humans, stuck here until the mother ship retrieves us, so to speak.

Should there be a vaccine to cause sterility? I'm sure the planet would vote for that. But how would it be enforced? Could it be enforced? Would it start a world war? Revolutions? Who can say?

Just look at America. It's politics are out of control. Its devout Catholic president is aiding and abetting genocide in Gaza, while its southern border is looking like Santa Anna's revenge and the American right has been taken over by a reincarnation of Adolph Hitler, and its Christians, in the main, behave as if they never read what Jesus said in the Gospels. How could such a nation be a beacon of light, a reason for hope, for the the world? It simply cannot.

So, it boils down to how each person lives and copes with what life serves them each day. It's one on one with God by any name called. That's all that is left for the species gone off the rails and still moving away at warp speed, while the rest of the animals on Earth live as they were designed or evolved. How's that for positive thinking :-)?

As for my saga, I ate and wrote left handed. I threw a baseball left-handed and a football right-handed, and batted right-handed and kicked right-footed, and dribbled and shot baskets with both hands. I was a bit cross-wired, but was pretty good and got an award for being the best basketball player in the 8th grade (before there were junior high schools).

Alas, I utterly missed that really important right of passage, when the season to reach puberty came and went, and I grew more desperate, feeling like a freak of nature. No way would I undress in the boys locker room.

My high school's sports coach tried to talk me into playing basketball, and I shriveled like a boiled daffodil and could only shake my head.

I grew more and more desperate, mortified to speak to anyone about it. I am pretty sure I was insane. Although I never thought of killing myself, I felt doomed.

A few months after turning 16, I entered puberty. All of a sudden, I was very interested in girls. But when I tried my hand at the sports in which I had excelled, I had lost my edge, my tone. I no longer could throw or punt a beautiful 40-yard spiral, or dropkick a 30 yard field goal. I had lost my touch catching passes, and sinking basketballs from anywhere. I could not even hit a softball with a bat, which I had been pretty good at when I was a Little League pitcher and first baseman, and could catch anything hit my way.

I was left playing golf, right-handed, which was my father's sport. He could have been a pro, but chose business instead. He told me that I needed to learn how to play golf, because all business deals are made on the golf course.

I became pretty good, won the Birmingham Country Club Junior championship when I was 16. Then, I developed a hitch my swing and couldn't feel the clubhead in my backswing, and over time the game that is the X-ray of the soul, if you don't believe it, you don't know the first fucking thing about golf, made me feel like I had not reached puberty, but I never thought of killing myself.

My solace all along was fishing, which my mother knew I had to do, or I would die. My father did not fish, so my mother got other men to take me fishing. She wanted me to be a priest, but did not understand that lakes were my church, the fish were angels, and when they had taught me how to fish, they would send me forth to fish.

Things came, and went, some of which were very painful, but most awful was years of premature ejaculations, the inverted hell of not reaching puberty on time, and I did not think of killing myself. When that passed and my dick worked just fine in the romance arena, my first child, a boy, died of sudden infant death syndrome my senior year in law school, and I was in hell, but I did not think of killing myself.

About 18 months later, my G.I. tract went haywire, permanently, in one day's time, and medicine had no answer, and I was in hell, but did not think of killing myself.

My marriage failed, not gracefully, and I was in hell, but did not think of killing myself.

Being a lawyer came and went, not gracefully, and that was hell, but I never thought of killing myself.

Writing three dang good books for people who bought and sold homes and used lawyers, insider knowledge, consumer protection stuff, published in New York and widely exposed in local, regional and national news media, but the publisher did not get the books into bookstores, and that was hell, but I didn't become a great capitalist like my father and his father, didn't cause me to want to kill myself.

Then, I unwittingly became a mystic, and then a poet, and then the dark night of the soul came, and I thought plenty then about killing myself. It lifted on its own after four years, as it had come on its own. The black night of the soul came two years later, in two days' time. That black hole made the dark night seem like a cakewalk, and I plotted my demise every day for 16 months, and then it began to lift, and I started looking forward to being alive, again.

Becoming estranged from my father and my brother and my children and their families was hell, but it didn't cause me to want to kill myself.

Becoming blocked from earning a living wage was hell, but it did not cause me to want to kill myself. Living in ways John Kerouac could never possibly imagine, was hell. Broke, penniless, sleeping in doorways, on sidewalks, in backyards, on beaches, on park benches, in shelters, in tents, in spare rooms, in vehicles, for years, I never thought of killing myself.

Then came an inheritance from my father and a breather, and then came a couple of more years of

living wild, and I never thought of killing myself.

My bisexual in the closet younger brother killed himself and tried to make it look like murder, because someone was threatening to out him and there was nothing he could do to stop it. It fell on me to explain that to those who would listen, and to those who would not and still today think he was murdered.

Running out of money again and living on the homeless edge for a couple of more years did not cause me to want to kill myself.

My daughters and I reconciled and that was wonderful.

A small inheritance from my father got me off the homeless rolls.

During the covid lock down, my father's main estate settled, and I figured he was paying me a living wage.

By then, other parts of my body were behaving differently from their original design, and I started wishing I would not wake up in the morning.

I wondered continually why old, ailing, beloved pets are put down by animal doctors, but old, ailing people are required by their loved ones and doctors and laws to suffer as long as possible, regardless of how much it cost\$?

That's when I realized I was fucked, and I figured I was not alone by any means, but maybe it was rare for anyone to just come out and say it where someone else might hear or read it.

I shared my sentiments with a retired veterinarian friend, who had taught many years at Auburn University's vet school. He said he understood completely, but he was retired and could not help me when I felt it was time for me to be put down, and that's when I knew I was fucked again.

So, I go to bed each night hoping the mother ship will come fetch me, and I wake up each morning wondering why I am still here, and then I thank God, or whatever inspired the internet, which gives me plenty to do with my ten fingers and a laptop, which I could not possibly have imagined when I entered highschool and my father said he thought I should take a typing course, because being able to type had proven very valuable to him.

In the middle of my life, I became a writer, then I became a novelist and a poet, writing far way out of any box I had ever seen or heard about.

And then I learned about blogging, and that became a cosmic milky way for me.

And then came more stranger than fiction books and novels even stranger than the early novels.

And then came free podcasting and the free internet library, archive.com, and, dang if people weren't reading and watching my looney ass all over the world, and when I croak my droppings will still be around for who the hell knows how long?

Not eternal life, but then, maybe the internet replaced God for much of humanity 😊.

I ain't no James Joyce, and this loopy portrait of a young man with no artistic leanings whatsoever, which all changed, and somewhere along the line, actually the spring of 1994, when this naughty lady of shady lane wiggled her way up out of him one word at a time and his ex-lawyer pen could not but obey its jealous mistress.

He feels deep beauty in the dark pool from which his writings flow, she clings to him like fine silk, precious oil, she feels solid, compressed, like... a black pearl, growing every larger from inside out, with each stroke of his pen, pushing her precious waters over her banks into his dreams and life.

It was many years after my son died that I realized his mission was complete, he had done his loving vicious best to blast irreparably to smithereens the sacred hardened in concrete molds my parents and their parents and I had built to contain me.

The first clue, though, was in the spring of 1994, when this bolt of love lightning arrived:

*Only fools rush in
where angels fear to tread,
but if there were no fools,
who'd lead the angels?*

For a couple of weeks, I felt something huge and wonderful wiggling and squeezing its way into me. Often I wept, and then one day I heard, "This thing coming into you is your angel twin, and it will live out your life with you."

Tears welled in my eyes and heart.

Then, I heard, "By the way, this is your son."

My knees buckled, and I nearly fell to the ground.

I've had a remarkably rich, adventuresome life, and while getting older and more feeble really sucks, and I keep wondering why I'm still here, I get up each morning and type something.

Patris

Patris's Substack

Jan 31

Much as I would like to avoid being bopped by a lady dressed in black, (who likely is used to terrorized young children in the village), I could not stop reading this essay, particularly the journey you travelled to get here.

Sloan Bashinsky

Thank you, Patris.

Patris

There's a Ulysses in you, Sloan. At a certain age we all wonder why we've survived when we had been once so convinced we would die young - particularly if we wanted to.



I came across this below in the early 1980s, when I still believed in God but had drifted away from going to church.

“Let God kill him who himself does not know and yet presumes to show others the way to the doors of His Kingdom.” Meetings with Remarkable Men, pp. 184–185 ... G.I. Gurdjieff

In early 1987, I began having experiences that convinced me God and angels existed, and I was not in churches when it happened. It was ongoing, day and night, when I was awake and in my sleep, in dreams.

I was stood before endless mirrors, looking at me.

I understood there was no way I could get out of it, and, in truth, I didn't want to get out of it.

I came to wonder when I was ever not in church?

I had many experiences that convinced me the Devil and demons existed. Often whenever I went into churches, I felt the palpable presence of Lucifer.

I got to know a Methodist minister, who was convinced the Devil would get anyone who did not attend church, so I asked him where would the Devil hide that no one would think to look? The minister said he did not know where that was. I said, in a church. The minister did not seem to hear me.

Some things I saw on Facebook yesterday and today, and I said a few words.

Applied Philosophy

Darry Willi

Man created the concept of God in an effort to explain our existence!

Sloan Bashinsky

Do you bet your life and your soul there is no God?

Applied Philosophy

Vladimir Zivkovic

All-star contributor

Atheists look for evidence and believe in evidence.

It has been proven that faith in evidence is very often blind faith in "evidence".

Atheists demand evidence and deny this proof.

This proves that atheism is a stubborn preservation of ignorance.

Sloan Bashinsky

If there were no God, would that topic ever come up?

Poetry UK

Expression Poetry

Paid Partnership



The Price of Knowing The Unknown -
I've kissed the face of Heaven,
felt Hell's icy breath.
A phantom dancer,— with Button Poetry.
Thy fingertips tracing shadows of death.
Thy knows my name,
A whisper on the wind,
A chilling grace.
Darkness hound my every step,
leaving A face-less mark on my Appearance.
A beast resided, deep within,
a shadow in my soul's embrace.
I gripped its throat, a desperate plea,
but mercy, a fleeting trace.
My fingers, stained with Words,
where innocence should reside.
A curtain fell,
A final show, but Thy,
Ever by my side.
The pious, cloaked in Heavenly guise,
the holy, fangs of venom bare.
A twisted dance, a cruel disguise,
where truth becomes a poisoned snare.
A woman's love, a bittersweet kiss,
a healing balm, a searing pain.
The paradox of ecstasy,
a joy that leaves a bitter stain.
Polarity, a constant war,
black and white, a stark divide.
But in the gray, a chilling core,
where shadows endlessly reside.
This is the realm where we all dwell,
a haunting, ever-present fear.
Do not be Afraid For it is written
Yet even in this darkest night,
The Divine's love shines ever bright.
So I capture these Private moments,
in verses, holding them all near.
Genesis has Started
#expression #buttonpoetry #poetryisnotdead #poetrycommunity #Genesis
@followers

Sloan Bashinsky

"paid partnership"-???

AI-generated poem??

Anyone here ever read Antonio T. de Nicholas' book, ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS: Alchemist of the Soul?

Any one here ever been face to face with EVIL, inside of them, staring from the outside at them? The Price of the Unknown poem posted here alludes to that.

And to feeling the presence of God.

Anyone in this forum ever had direct dealings with angels known in the Bible?

Anyone in the forum ever been conscripted by such angels and harnessed and disciplined and indentured?

Anyone here ever wished sometimes there was no God, no angels?

Anyone here ever wondered how religions got so screwed up in their thinking about that which science probably will never accept exists, nor be able prove it does not exist?

Lawrence's Facebook post (a good friend of mine)

I am so disgusted by religious fanatics, Every religion, including christians

Sloan Bashinsky

Amen

The Witch born on Christmas Day says church people turned people against religion. I say the Devil loves religion.

Soap on a rope, Divine Justice for the pussy grabber president

January 4, 2025



The Witch said prison inmates are given soap on a rope to wrap around their wrists, so if they drop the soap, they do not have to bend down and get butt hurt.

Therefore consider this guy:



MAGA messiah

Wonder if he ever set foot in that church. Wonder if he ever set foot in a church after he lost the 2016 election. Wonder if he knows a sucker is born every minute, and all he cares about the people who worship him is they worship him.

Now let me got back in time for a moment.

In early 1987, I began having experiences that convinced me God and angels existed, and I was not in churches when it happened. It was ongoing, day and night, when I was awake and in my sleep, in dreams.

I was stood before endless mirrors, looking at me.

I understood there was no way I could get out of it, and, in truth, I didn't want to get out of it.

I came to wonder when I was ever not in church?

I had many experiences that convinced me the Devil and demons existed. Often when I went into churches, I felt the palpable presence of Lucifer.

I got to know a Methodist minister, who was convinced the Devil would get anyone who did not attend church, so I asked him where would the Devil hide that no one would think to look? The minister said he did not know where that was. I said, in a church. The minister did not seem to hear me.

The Witch told me several times about a local pentecostal minister, who steals money from a family member and goes overseas to preach the Gospel and help build churches in third world countries, while many millions of Americans go hungry.

The Witch told me several times about her community being filled with churches with married pastors who had sex with other women. She said those people are MAGAs. She said she doesn't see how any woman would want to have anything to do with Donald Trump.



MAGA Jim Jones

I read online yesterday that the evangelicals' great pussy grabber messiah won't be given jail time for his New York State court "hush money" criminal conviction.

The Witch said the Devil doesn't want Trump and Jesus sure doesn't want him.

A yogi named Bo Lozoff, who ministered to prison inmates, while he ran around on his yogi wife, was wont to say, "We're all doing time."

While the Witch and I don't get to decide what God does about Trump, or about anyone, we hope God has something in mind that will let the pussy grabber serve the prison time he earned all by his own self.

Perhaps not right now, but we hope it is right now, because this former practicing lawyer, who clerked for a United States District Judge who presided over ever federal prosecution in North Alabama, says while there is no law that says a convicted felon cannot be president, there is no law saying a convicted

felon president-elect cannot be put in prison. All there is is the United States Department of Justice has a long-standing policy of not prosecuting sitting presidents.

Well, the State of New York prosecuted Donald Trump for paying women he had sex with to be quiet, so their dallying would not become public and maybe cause him to lose to Hillary Clinton in 2016. The State of New York is not bound by the DOJ's longstanding policy, and the State of New York did not prosecute a sitting president; It prosecuted a former president for what he did in New York before he was president.

I think the New York State judge sold his soul to the Devil when he announced he would not set aside the hush money conviction, but he would waive sentencing Trump, because he is the president elect. Trump can still be president while in prison. Wouldn't that be an interesting TV sitcom, Secret Service outside his cell. The Witch says call the sitcom, "Soap On a Rope".



The Witch bought that key in the Alcatraz gift shop. Many years later, she gave the key to me. The string came untied and I lost it. She ordered three more Alcatraz keys. As I was getting out of my car in her driveway, I saw the lost key on the ground between my feet, and I figured God really did want me to have that key :-).

The Real Christ-mas Story the church won't tell

January 4, 2025



Bob, the Witch and I did a podcast Christmas night, which you can watch by clicking on this link:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gs36n6F7GOg>

We covered a lot of ground and I will not try to summarize it here.

Here is how Bob ended a Christ-mas story church people will never hear if they don't watch the podcast.

Twas the Day of Christmas
Three People were up stirring
This Podcast a makin'
But into retailer bank accounts
Their money they were not interrering
for our intrepid podcasters
would not disgrace Christ
participating in materialism sold by a bunch of dirty bastards

Christmas ain't even Christ's Birthday
Smarten up you marks

Wake up rubes !
Turn off your tv's and phones and each little device
Break away from each little fool's lantern
For not only do they numb the mind they're parasites
Call them cynical
Call them mean
Call them grinchies
Should you please

They'll only take it as a tease
For these podcasters do know
those who make Christ's life
Into a cash grab to sell junk by jives and shucks
these so called capitalists are little more than slimy fucks

Celebrate God's Gifts Given Freely
Love those you can love
That is free
Instead of breaking your bank for wampum and trinkets

Live instead in the true spirit of God, Christ, Mary Magdalene, and the Disciples.
It is a baptism of fire and spirit
Free Your Soul, Your Mind Will Follow
Make Your Church where you are each day and minute and live like it too ! Embrace
the true meanings of Christ and in his faith truly follow
And finally, this retail bullshit you will no longer have to wallow

And if this message hurts or offends email Sloan for a "Hurt
Feelings Report" and fill it out on ol' me- Bob- pronto

This podcast episode has now completed
You can go now
Don't you have something better to do ?

Seriously, we're closed dammit
NO LOITERING

HURT FEELINGS REPORT



Date Of Hurt Feelings _____

Time Of Hurtfulness _____ A.M. P.M.

Which Ear Was Hurtfulness Spoken Into:

Left ☐ Right ☐ Both ☐

Is There Permanent Feeling Damage?

Yes ☐ No ☐

Did You Need A Tissue For The Tears

Yes ☐ No ☐

Reason For Filing Report (Check All That Apply)

1. I Am Thin Skinned ☐

2. I Am A Little Bitch ☐

3. I Am A Cry Baby ☐

4. I Want My Mommy ☐

If You Feel You Need A Hug, Go Home To Mommy And She Will Change Your Diaper.

If You Feel As Though You Need To Speak To Someone To Soothe You, Call This Number: 1-800-Cry-Baby

Signature _____

The Pen is Mightier than the Sword, thus the Pen Defends itself

In 2001, I lived on the street in Key West. Each morning, except Sunday, I rode a one-speed bicycle someone had given me from my hideyhole, where I slept at night, to the Key West Library, to be there when it opened and I could get onto one of its free internet computers, so I could write that day's one-page column, the topic for which had come to me as I rode my bicycle to the library, and as I typed that day's column, the content came to me about as fast as I could type it. Then, I re-read it and corrected typos, misspelled words and grammar I saw needed fixing, and then I printed out 10 copies at a dime a page on the library's printer, and then I left the library and got on my bicycle and rode it around Old Town Key West, handing out copies to people I knew, and I delivered one copy to the mayor's office. Each column began with, "The pen is mightier than the sword, thus the sword defends the pen." That masthead had come to me as I wrote the very first column. That masthead felt to me like part of my link to God. Having so little in the way of possessions, I felt very close to God back then. I felt looked after. I never went hungry. I always had enough clothes. My dreams were clearly designed by something beyond me. Quirky experiences that only could have been arranged by something bigger than me happened ongoing. I felt I was living like the birds of the air and the lilies of the field. It was romantic in its own way. It was rugged, too. There were many tests, some of which I passed, others I flunked.

I got deeply involved in Key West politics by attending city commission meetings, where citizens were allowed to speak for three minutes on any item on the printed agenda, and at the end of a city commission meeting, citizens could speak three minutes on any topic they wished. Commission meetings were televised live. In 2003, two prominent Key West men, who had heard me speak many times at commission meetings, asked me to run for mayor and they gave me enough money for the filing fee. I came in dead last, but what I said at candidate forums caused me to become more well known in Key West, where I continued speaking at city commission meetings.

In early 2006, I received a substantial inheritance from my father and was able to live "normally". That year, I ran for the county commission in the Florida Keys. My campaign mantra was, "No more new development, period, the end. The Florida Keys already are way over developed, and no one living here can stand in front of a mirror and honestly argue otherwise." I was Mother Nature's candidate, opposing the invasive species- humans.

Something kinda amusing happened in 2008, when I ran the second time for county commission. Three of the five sitting county commissioner had become known as The Gang of Three because they were in real estate developers' hip pockets. During a candidate forum in Key West, the county commission candidates, and the candidates for state and federal offices, were asked, "What do you think are the three greatest threats to the Florida Keys?" The candidates ahead of me in the order of answering the question talked about this and that. When it was my time to answer the question, I could have said, "Human beings, human beings, human beings - the invasive species." But what I said instead was, "The Gang of Three." A couple of days later, this editorial cartoon of Sloan Quixote on his trusty steed, a giant iguana, which is an invasive species in the Florida Keys, was in the Key West Citizen.



Key West and Florida Keys Don Quixote

I ran for mayor of Key West several more times, and for county commission one more time, and for school board once. I kept getting wrote about sometimes in the Key West Citizen, and I kept putting to the Citizen, a good friend of mine was on the Citizen's Editorial Board, that it was okay for the Citizen to endorse political candidates in contested races, but if a Citizen-endorsed candidate won, it then fell upon the Citizen to call out that elected candidate if he or she went awry or astray. For a while the Citizen ignored my suggestion, but in time the Citizen quit endorsing candidates for public office. Last year, the Washington Post, whose masthead is, "Democracy Dies in Darkness", abandoned its long history of endorsing presidential candidates. The Post did that, because its owner, Jeff Bezos, who also owns Amazon, told the Post not to endorse anyone, after the Post had decided to endorse Kamala Harris.

Last month, I read news reports that Donald Trump said, if he got reelected in 2024, he would have news and social media owners, who had opposed him, prosecuted. If you want to have a rerun in America of what happened in Nazi Germany, the Soviet Union, Russia, North Korea, Red China, Cuba, any country run by Muslims, any banana republic country run by a dictator, then you start by killing, not the lawyers, but the free press and freedom of speech.

- **Amendment 1, United States Constitution**

- Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

- **Amendment 14, United States Constitution**

- **Section 1**

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

With that backdrop, imagine the churning that went on inside of me yesterday, when I read several articles about what else Jeff Bezos did at the Washington Post. Below is The Business Insider's report. If you think I would not like to see Jeff Bezos, Mark Zuckerberg, Mickey Mouse, and Donald Trump abducted by aliens, and never seen and heard from again, you are correct in your thinking.

A Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist said she quit The Washington Post after her Jeff Bezos cartoon was killed

[Rebecca Rommen](#)

Jan 4, 2025, 6:32 AM CST



Jeff Bezos is the owner of The Washington Post. Michael M. Santiago & SAUL LOEB | Getty Images
Ann Telnaes, an editorial cartoonist who has worked for The Washington Post since 2008, announced she was quitting her position after one of her cartoons was rejected.



Trump whores, Sloan says

The cartoon in question depicted Amazon founder and Washington Post owner Jeff Bezos and other billionaires kneeling in front of a statue of President-elect Donald Trump.

Jeff Stein

@JStein_WaPo

Via

@AnnTelnaes

<https://substack.com/home/post/p-153397673>

[Why I'm quitting the Washington Post](#)

In a Substack post, Telnaes wrote that the idea behind the cartoon was to criticize billionaire tech and media chief executives she said "have been doing their best to curry favor" with Trump.

Alongside Bezos, the cartoon shows Meta chief Mark Zuckerberg, LA Times owner Patrick Soon-Shiong, and Walt Disney mascot Mickey Mouse.

"I've never had a cartoon killed because of who or what I chose to aim my pen at. Until now," Telnaes wrote, adding that the paper's decision to kill the cartoon was "a game changer...and dangerous for a free press."

"As an editorial cartoonist, my job is to hold powerful people and institutions accountable," she continued. "For the first time, my editor prevented me from doing that critical job. So I have decided to leave the Post.

"The Post's opinions editor, David Shipley, said in a statement that while he respected Telnaes and her work for the publication, he "must disagree with her interpretation of events."

"Not every editorial judgment is a reflection of a malign force," he said. "My decision was guided by the fact that we had just published a column on the same topic as the cartoon and had already scheduled another column — this one a satire — for publication. The only bias was against repetition."

Jeff Stein, a White House economics reporter at the Post, reshared the cartoon and a link to Telnaes' Substack post on X.

Telnaes, who won a Pulitzer Prize for Editorial Cartooning in 2001, has long been an advocate for free speech and editorial cartoons as a tool for civic debate. She serves on the advisory board for the Geneva-based Freedom Cartoonists Foundation and was formerly a board member of Cartoonists Rights.

Jeff Bezos has owned The Washington Post since 2013, when his holding company, Nash Holdings, bought the newspaper for \$250 million.

Business Insider has contacted Telnaes and Shipley for comment.

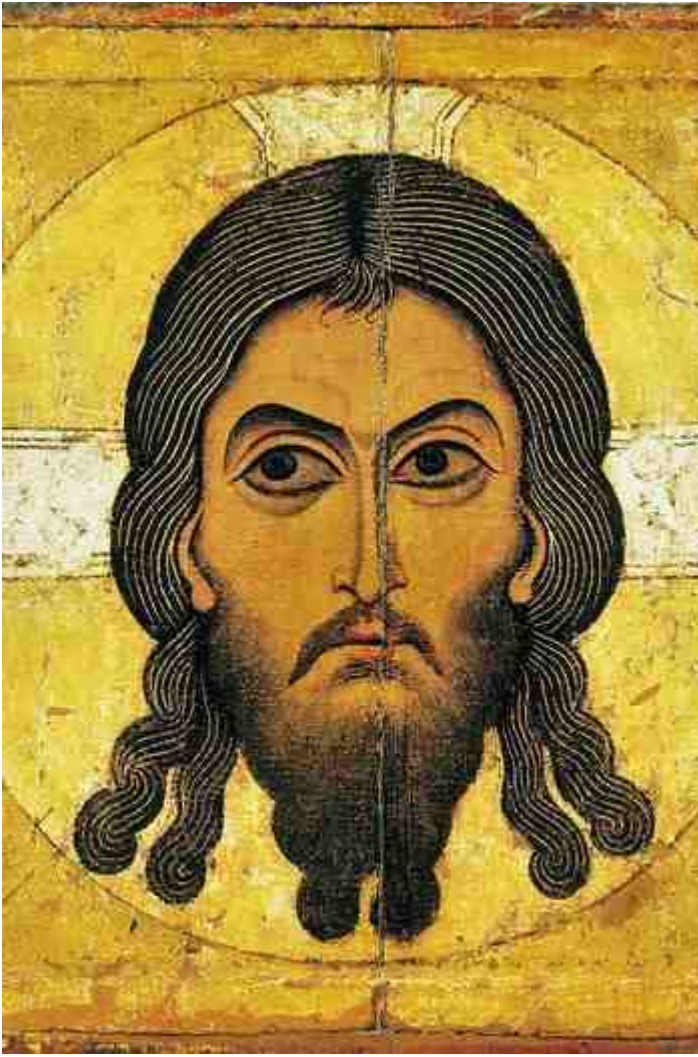
Telnaes concluded her Substack post by quoting the Post's slogan: "Democracy Dies in Darkness."



Democracy Dies in Darkness

Would American Christians kill the homeless vagrant Jesus?

January 7, 2025



homeless Palestinian vagrant

What if the Palestinian homeless vagrant Jesus in the Gospels showed up in America today and said to Christians what he said to the Pharisees in the Gospels?

- Applied Philosophy Facebook Group
- Funny Pics
Top contributor·
@WarriorMindset
- Whenever God wishes to make a man great, He always breaks him into. pieces first.
- **Richard Gordon**
- What stupidity
- **Jack Jaxon**
- Richard Gordon 9 But he said to me, “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.” Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ’s power may rest on me. 10 That is why, for Christ’s sake, I delight in weaknesses, in

insults, in hardships, in persecutions, in difficulties. For when I am weak, then I am strong. ~
2nd Corinthians

- **Sloan Bashinsky**

- Richard Gordon don't know about greatness, but starting in my 45th year, I am now 82, I watched and felt angels known in the Bible break me into many pieces many times, and of late it feels to me they are doing it again, and it's been a very long time since I was in a church, or claimed to belong to a religion, but I did grow up in Christendom. Unlike St. Paul, when I'm broken into many pieces by angels known in the Bible, I feel broken, defeated, and I tend to blame myself for it; somehow I needed it, or somehow I caused it, because I was ignorant, or stupid, or arrogant, or reckless, or vane.

After posting that, I thought about Jesus in the Gospels saying to first take the beam out of my own eye, and I looked that passage up and found it with some other passages that caused me to tremble.

- Gateway Edition
- **Matthew 7**
- “Do not judge, or you too will be judged. 2 For in the same way you judge others, you will be judged, and with the measure you use, it will be measured to you.
- 3 “Why do you look at the speck of sawdust in your brother’s eye and pay no attention to the plank in your own eye? 4 How can you say to your brother, ‘Let me take the speck out of your eye,’ when all the time there is a plank in your own eye? 5 You hypocrite, first take the plank out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to remove the speck from your brother’s eye.
- 6 “Do not give dogs what is sacred; do not throw your pearls to pigs. If you do, they may trample them under their feet, and turn and tear you to pieces.
- 7 “Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. 8 For everyone who asks receives; the one who seeks finds; and to the one who knocks, the door will be opened.
- 9 “Which of you, if your son asks for bread, will give him a stone? 10 Or if he asks for a fish, will give him a snake? 11 If you, then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in heaven give good gifts to those who ask him! 12 So in everything, do to others what you would have them do to you, for this sums up the Law and the Prophets.
- 13 “Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. 14 But small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it.
- 15 “Watch out for false prophets. They come to you in sheep’s clothing, but inwardly they are ferocious wolves. 16 By their fruit you will recognize them. Do people pick grapes from thornbushes, or figs from thistles? 17 Likewise, every good tree bears good fruit, but a bad tree bears bad fruit. 18 A good tree cannot bear bad fruit, and a bad tree cannot bear good fruit. 19 Every tree that does not bear good fruit is cut down and thrown into the fire. 20 Thus, by their fruit you will recognize them.
- 21 “Not everyone who says to me, ‘Lord, Lord,’ will enter the kingdom of heaven, but only the one who does the will of my Father who is in heaven. 22 Many will say to me on that day, ‘Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in your name and in your name drive out demons and in your name

perform many miracles?’ 23 Then I will tell them plainly, ‘I never knew you. Away from me, you evildoers!’

- 24 “Therefore everyone who hears these words of mine and puts them into practice is like a wise man who built his house on the rock. 25 The rain came down, the streams rose, and the winds blew and beat against that house; yet it did not fall, because it had its foundation on the rock. 26 But everyone who hears these words of mine and does not put them into practice is like a foolish man who built his house on sand. 27 The rain came down, the streams rose, and the winds blew and beat against that house, and it fell with a great crash.”
- 28 When Jesus had finished saying these things, the crowds were amazed at his teaching, 29 because he taught as one who had authority, and not as their teachers of the law.

In the Jew Jesus’s time, the teachers of the law were the Jewish Pharisees. I have had a few Christians agree with me that, in the main, Christians today are today’s Pharisees, and if Jesus in the Gospels returned and walked among them today, and said to them what he said to the Pharisees in the Gospels, they would kill him.

Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom...

January 8, 2025|Jesus and Melchizedek



Last night, a man came over to visit the Witch and me. The witch had introduced us about a month ago. He is a born again Christian, who, based on what he told me during our two visits, is not impressed with how much of Christendom relates to Jesus in the Gospels. He had many questions, and we talked about 2 and 1/2 hours, and the Witch said very little, but she listened intently.

He knew a little of my family because my father had owned Golden Flake, which was headquartered in Birmingham and competed with Frito-Lay in the southeastern states. He asked me many questions about myself and my family, and I told him to read *THE GOLDEN FLAKE CLOWN'S TALE* at the free internet library, archive.org, which is run by American colleges. I told him that everything I wrote in that book actually happened.

I also suggested he read my novel *HEAVY WAIT: A Strange Tale* (2001) and its sequel *RETURN OF THE STRANGE* (2023), at archive.org, which would reveal parts of me that my nonfiction books do not reveal, and not everything in those two novels was made up.

I suggested he watch some episodes of The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast, which has a YouTube channel and is carried by 50 torrent platforms and gets about 500,000 complete watches on Torrent per episode world wide. We don't have access to YouTube analytics, because we do not pay YouTube for the channel and we do not allow YouTube to run ads in the episodes.

I told him those books and the podcast reveal how someone who has been taught and changed by angels known in the Bible thinks and relates to life on this planet.

We talked a lot about Jesus in the Gospels, and I think he agreed with me that salvation through Jesus is much more involved in living as he taught in the Gospels, than in believing he is the Son of God, who died for our sins, and he was resurrected from the dead, and so forth.

When I told him I am an exorcist priest, trained by the Melchizedek Order, he asked me about casting out demons. I said, in the Gospels Jesus said if a demon is cast out, seven worse demons come in, and I was not taught to cast out demons. I was taught to deliver myself from the Devil, incrementally, by living and behaving differently. Akin to the prayer Jesus in the Gospels gave to people around him. *Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.*

He seemed to agree that Jesus taught people to worship and pray to God, and not to him, Jesus. He seemed to agree that Jesus did not view himself as God.

I told him that Jesus and Mary Magdalene clearly were in a relationship, which was normal for a Jewish rabbi, which Jesus was.

I told him the men disciples were still juvenile delinquents spiritually when Jesus was crucified, and they all fled and went into hiding, but his women friends did not, and that's why Jesus sent Magdalene to them from the tomb to tell them he would be with them soon. He wanted them to understand he had higher regard for Magdalene's spiritual development, than for theirs.

I told him that the men disciples began to change after the Holy Spirit entered them at Pentecost, and they went on to become useful to God. I told him that Acts tells some of how God changed Peter and Saul, who became Paul, so they would be useful to God.

I told him that St. Paul, a Jew who had been a Pharisee, never said in his letters that he got married or had children, which all Pharisees did, and Paul clearly had a problem with women, and his thorn in the flesh was he was gay, and that did not matter to Jesus or God.

I told him to read the Letter to the Hebrews, whose author is generally thought to be anonymous, a very different writing style from Paul's, and he agreed it was a very different writing style.

I told him the author of Hebrews wrote to Jews who had come to Christ, but they were falling away and going back to their old Jewish traditions, because following Christ was so much more difficult.

I told him the author of Hebrews tells those Jews that they should be teaching, they should be eating meat, but they are still drinking milk, and they need to return to the discipline; they should not turn away from the chastening of the Lord, and it perilous for them to turn away.

I told him the author of Hebrew tells those Jews who Melchizedek is, an eternal being, and Jesus is high priest in Melchizedek, and they are being trained as priest after the Order Melchizedek.

I told him how I came to learn about Hebrews in 1998. A man I was getting to know, who attended a pentecostal church in Birmingham, was under the care of several psychiatrist, including a psychiatrist at the Veterans Administration. The psychiatrists were giving him pills. He called me one morning and told me, when he was praying that morning, God told him to tell Sloan to read the Letter to the

Hebrews. So, I got out my Bible and read it, and then I understood why I was feeling so roughed up inside of me all the time. The training only was just beginning for me.

I told him that Jesus never baptized anyone in water, and his baptism was in fire and in spirit, and that is how John the Baptist said the one greater than him would baptize people.

Here is the text of the email I sent to our guest this morning, which contains further glimpses of what it was like for me to be taken into the Melchizedek training.

Hi,

Nice visiting with you.

Link to Heavy Wait: A Strange Tale

https://archive.org/details/heavy-wait-a-strange-tale_202212

[Heavy Wait A Strange Tale : Sloan Bashinsky Jr. : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](#)

[This free book starts with an earthly and metaphysical romp about how the novel came to be written, what it was ...](#)

Link to its sequel, Return of the Strange

https://archive.org/details/return-of-the-strange-v-20_202306

[Return Of The Strange : Sloan Bashinsky : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](#)

[The long awaited sequel to Heavy Wait. This book had a gestational cycle of years and it is a rip roaring romp t...](#)

Link to The Golden Flake Clown's Tale

<https://archive.org/details/goldenflakeclownstale>

[The Golden Flake Clown's Tale : Sloan Young Bashinsky Jr. : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive](#)

[The story of Golden Flake, an Alabama institution in sports, snack foods, and business. Driving this true story ...](#)

Link to our Christ-Mas podcast

<https://youtu.be/gS36n6F7GOg>

[The real Christ-mas story the Church never will tell](#)

My younger brother Major lived in San Francisco, Key West, St. Petersburg, before returning to Alabama when I was practicing law. He met his first wife, who was the Alabama State Women's tennis champion, who was a friend of mine, and he attended Cumberland Law School. Then, he went to tax law school at Florida, then they moved to Fairhope. Then, they moved back to Birmingham. Then, they broke up.

Then, Major met his 2nd wife, also the Alabama State Women's tennis champion. He stopped wanting to have anything to do with me in 1998 after he was unable to convince me that he was not bisexual. In early 2010, He killed himself in the pond below the Highland Racket Club and Golf Shop, where he had met his two wives by playing tennis there.

Before meeting Morticia (the Witch), I'd had 4 wives via legal marriages, and 4 wives by common law. Twice I had gay men come onto me, and I told them I am straight as a string. They seemed puzzled.

Couldn't help them with that. I liked women. I had no problem with Major being bisexual. My first two wives knew he was bisexual, and it did not bother them. We just hoped he would be happy. When Major went missing in early 2010, it fell upon me to find out what really happened and why, and I wrote a lot about that on my blogs, goodmorningkeywest.com and goodmorningfloridakeys.com, starting with a Birmingham news journalist and I at about the same time, had revelations on the day Major went missing, that he had killed himself and tried to make it look like murder, and that's how Morticia learned about me, and that's how Bob, who does the tech work for my books and the podcast, found out about me.

About a year later, I received an email from a woman who said she had worked at UAB and a co-worker, who was a gay man, had asked her to attend a private party with him, held by a club of prominent gay men, and she had pointed out Major Bashinsky to her. By then, Major's first wife and their daughter had told me they believed Major had killed himself.

Then, I obtained the FBI report, which had evidence in it that corroborated everything I had written about Major killing himself, and that there was an identical gun in a plastic display in my father and his 2nd wife's home. That's how Bob learned of the two guns. The Birmingham News never reported anything in the FBI report, but it did report the county medical examiner and the Birmingham PD detective had determined it was suicide made to look like murder.

Without my even knowing he existed, Bob came to Birmingham and found and talked with the gun dealer, who had sold Major the gun found on the bottom of the pond under his body; and Bob talked with a number of gay men in Birmingham, who, given his promise not to get them involved, told him that everything Major's brother, Sloan, wrote on his blog about Major being bisexual and someone was going to out him and he killed himself, was true.

A lot of people still did not believe Major killed himself, which I had reported at my blogs the day he went missing, before anyone knew anything, which is what attracted Morticia and Bob to me. Just one complicated example of how the Lord works in mysterious ways, and why I remain convinced fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and knowledge of the Holy One is understanding.

criminally insane America

January 10, 2025



When the Witch and I woke up this morning, there was about 2 inches of snow in her yard. Over breakfast of rolled oatmeal, pecans, dried blueberries and cherries, peanut butter and chocolate sunflower seed butter, we got to joking around about the state of affairs in Alabama and America reminded us of the Eagles' song, "Hotel California", which the Witch told Alexa to play for us after I flashed the Alcatraz psycho ward Key the Witch gave me a while back for me to wear around my neck every day.



On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night
There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell
And I was thinkin' to myself, "This could be heaven or this could be hell"
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say
"Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (any time of year)
You can find it here"
Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes-Benz, uh
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys that she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget
So I called up the Captain, "Please bring me my wine"
He said, "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969"
And still, those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say
"Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
They're livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise)
Bring your alibis"
Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice
And she said, "We are all just prisoners here of our own device"
And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast
They stab it with their steely knives, but they just can't kill the beast
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
"Relax, " said the night man, "We are programmed to receive
You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave"
I then donned the jester's hat worn by a fishing hat I bought last August to fish in Lake Purdy south of
Birmingham, and the Witch took a mug shot.
psychoward health food breakfast
Then. the witch took another mugshot.



And again.

When the Witch said the Eagles' song might not be about an insane asylum, as most people understand insane asylum, I said I agreed, it was about California and what it had become for many people.

Before practicing law in Birmingham, I clerked for a United States District Judge in Birmingham, who presided over every federal criminal prosecution in north Alabama.

When the Witch read online this morning that Donald Trump was given a penalty-free 'unconditional discharge' in the New York State Criminal Court hush money case, she said Trump had gotten away with it, the trial was a waste of everybody's time. I said Trump did not get away with it, the trial had to happen, because it was in God's Court, as well as in the New York State Criminal Court.

It might be okay with Donald Trump and his lawyers, the Republican Justices on the United States Supreme Court, Republicans and MAGAs, and FOX News and Elon Musk for Trump to escape prison

time for paying prostitutes not to talk about having sex with him, so the voting public would not know he had done that and decide not to vote for him and to vote for Hillary Clinton instead, but that kind of behavior ain't okay in God's Court.

Donald Trump, Republicans, MAGAs, FOX News, Elon Musk and Federal and US Supreme Court justices may think Trump escaped prison time for stealing and mishandling classified documents after he lost the 2020 election; they may think Trump escaped prison time for inciting the January 6, 2021 attempt to steal the 2020 election from Joe Biden, and for not stopping the steal attempt while he watched in on television from the White House- but Trump will serve prison time for that, as will any January 6, 2021 insurrectionists he pardons; as will anyone who sided with him over his attempt to overthrow the American government; as will anyone who voted for him in 2024. Their doing time in God's prison may not happen in this lifetime, but it will happen, and being Christian, or not, will not change that.

In 2020, I was up to my gills with Donald Trump and his White Supremacists in Alabama, whose ancestors had worshiped "segregation now, segregation forever" Alabama Governor George Wallace. I was up to my gills with Donald Trump and his white supremacists everywhere else in America. That's why I voted for Joe Biden in 2020, hoping I would not live to regret it, which I then did by watching Biden help Israel commit genocide in Gaza, and then he pardoned his son, Hunter, who clearly was as guilty as his father was guilty of genocide. Also, there was no way Hunter got rich in his dealings with Ukraine without the help of his vice president father. Both of them should have been prosecuted for Hunter getting rich in Ukraine.

I did not vote for Donald Trump or Hillary Clinton in 2016, and I wrote at my blog that they both should be locked up, in adjoining cells.

Alabama Crimson Tide's real gifts to the SEC

January 10, 2025



Last night, the Witch and I watched Notre Dame eke out a win over Penn State, which I felt gave the game away. Notre Dame will play the winner of the Ohio State v. Texas game tonight.

I have been an Alabama fan since Texas A & M's football coach Paul "Bear" Bryant was hired by Alabama to resurrect its football program from the dead. Bryant had played for the Crimson Tide and he felt he needed to answer the call.



Bear Bryant

I watched many Crimson Tide games while Coach Bryant was at Alabama, but I was very slow coming around to understanding and appreciating the truly paradigm busting thing he did by recruiting and playing Black high school football players, which he had to do, to be able to compete against non-Southeastern Conference teams such as Notre Dame, Penn State, Southern Cal, and Nebraska, which had many very good Black players.

The downstream result of Coach Bryant recruiting and playing Black football players was every white lower, middle and high school and every white college in Alabama and the Southeast began recruiting and playing black football players and black athletes in other sports.



Nick Saban

Many years later, Alabama hired Nick Saban to resurrect the Crimson Tide back to its glory years under Coach Bryant, who many had viewed as the greatest college football coach of all time. Saban was up to the task, and the Crimson Tide became a national champion contender again.

During the 2020 Covid-19 lock down, I think Coach Saban had perhaps the best Alabama team ever, which went 10-0 against 10 SEC schools, then had little difficulty dispatching Ohio State in the national championship game.

During that football season, George Floyd was murdered by policemen and the Black Lives Matter (BLM) movement gained a great deal more momentum. Coach Saban's Black players came to him and told him just how important BLM was to them, and he did something unprecedented.



Coach Saban led his Black and White players and other University of Alabama students in a BLM march across the University of Alabama Tuscaloosa campus to where “segregation now, segregation

forever” Alabama Governor George Wallace once had stood blocking Alabama’s first black students from attending class. The Alabama National Guard, federalized by President John F. Kennedy, escorted those students past Wallace to their classrooms.

Not long after Coach Saban led that BLM march, I decided that I needed a full-size and spare tire for my car, which only had a donut spare tire and rim. A mechanic at Express Oil Change/Tire Engineers told me about an auto junk yard in a nearby county. I called them and told them what I was looking for, and the make and model of my car, and they told me they had a rim for my car.

I drove there and I saw Alabama Crimson Tide stuff on the walls of the front office. As I paid the owner for the rim, I asked him, “How about that Alabama football team”?, which was kicking ass every Saturday against another SEC team. He said there were things going on at Alabama that he did not like. I thought, “Yeah, I bet, and almost all of Alabama’s starters are Black, and without them, Alabama would get its ass kicked every week.”

Back to the future. Thanks to Name Image Likeness (NIL) and the free agent transfer portal, which allows college football players to be poached by the highest bidder and switch to another college at the end of football season and play at that new college the next year, College football has become a huge whorehouse, just like American politics.

I still say NIL and the free agency transfer portal are why Nick Saban, now generally viewed as the greatest college football player of all time- G.O.A.T.- quit coaching at Alabama to do other things. Saban's departure from coaching led to Alabama hiring of the University of Washington Huskies’ stellar football coach Kalen DeBoer, who had no clue what the SEC was about, but he got plenty of clues during this year’s college football season, in which his Alabama team looked for sure like it had multiple personality disorder, in that it was the best team in the nation one game, or one half, or it was the worst team in the nation.

I have read many articles online and I have watched many sportscasters on TV talk about Coach DeBoer and his Alabama team this year, and I have yet to hear any mention of what Coach DeBoer and his Alabama team really did this year.

What they really did was draw all the focus to Coach DeBoer and his Alabama team, which took pressure off of every other SEC school's athletic director and football coach, whose jobs might be in jeopardy, and it took pressure off every other SEC team, regardless of its record. For you see, Alabama getting beat, Alabama having a bad season, has for a long time been the most important thing in SEC football. Any longstanding Alabama fan knows this from talking with fans of other SEC schools.

Now ain’t that a petty sight, Nick?

As for college football generally, the oldest profession has won lock, stock and barrel, hook, line and sinker- it's all over but the shouting, unless you, Nick, or someone as respected and connected to college football, persuades the NCAA and the SEC and the other conferences to reinstate the one year waiting period after transferring to another college, which will not please the oldest profession or many college football players, but it will make life a hell of a lot easier for Coach DeBoer and most college football coaches and athletic directors in America.

Being a fool is hard work, but somebody's got to do it

January 11, 2025



What's on your
mind, I'm not Ernest Hemingway

When I lived in Key West, one of my blogs was afoolsworkneverends.blogspot.com. Sometimes people tried to persuade me to enter the Ernest Hemingway lookalike contest, which consisted of inebriated old white men, with white beards cut like Hemingway's beard, wearing Orvis fishing costumes, standing on the stage in Sloppy Joe's Bar on lower Duval Street, hoping they would win the contest. My stock answer was I would not enter the contest, because I knew how to write and how to fish, and the contestants did not.



In case anyone is wondering, that's a Hotel California T-shirt the Witch gave me, and an Alcatraz psycho ward key on a string around my neck the Witch gave me to wear.



I bought the Nick Sabanesque brim hat at a skin doctor's office on Rocky Ridge Road in Vestavia to keep the sun off my head, nose, ears and neck when I tried to go fishing in Lake Purdy south of Birmingham last August.

The jester hat perched on top of the fishing hat was given to me by a dear friend in Key West, aka Key Weird, aka The Conch Republic, because he had no further use for it and I seemed to need it more than anyone he had ever known since he was born.

The Witch sent me this today, to help my poor deranged male mind understand how witches originate, and I figured Ernest Hemingway lookalike contestants might benefit from that knowledge, and Hemingway himself could've benefited from it and thus benefited Hadley and his later wives.



Since I'm on the subject of Key West, here's a Facebook comment I received last night from a woman I met maybe around 2010 when she was visiting Key West, and my perhaps kinda epic Gandalf reply.

Sloan Bashinsky



learned to hate snow and ice when I lived in Colorado

Lynda

You. look good!

From my bedroom window. Strip of blue is the Atlantic. I miss FL everyday.



Sloan Bashinsky

Thanks, Lynda, that looks like a kinda brrrrr Atlantic.

From when I was 14 until maybe 2007, my soul pined for the Florida Keys. Whenever I went there, as I left the mainland below Florida City and got onto what that part of US 1 is called “The Overseas Highway,” it was as if my soul was perched thee waiting on me, and tears came to my eyes and my spirits lifted; and when time came for me to return to Alabama, or wherever I was living after I moved away from Alabama, tears came to my eyes as I was leaving the Keys. That stopped happening around 2008, and while I don’t know for sure, I can guess that I had lived there long enough by then, been involved in the local politics long enough, to have gotten jaded with that, and the romance had turned into a job without pay, and that’s how it went thereafter. I still had some real fun there, but it was very different from when it felt romantic to be there.

I really miss hanging out at Sippin’ Internet Cafe in the mornings, and playing chess there, and the poetry readings there, and meeting people there, you for example; and I really miss eating breakfast at Harpoon Harry’s and dinners at Jack Flats Sports Bar and Grill, which has a lot better food than Margaritaville across from it on lower Duval Street. And, there are several good friends down there I miss seeing and chewing the fat with.

And, sometimes I thought seriously about moving back down there, but I knew I would not get involved in the politics there again, and I no longer cared to fish in the Keys, which was what drew me down there for decades, before I started living there in 2000, after the fishing romance had waned, or instead had become soul fishing. And, I did not want to be there for the hurricane visits and evacuations and staying down there and riding them out.

And, my medical became far more pressing after I returned to Alabama in late 2018, and I have doctors in Birmingham I need to see, some more frequently than others. A chiropractor I found about four months ago has caused my back to stop making me miserable. A throat doctor the University of Alabama Medical Center poached from Texas Medical School perfected a laser surgery that he uses, like sitting in a dentist chair, no anesthesia, just novocaine, to whack back benign recurring growth on my left vocal chord, which allows me to keep shooting off my mouth. Other kinds of doctors also keep me doing better than I would be doing without them. And now, I have the Witch filling up all sorts of empty places in me and my life, which were there for most of the time since I arrived in Key West in late 2000, to live on the street there.

Key West and the Florida Keys were a helluva existential adventure for me, romantic in many ways, many different seasons, when I had and I had not, to poach the title of one of Ernest Hemingway’s novels. I have no regrets, other than I think some things I got involved in, I might have gone about it differently and gotten different, if not better, results.

I never in my wildest dreams expected to live this long, and yet I did, and it seems the Witch and my doctors and some kind of band of angels are intent on keeping me around a while longer, but until the Witch showed up, the angels were having a bit of a hard time persuading me that I wanted to keep sticking around. I dunno, I can’t imagine anyone with their head half way screwed on straight would want to endure the rise of Donald Trump in America.

This morning, I wrote to another amiga I met in Key West, who lives up north, she also was a friend of Frisbee Dave in Key West, that Trump is subhuman, he is a new species, Trumpian. He has lots of Americans in his gene pool, and I wish there was something I could do about that, which would make it

simply disappear, but there isn't, but I don't imagine I will go quietly into the night. I can't imagine Ernest Hemingway putting up with Donald Trump for more than a few seconds.

When are we ever not in church?

January 12, 2025



In 2001, I met a country lawyer named Charlie Brown, no kidding. We had several conversations and I really liked him. After I told him a little about my often stranger than fiction life, he asked me if I attended church? I said I didn't know when I ever was not in church.

Charlie passed over a few years ago, and last year a friend, who had introduced me to Charlie, told me that Charlie had told him what I had said about not knowing when I was ever not in church, and that had stuck with him.

A while back, I discovered a Substack newsletter written by a fellow whose existential down to earth Nature writings bore in like church sermons ought to bore in, but his church is not made of brick, mortar and wood, and it has no walls, ceiling, basement or roof.

Here is a link to his Substack:

<https://substack.com/@theatavistwrites>

And here is his response to my "Do you bet your life and your soul there is no God" post, which led to further discussion.

The Atavist

Wendell Berry explained it in a way that most resonates with myself when he - a practising Christian - was asked if he believed there was literally a God. He said, "I believe we should live our lives as though there is."

I believe there's literally a God, and that it is the living planet. That this is not one of God's works, but actually God. Of course, this is merely my belief. Beware the person who says they know these things - they don't. To make such a claim of knowing is hubris beyond belief to my way of seeing things. These things are unknowable. Meanwhile, God and Satan as concepts are entirely valid. The Bible perhaps the finest collection of all for organizing your life such that you don't fall into the clutches of the wrong side. Perhaps not the finest possible, but the finest we have.

Eternal life? Meh. I look forward to the rest. And there's plenty of the departed I'd rather not have to tolerate again.

Sloan Bashinsky

What I slowly came around to thinking is, it matters little what we believe, and what matters is what we do, or don't do.

That said, here is something from the Applied Philosophy Facebook group into which I wandered.

Funny Pics@warrior mindset

Whenever God wishes to make a man great, he breaks him into pieces first.

Richard

What stupidity

Jack

9 But he said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness."

Therefore I will boast all the more gladly about my weaknesses, so that Christ's power may rest on me.

10 That is why, for Christ's sake, I delight in weaknesses, in insults, in hardships, in persecutions, in difficulties. For when I am weak, then I am strong. ~ 2nd Corinthians

Sloan Bashinsky

Don't know about greatness, but starting in my 45th year, I am now 82, I watched and felt angels known in the Bible break me into many pieces many times, and of late it feels to me they are doing it again, and it's been a very long time since I was in a church, or claimed to belong to a religion, but I did grow up in Christendom.

Unlike St. Paul, when I'm broken into many pieces by angels known in the Bible, I feel broken,

defeated, and I tend to blame myself for it, somehow I needed it, or somehow I caused it, because I was ignorant, or stupid, or arrogant, or reckless, or vain.

Richard

I'm lost for words, but all I can say is that the mind can play tricks on you. I don't know about "angels", haven't seen any or heard of anyone who has seen them in real life.

Sloan Bashinsky

You have now, and you might wish to simply consider there is far more that you do not know, than you do know.

Richard

I agree, but what I do know is there is no god. It's all in the mind, the brains .

Sloan Bashinsky

Are you willing to bet your life and your soul there is no God?

Richard

Have you ever seen god before? Do you know anyone who has seen god before? What is for sure is only man speaking for god.

Why can't god talk for itself????? Why????

Sloan Bashinsky

You didn't answer my question.

God is a bit too busy with an unimaginably huge creation to speak to you, me, or anyone on this little planet dependent on a small star, but emissaries are sent here and everywhere else they are needed. I have had direct dealing with some of those emissaries since early 1987, my 45th year. I sometimes tell Christians, if they lived in my skin a while, they might wish there was no God, no angels, no Jesus. I wonder how you would handle having two angels wake you up in the middle of the night, and you are looking at them, and you hear them tell you, "This will push you to your limits, but you asked for it and we are going to give it to you," and then you are struck three times by spiritual lightning and your body is shaking and you have no clue yet what being pushed to your limits will entail?

The Atavist

Oh man, amen to that Sloan! It is indeed our actions that speak over our minds and our mouths.

Sloan Bashinsky

Yes, but as writers, our written words are our actions, and as people, what we say are our actions, and what we don't write, or say, which we should say, also are our actions.

Back in Jesus' time, there was no internet, and I am not aware there were newspapers or television :-), and what people spoke, or didn't speak, was a major part of living. What Jesus spoke in the Gospels got him into a great deal of trouble with the Jewish priests, and look at how that went for him.

When I was living on the street in Key West in 2001, I was at the Key West library every morning right before it opened, so I could be sure to walk in and get right onto one of their desktop online computers, where I wrote a one page column that just came to me as I typed it. Then, I printed out a copy and made ten copies on the library copier, at 10 cents a page, and hopped on my bicycle a friend had given me, and I distributed that day's column to people I knew, and left one copy at the mayor's office. Each column began with, "The pen is mightier than the sword, thus the sword defends the pen." That had come to me out of the blue as I wrote the very first column.

A fellow named Dietrich Bonhoeffer was a respected German theologian who opposed Hitler and was

part of a plot to kill him and got caught and was sent to a death camp and died there just before World War II ended. Bonhoeffer may most be known for his book, *The Cost of Discipleship*, in which he compared what he called “cheap grace” to what Jesus really was about, which was action speaks louder. Bonhoeffer is attributed to saying, “Silence is the face of Evil itself is Evil. God will not hold us guiltless. Not to speak is to speak. Not to act is to act

The Atavist

I believed this for quite some time. Yet, even before i was born, in 1964, people were sitting down pen in hand writing and publishing books explaining our folly and suggesting alternatives. Perhaps, percentagewise, more of us then than today. I don’t know. And then i came along and got witness the overall effect of these words. Did they do zero good? No, they did some good. Did they alter our trajectory? No. They may have slowed it, incrementally. I suppose that’s not nothing.

Sloan Bashinsky

I used our earlier discussion here in my post today, and I highly recommended your Substack newsletter.

The angels told me many times that it’s on me to speak or write, in keeping with how they trained me and how they steer me, but how it’s received is not on me. I am very discouraged over how things are going in America, and elsewhere, but since I am an American, and I live in America, I have standing to speak out, or write out, and while I sometimes address what goes on elsewhere on Earth, America is my main writing assignment.

A friend who is tech savvy and I, and now the witch took up with, do a podcast, which gets several hundred thousand complete watches per episode by Torrent subscribers. The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast also has a YouTube channel, but since we don’t pay YouTube for the channel, and since we don’t let YouTube run ads in the episodes, we do not have access to YouTube’s analytics, so we don’t know how YouTube users feel about the podcast. Torrent platform owners and their subscribers tend to be interested in something different, which is free, with no soliciting. The Redneck Mystic Lawyer Podcast has many episodes. We plan to do one tonight about free speech. We cover lots of terrain in each episode.

We once were banned from Russia, Belarus, India, Australia, North Korea, Red China, Muslim countries, but after we were accepted by Torrent platforms, any Torrent subscriber anywhere could watch the podcast. We learned that people who watch our podcast tend not to like to read as much as they like to watch and listen. So, my friend who created the podcast, found free internet libraries, which like different and free books and writings, and we at three free libraries, which collectively cover America, Britain and Western Europe and Oceania- the Pacific countries and Australia, and today my friend notified me of a new free library that covers the old iron iron Curtain countries, which accepted my books, which he digitized so they can be read by multiple readers at the same time. My digitized books have been getting about 10,000 complete reads per month of my around 10 books and two law school exam questions in the free libraries. In America, the free library is archive.org. It and the other two “free world” libraries are operated by colleges. I don’t know who operates the new free library. I don’t know if that interests you, or you already know about it. Your writings are splendid and if you can bundle them into digitized books, which you make free reads, those libraries might welcome you warmly.